HISTORY

OF THE

WESTMINSTER ELECTION,

CONTAINING

EVERY MATERIAL OCCURRENCE,

FROM ITS COMMECEMENT

ON THE FIRST OF APRIL,

TO THE

FINAL CLOSE OF THE POLL, ON THE 17th OF MAY.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED

A SUMMARY ACCOUNT

OF THE

PROCEEDINGS OF THE LATE PARLIAMENT,

So far as they appear connected with the EAST INDIA Buſineſs, and the Diſmiſſion of the PORTLAND ADMINISTRATION,

WITH

Other Select and Intereſting Occurrences at the Weſtminſter Meetings,

Previous to its Diſſolution on the 25th Day of March, 1784.

BY LOVERS OF TRUTH AND JUSTICE.

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE EDITORS,

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M.DCC.LXXXIV

[*PRICE TEN SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE.*]

BRITISH MUSEUM

BRITISH MUSEUM

Liberty, and Fame introducing Female Patriotism to Britania

"—She SMILES. —
INFUSED WITH A FORTITUDE FROM HEAVEN."/ VIDE. Shakespears TEMPEST.

TO THE

FREE and INDEPENDENT ELECTORS

OF THE

City and Liberty of WESTMINSTER,

THE FOLLOWING HISTORY

Is moſt reſpectfully inſcribed, by

Their obedient

Humble Servants,

London, October 7,
1784.

The EDITORS.

BRITISH MUSEUM

PREFACE to the READER.

THERE *never was, perhaps, an apology for the ſubject and arrangement of a Work more neceſſary than on the preſent occaſion: The volume we now lay before the Public is a book of* VARIATIONS, *and contains, probably, more information than inſtruction. The occurrences recorded are ſingular and curious; whimſical, ſerious, and ridiculous; a broken narrative, yet we preſume to ſay, a regular hiſtory. The reader, however, on conſidering the ſubject, will, we hope, excuſe the medley appearance it makes.*—KING, Lords, *and* Commons—Majorities, Minorities, Debates, *and* Diſſolution, *in* SUPERIOR TYPE. *Weſtminſter Meetings, Quarrels, Negotiations, Advertiſements, Hand Bills, &c. &c. &c. mobbing it along in* ſmall *and* crouded *letter. In the midſt the* GREAT SEAL *is held up, and claims the reader's notice. Next, Mr. Pitt and Grocers Hall, feaſting and parade, with other illuſtrious matter of* this *kind. A ſucceeding page introduces* HOOD *and* WRAY, *Covent Garden, and* Confuſion!—*then* FOX, MAN OF THE PEOPLE, *and* men *of various deſcriptions; Conſtables, Juſtices of Peace, Armed Force, and Murder! Paragraph follows next, ſerious and comic; point and counter-point; Hood and Wray,* VERSUS *Fox and Laurel. Following the Laurel, not unhappily indeed, the Muſe, with her waiting maids, comes forward and cloſes the proceſſion. Here we may aptly inform the reader, that in the poetical part of our miſcellany he will find by the production, that ſometimes the Muſe herſelf compoſed, and ſometimes one or more of her humble attendants. Indeed, in reviſing our collection in* form, *we diſcover here and there certain appearances that give us reaſon to ſuſpect ſome of theſe attendants to be no other than ſcullion-boys in diſguiſe, who, poſſibly having an intrigue with thoſe a little above them in ſituation, had formed the deſperate plan of ſlipping on a female dreſs over their own dirty linen, and moſt gallantly determined to follow their miſtreſſes in this expedition from Parnaſſus, even unto the* "Place of Cabbages." *To be ſerious, we are afraid that many will think* our *Covent Garden ſomething like its great prototype,* not ſo clean ſwept as it ought to be.—*In truth, we are far from being ſatisfied in this reſpect: We can, notwithſtanding, aſſure the reader, that we commenced our work with a determined reſolu-*

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tion of weeding out every obnoxious plant, *nor have we ſpared great pains to effect our purpoſe. If, after all, the reader ſhould find objectionable matter, we hope he will ſhew a little candour, and reflect, how imperceptibly we might be led aſtray from our original deſign of* elegant *ſelection.* " Evil communication *(he will be pleaſed to remember)* cor-
" rupteth good manners," *and we may truly ſay that we have been* obliged *to keep bad company. Under the neceſſity of treading dirty ground, no wonder ſome of the ſoil ſhould ſtick to our feet. Our late compiling ſituation may be compared, as to its effects on the mental faculties, with thoſe of the chymiſt, as to ſmelling. At the outſet of his buſineſs he feels incommoded with the fumes of his ſtill;—a few days paſs, and it becomes leſs intolerable;—a few more, he hardly is ſenſible of inconvenience;—at laſt the time arrives, when he endures the* oppoſite *of ſweet as well as* ſweet itſelf, *and is ſurprized when told by a* ſtranger, *that his* ſhop *is diſagreeable. This may prove to be our caſe. We at firſt, indignant, threw away compoſition unfit for the public eye, and continued ſo to do (in our apprehenſion at leaſt) all through the Work; yet not unlikely* the ſtranger, *on viſiting* our ſhop, *will complain that he cannot bear it, and leave us in diſguſt. Be this as it may, at the moment we write our apology, we are ſenſible it is too late to repent; the book is printed, and muſt now take its chance. We intended not to offend, and ſhall deeply regret the occaſion, if* offence, *either againſt* Juſtice *or* Delicacy, *be attributed to premeditated deſign.* The errors of the head claim to be forgiven, when depravity at the heart finds not an habitation. *In the ſelection made of the Caricature Prints, regard to* Decency *has* entirely *guided us. To thoſe who may cavil at our* apparent *partiality in giving to the public ſuch alone as principally tend to ridicule the opponents of Mr. Fox, and ſo few againſt him, we ſhortly reply, that the* indelicacy *with which the partizans of Hood and Wray conſtantly thought proper to diſplay their ideas, render their productions unfit for the public eye, and would diſgrace our Work if inſerted in it. But yet* another *objection ariſes.—The deſigns of the* leaſt indelicate *are univerſally puerile and ridiculous;—the ſatire intended appears obſcure, or, if found out at all, is flat and inapplicable. We boldly aſſert this as the truth, and doubt not but the* artiſt *at leaſt, if not the public in general, will acquit us of party prejudice in this reſpect. Our readers will perceive the ſubjects of thoſe given are various and pointed; many of them were publiſhed pending the Election, and ſome previous to that time. All, however, without exception, have relation to occurrences that come within the limits of our hiſtory.—The paragraphical*

part

part of our miſcellany, in the opinion of ſome, may be thought trifling and unneceſſary; but as we deemed ourſelves engaged to give a complete collection of pointed Electioneering Intelligence, we could not with ſatisfaction to our own minds paſs by the daily vehicles of information. Beſides the facts *related in the newſpapers, we met here and there with ſome excellent proſaical* Epigram, *well pointed to the ſubject in hand. In many places the reader will meet with notes, that ſerve either to refute or illuſtrate. If, in this management of annotation, we have betrayed a partiality to Mr. Fox, we hope to find credit for our candour in here declaring ourſelves firm in his cauſe, and ready to defend it upon principle. His conduct merits our approbation, and has our warmeſt praiſe. But it is not the Weſtminſter Electors alone, who are intereſted in Mr. Fox's ſucceſs; the kingdom throughout have their eyes upon him, and know his conſequence to the State. The* unprejudiced *part of his Majeſty's ſubjects know and declare how neceſſary his abilities are to his country, and hope ſoon to ſee him again in an official capacity. The faction that diſplaced him have not, we dare affirm, the confidence of the nation. If they continue long in power, the authority retaining them muſt be founded on other views than thoſe of* popular accommodation. *The unfair means by which the preſent Adminiſtration ſtepped into place, will be remembered with indignation, when the phrenzy of the people is effectually done away. The Miniſter already ſees his popularity decline, and reads no where his panegyric but in a few newſpapers that are paid for the ſervice, and* libel *him with praiſe. His late taxes are generally odious and oppreſſive. The Commutation Tea Duty, made good by the additional Tax on Windows, is a national vexation, and ſubmitted to by none but with ſerious complaint.*

It is not in our plan here to go into a miniſterial hiſtory of Mr. Pitt and his followers; this ſubject we have fully expatiated upon in a ſeparate quarto pamphlet to be publiſhed in a very few days, and intended to bind up with this Work, (to which it has reference,) at the option of the purchaſer.

The Editors of two Morning Papers will, we doubt not, wince at our remarks on their publications and conduct during the time of the Election; but we are prepared to meet their cenſure, and will defend our principles. The ſcandal and abuſe they poured forth againſt the great and amiable Patroneſs of Mr. Fox's cauſe and party, we hope, for the credit of England, has now the execration of a diſcerning public. We have retained a few inſtances of their illiberality in the volume before us, to keep

alive

alive the public attention towards certain characters, who were intereſted in preventing the operations of friendly generoſity, exerted in a popular cauſe, by an illuſtrious female character, in whoſe mind is eminently conſpicuous every great and noble ſentiment, with all thoſe other requiſites ſo truly faſcinating and valuable in the ſex, when united, as in her GRACE OF DEVONSHIRE, *with extreme beauty, elevated rank, and ſplendid fortune.*

E R R A T A.

IN the courſe of the work the reader will in places obſerve a few typographical errors; they are, however, ſo obvious, we have thought a particular ſtatement unneceſſary, ſince the error takes not from the grammatical ſenſe, and is generally confined to the miſ-placing a ſingle letter. In a work of this heterogeneous kind, we hope ſuch miſtakes will be candidly overlooked, or generouſly for-given.

BRITISH MUSEUM

A SUMMARY ACCOUNT

OF THE

PROCEEDINGS OF THE LATE PARLIAMENT,

From its Meeting on the 11th Day of November, 1783, to its Diſſolution on the 25th Day of March, 1784, ſo far as relates to the India Bills, and the Diſmiſſion of the late Miniſtry.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

NOVEMBER 11, 1783.

HIS Majeſty came to the Houſe, and being in his robes, ſeated on the Throne with the uſual ſolemnity, the Uſher of the Black Rod was ſent with a meſſage, commanding the attendance of the Houſe of Commons; and the Commons being come, his Majeſty was pleaſed to deliver the following moſt gracious ſpeech:

My Lords and Gentlemen,

" I HAVE the ſatisfaction to inform you, that Definitive Treaties of Peace have " been concluded with the Courts of France and Spain, and with the United States of " America. Preliminary Articles have been alſo ratified with the States General of the " United Provinces. I have ordered theſe ſeveral Treaties to be laid before you; and " am happy to add, that I have no cauſe of doubt, but that all thoſe Powers agree " with me in my ſincere inclination to keep the calamities of war at a great diſtance.

" The objects which are to be brought under your deliberation will ſufficiently explain " my reaſons for calling you together after ſo ſhort a receſs. Enquiries of the utmoſt " importance have been long and diligently purſued, and the fruit of them will be ex- " pected. The ſituation of the Eaſt India Company will require the utmoſt exertions of " your wiſdom, to maintain and improve the valuable advantages derived from our Indian " poſſeſſions, and to promote and ſecure the happineſs of the native inhabitants of thoſe " provinces.

"The ſeaſon of peace will call upon you for an attention to every thing, which can "recruit the ſtrength of the nation, after ſo long and ſo expenſive a war. The ſecurity "and increaſe of the revenue, in the manner leaſt burtheniome to my ſubjects, will be "amongſt your firſt objects. In many eſſential parts it has ſuffered; dangerous frauds "have prevailed; and alarming outrages have been committed. Exertions have not been "wanting to repreſs this daring ſpirit, nor pains to enquire into its true cauſes. In any "inſtances in which the power of Government may not be equal to its utmoſt care and "vigilance, I have no doubt that the wiſdom of my Parliamentwill provide ſuch reme- "dies as may be found wanting, for the accompliſhment of purpoſes in which the "material intereſts of this nation are ſo deeply concerned.

Gentlemen of the Houſe of Commons,

"I have ordered the eſtimates of the expences for the year to be laid before you. From "thoſe you will perceive the reduction which I have made in all the eſtabliſhments, which "appear to me to be brought as low as prudence will admit; and you will participate "with me in the ſatisfaction which I feel in this ſtep towards the relief of my ſubjects.

"At the end of a war, ſome part of its weight muſt inevitably be borne for a time. I "feel for the burthens of my people; but I rely on that fortitude, which has hitherto "ſupported this nation under many difficulties, for their bearing thoſe which the preſen "exigencies require, and which are ſo neceſſary for the full ſupport of national credit.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

"In many reſpects our ſituation is new; your counſels will provide what is called for "by that ſituation, and your wiſdom will give permanence to whatever has been found "beneficial by the experience of ages. In your deliberations you will preſerve that tem- "per of moderation, which the importance of their objects demands, and will, I have no "doubt, produce; and I am ſure that you are unanimous in your deſire to direct all "thoſe deliberations to the honour of my Crown, the ſafety of my Dominions, and the "proſperity of my People."

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

November 18.] Mr. Fox propoſed his India Bill, and on the 20th preſented it to the Houſe, when it was read for a firſt time. On the 27th it was read a ſecond time, and oppoſed going into a Committee by Mr. Pitt, but the Houſe divided on the motion of Mr. Pitt for adjourning the queſtion.

Ayes - -	229
Noes - -	120
Majority for the Commitment	109

December 1.] Mr. Fox made a motion for the Houſe to reſolve itſelf into a Committee, agreeable to the determination of the 27th of November, when the queſtion being put, there appeared

For Mr. Fox's motion	217
Againſt it - -	103
Majority - -	144

December

BRITISH MUSEUM

December 8.] Being appointed for the third reading, the Houſe divided on the queſtion.

Ayes	-	-	208
Noes	-	-	104
Majority	-		106

Mr. Fox then gave notice that he ſhould attend on the next day at three o'clock, to carry the bill up to the Lords.

The following is an exact Copy of that celebrated Bill.

A BILL *for veſting the Affairs of the* EAST INDIA COMPANY, *in the Hands of certain* COMMISSIONERS, *for the Benefit of the* PROPRIETORS, *and the* PUBLIC.

WHEREAS diſorders of an alarming nature and magnitude have long prevailed, and do ſtill continue and increaſe, in the management of the territorial poſſeſſions, the revenues, and the commerce, of this kingdom in the Eaſt-Indies; by means whereof the proſperity of the natives hath been greatly diminiſhed, and the valuable intereſts of the nation in the ſaid territorial poſſeſſions, revenues, and commerce, have been materially impaired; and would probably fall into utter ruin, if an immediate and fitting remedy were not provided:

Be it therefore enacted by the King's moſt excellent Majeſty, by and with the advice and conſent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and the Commons, in this preſent Parliament aſſembled, and by the authority of the ſame, that the government and management of the territorial poſſeſſions, revenues, and commerce, of the United Company of Merchants of England trading to the Eaſt Indies, by the Directors and Proprietors of the ſaid Company, or either of them; and all and ſingular the powers and authorities of the ſaid Directors and Proprietors, or of any ſpecial, or general, or other Court thereof, in the ordering and managing the ſaid poſſeſſions, revenues, and commerce; and all elections of Directors of the ſaid United Company; be and are hereby declared to be diſcontinued, for and during the continuance of this act; any charter, law, or ſtatute, to the contrary notwithſtanding.

And be it further enacted by the authority aforeſaid, That for the better governing, ordering, and managing the ſaid territorial poſſeſſions, revenues, and commerce, the Right Honourable William Earl Fitzwilliam, the Right Honourable Frederick Montagu, the Right Honourable George Legge, commonly called Lord Viſcount Lewiſham, the Honourable George Auguſtus North, Sir Gilbert Elliot, Baronet, Sir Henry Fletcher, Baronet, and Robert Gregory, Eſq. ſhall be, and they are hereby conſtituted and appointed Directors of the United Company, and ſhall be, and they are hereby conſtituted Members of the ſaid Company; and that the ſaid Directors hereby appointed, or any three of them, ſhall have, uſe, poſſeſs, and exerciſe, all and ſingular the powers and authorities which have been, at any time heretofore, veſted in or lawfully exerciſed by the ſaid Directors hereby diſcontinued, or Proprietors, of the ſaid United Company; and all ſuch further and other powers and authorities, and under ſuch directions, and ſubject to ſuch limitations and reſtrictions, as in this act, or in any other act, the proviſions whereof are not hereby altered or repealed, are contained, for the government and management of the ſaid territorial poſſeſſions, revenues, and commerce, of the ſaid United Company, or in any wiſe relative thereto.

And be it further enacted by the authority aforeſaid, That the ſaid Directors hereby appointed ſhall, and they are hereby authorized and impowered, immediately from and after the commencement of this act, to enter into and upon, and to poſſeſs themſelves of all lands, tenements, houſes, warehouſes, and other buildings whatever, of or belonging to the ſaid United Company; and alſo to take into their cuſtody and poſſeſſion all books, records, documents, charters, acts, inſtruments, letters, and other papers whatſoever, and alſo all ſhips and veſſels, goods, wares, merchandizes, money, ſecurities for money, and all other effects whatſoever, of or belonging to the United Company, in truſt for, and for the benefit of the Proprietors thereof, and to have, hold, poſſeſs the ſame, in like manner as were they held and poſſeſſed by the Directors hereby diſcontinued, ſubject to ſuch charges, claims, and demands, as do or may affect the ſame; which Directors ſo diſcontinued, and all other officers and ſervants of the ſaid United Company, are hereby enjoined, immediately upon the requiſition of the ſaid Directors hereby appointed, ſignified under their hands and ſeals, or the hands and ſeals of any three of them, to deliver to them, or to ſuch perſon or perſons as they ſhall for that purpoſe appoint, all ſuch lands, tenements, houſes, warehouſes, buildings, books, records, documents, charters, acts, inſtruments, papers, ſhips, veſſels, goods, wares, and merchandizes, money, ſecurities for money, and all other effects whatſoever.

And for the ſole purpoſe of ordering and managing the commerce of the ſaid United Company, under and ſubject to the orders and directions of the ſaid Directors hereby appointed, be it further enacted by the authority aforeſaid, That Thomas Cheap, Eſq. George Cumming, Eſq. Richard Hall, Eſq. John Harriſon, Eſq. Joſeph Sharp, Eſq. John Michie, Eſq. John Smith, Eſq. George Tatem, Eſq. and James Moffat, Eſq. being Proprietors, each of them of two thouſand pounds capital ſtock in the ſaid United Company, at leaſt, ſhall be aſſiſtant Directors, for the purpoſe laſt aforeſaid; and ſhall, from time to time, without requiſition, and alſo as often as they ſhall be thereunto required, render an account of their proceedings to the ſaid Directors hereby appointed; and in all matters and things whatſoever, ſhall purſue and follow ſuch orders and directions, as they ſhall from time to time receive from ſuch Directors.

And be it further enacted by the authority aforeſaid, That in caſe any vacancy or vacancies ſhall happen in the office of the ſaid Directors hereby appointed, by death, reſignation, removal, or otherwiſe, ſuch vacancy or vacancies ſhall be filled by his Majeſty, under his ſign manual, within twenty days after notice of ſuch vacancy or vacancies ſhall have been given to one of his Majeſty's principal Secretaries of State.

And be it further enacted by the authority aforeſaid, That in caſe any vacancy or vacancies ſhall happen in the office of the ſaid aſſiſtant Directors, by death, reſignation, removal, or otherwiſe, ſuch vacancy or vacancies ſhall be filled by the majority of the Proprietors of the ſaid United Company, qualified in the manner required by an act of the thirteenth year of his preſent Majeſty, intituled, "An Act for eſtabliſhing "certain regulations, for the better management of the affairs of the Eaſt India Com- "pany, as well in India as in Europe;" which Proprietors, at ſuch election of any aſſiſtant Director, ſhall not vote by ballot, or in any other covert or concealed manner, but in open court, for that purpoſe only ſpecially ſummoned; and every ſuch Proprietor, in giving his or her vote, ſhall ſubſcribe his or her name in a book to be prepared for that purpoſe, under the name of the perſon for whom he or ſhe ſhall vote.

And be it further enacted by the authority aforeſaid, That if five of the ſaid Directors hereby appointed, who ſhall be preſent at any meeting, ſhall, upon enquiry, and after examination into the conduct and behaviour of the ſaid aſſiſtant Directors, find that any of them is guilty of neglect or miſdemeanor in the execution of his ſaid office, or of wilful diſobedience of any order or orders of the ſaid Directors hereby appointed, they are hereby authorized and impowered to remove and diſplace ſuch aſſiſtant Directors;

Directors; entering in their journals their reaſons reſpectively, for removing or diſplacing ſuch aſſiſtant Director, ſigned with their reſpective names.

And be it further enacted by the authority aforeſaid, That the ſaid William Earl Fitzwilliam ſhall be, during his continuance as a Director by virtue of this act, Chairman of the board of Directors, and the ſaid Right Honourable Frederick Montagu, Deputy Chairman thereof; and if the ſaid Chairman ſhall die, reſign, or be removed from ſuch office of Director, at any time during the continuance of this act, then and in that caſe the ſaid Deputy Chairman ſhall ſucceed to the office of Chairman of the ſaid board of Directors; and if the ſaid Deputy Chairman being become Chairman of the ſaid board of Directors, ſhall alſo die, reſign, or be removed from the ſaid office of a Director, then and in that caſe, and alſo in every other caſe of a vacancy in the office of a Chairman of the ſaid board of Directors, the ſaid Directors hereby appointed ſhall chooſe and elect one of themſelves to ſupply ſuch vacancy; and if a vacancy, either by ſucceſſion or otherwiſe, ſhall at any time happen in the ſaid office of Deputy Chairman of the ſaid board of Directors, eſtabliſhed by this act, the ſaid Directors hereby appointed, ſhall in like manner, chooſe and elect one of themſelves to ſupply ſuch vacancy.

And be it further enacted by the authority aforeſaid, That the ſaid Chairman of the ſaid board of Directors, or in his abſence, the ſaid Deputy Chairman, ſhall have power to call or ſummons any extraordinary meeting of the ſaid Directors hereby appointed, at ſuch time or times as he ſhall think expedient; and may, at any meeting whatever of ſuch Directors, if he ſhall think fit, propoſe the buſineſs to be firſt conſidered by ſuch Directors at ſuch meeting; and in caſe of an equal diviſion of voices on any queſtion whatever before the ſaid board of Directors ſhall have the caſting voice: provided always, that nothing herein contained ſhall prevent the majority of ſuch Directors preſent at any meeting, from adjourning their meetings to ſuch time or times as they ſhall think proper.

And be it further enacted by the authority aforeſaid, That it ſhall not be lawful for the ſaid Directors hereby appointed, or any of them, upon any queſtion whatever, to vote by ballot, or in any other covert manner; and that in any difference of opinion, except as to the election to offices of perſons not having before been in the ſervice of the ſaid United Company, the ſaid Directors (as well the majority as thoſe who ſhall diſſent) ſhall each of them enter, on the journals of the ſaid Directors, his reaſons for his vote, ſigned with his name, or his adherence to the reaſons entered by any other Director.

And be it further enacted by the authority aforeſaid, That no perſon furniſhing the ſaid United Company with ſhipping, or with any article of their inveſtment outwards, either from Great Britain, or from ſuch ports and places as the Company's ſhips have occaſion to touch at in their way to India, or with any naval or military ſtores, or concerned in buying and ſelling any commodity of the ſaid United Company's importation, ſhall be capable of being a Director or aſſiſtant Director for the execution of this act.

And be it alſo enacted by the authority aforeſaid, That no perſon ſhall be capable of being a Director, or aſſiſtant Director, for the execution of this act, againſt whom the charge of any corrupt practice, peculation, or oppreſſion in India, doth or ſhall appear in the records of the ſaid United Company within the ſpace of two years before the time of his nomination, or ſhall be made upon oath before the ſaid Directors hereby appointed within the ſpace of two years before the time of his nomination, until ſuch Directors, or three of them, ſhall have examined into the ſame, and ſhall have ſeverally declared that they have examined into the ſaid charge, and do in their conſcience believe ſuch perſon not guilty of the ſaid charge; or that they do, upon the ſaid examination, find the ſaid charge not of ſufficient importance to exclude the ſaid perſon from the ſaid office of Director, or aſſiſtant Director, as the caſe may be; and that they have entered upon their journals their reaſons for ſuch their opinion.

And be it further enacted by the authority aforeſaid, That no perſon who hath been, now is, or ſhall hereafter be, in the ſervice of the ſaid United Company in India, ſhall be capable of being a Director, or aſſiſtant Director, for the execution of this act within the ſpace of two years from the time of his laſt return from India.

And be it further enacted by the authority aforeſaid, That the ſaid Directors hereby appointed ſhall, once in every ſix months, lay before the Proprietors of the ſaid United Company, in a general Court to be for that purpoſe aſſembled, an exact ſtate of the debts and credits of the ſaid United Company; the firſt coſt and charges of their inveſtments, outward and inward; with the ſums of money in India applicable to an inveſtment, according to the laſt accounts received therefrom; an account of the ſhipping; an account of the produce of the ſales; and the ſtate of the warehouſes at home and abroad.

And be it further enacted by the authority aforeſaid, That the ſaid Directors hereby appointed ſhall, within twenty days after the commencement of every ſeſſion of Parliament, lay before the Lords Commiſſioners of his Majeſty's Treaſury (who are hereby authorized and required, without loſs of time, to lay the ſame before both Houſes of Parliament) an account of the produce of the territorial and other revenues of the ſaid United Company in India; and alſo eſtimates of the civil, military, and naval eſtabliſhment there; together with a ſtate of the bond and other debts due from the ſaid United Company in India; and alſo the ſtate of the trade, laid by the ſaid Directors before the ſaid Proprietors at their then laſt general court.

And be it further enacted by the authority aforeſaid, That the ſaid Directors hereby appointed, or the major part of them, ſhall have full power and authority to remove, diſplace, ſuſpend, appoint, confirm, or reſtore, all and every perſon or perſons whatſoever, from or to any office, ſtation, or capacity whatſoever, civil or military, in the ſervice of the ſaid United Company, or within the limits of the ſaid United Company's charters, or any of them, or any way concerned in the management of their affairs within this kingdom, or in India, whether any ſuch perſon or perſons ſhall have been nominated or appointed in and by any act or acts of Parliament, or howſoever otherwiſe nominated or appointed; except as is herein provided and eſtabliſhed, as to the appointment and removal of ſuch Directors themſelves, and of the ſaid aſſiſtant Directors.

And for the more ſpeedy and effectual puniſhment of offences committed in India, by perſons employed in the ſervice of the ſaid Company, be it enacted by the authority aforeſaid, That whenever any charge of corruption, peculation, oppreſſion, extortion, receipt of preſents, uſury, breach of orders, or other grievous offence, ſhall be exhibited or made before the Governor-General and Council of Bengal, or the Preſident and Council of any of the Preſidencies or ſettlements abroad, of the ſaid United Company, and tranſmitted from thence to the Court of Directors, hereby diſcontinued, or to the ſaid Directors hereby appointed, againſt any of the ſaid Governors, Preſidents, or Members of the Council, of any of the ſaid Preſidencies or ſettlements of the ſaid United Company, or others, in any office, ſtation, or employment, civil or military, in the ſaid United Company's ſervice; or which ſhall be exhibited or made by any of the native Princes, dependent upon, or under the protection of the ſaid United Company, againſt any ſuch perſon or perſons; the ſaid Directors, hereby appointed, ſhall, within twenty days after the ſame ſhall be received, enter in an examination of ſuch charge; and if, upon, or in conſequence of ſuch examination, ſuch Directors ſhall not think proper either to recall or order a proſecution againſt ſuch perſon ſo charged, each and every ſuch Director, making ſuch examination as aforeſaid into ſuch charge, ſhall enter in writing, and ſubſcribe with his name, in the journals of ſuch Directors, his opinion on the validity and importance of ſuch charge, with his ſpecific reaſons, on the particular caſe, for not recalling the perſon ſo charged, or for not ordering a proſecution upon ſuch charge.

And be it further enacted, by the authority aforeſaid, That before any perſon or perſons whatſoever, who have been, are, or ſhall hereafter be, in the ſervice of the ſaid United Company, in any office, ſtation, or employment whatſoever, civil or military, in any of the Preſidencies or ſettlements of the ſaid United Company abroad; and who have been, or are, or ſhall be, in Great Britain after ſuch ſervice abroad; and againſt whom any charge ſhall appear upon any of the Company's records, or ſhall have been made to the ſaid Court of Directors hereby diſcontinued, or General Court of Proprietors, or ſhall be made or exhibited to the ſaid Directors hereby appointed; ſhall be permitted by the ſaid Directors hereby appoined to return to any part of India, either in the ſame, or in any other office, ſtation, or employment, in the ſervice of the ſaid United Company; and alſo, before the ſaid Directors hereby appointed ſhall confirm the appointment, or ſuffer the departure from Great Britain, for India, of any perſon or perſons who may have been, or ſhall be appointed to any office, ſtation, or employment whatſoever, in the ſervice of the ſaid United Company, and againſt whom any ſuch charge ſhall appear, or ſhall have been made, or ſhall be made as aforeſaid; and alſo before the ſaid Directors, hereby appointed, ſhall themſelves appoint any perſon, having before been in the ſervice of the ſaid United Company, to any office, ſtation, or employment whatſoever, in the ſaid United Company's ſervice, and againſt whom any ſuch charge ſhall appear, or ſhall have been made, or ſhall be made as aforeſaid; the ſaid Directors hereby appointed ſhall, and they are hereby required to make a full and particular examination and inquiry into the conduct of every ſuch perſon, relative to the ſaid ſervice, and the ſubject matter of ſuch charge; and ſhall enter on their journals their reaſons for permitting any ſuch perſon to return, or confirming the appointment, and permitting the departure, of any ſuch perſon, or for themſelves appointing any ſuch perſon (as the caſe may be) notwithſtanding ſuch charge,

And be it further enacted, by the authority aforeſaid, That in caſe of any diſputes, differences, or controverſies whatſoever, which have ariſen, and are depending, or which ſhall or may hereafter ariſe, between the Governor-General and Council of Bengal; or between any of the Preſidents of any other of the ſettlements of the ſaid United Company, and their reſpective Councils; or between any of the ſubordinate Chiefs and their Councils; or between the Government of one ſettlement and the Government of any other ſettlement; or between any of the Governors or preſiding powers of any of the ſubordinate ſettlements; the ſaid Directors hereby appointed ſhall, within twenty days after the receipt of any official account of any ſuch diſpute, difference, or controverſy, enter upon an examination and inquiry into the ſame; and ſhall, within three months thereafter, either come to a definitive deciſion thereupon, or enter upon their journals their reaſons, ſigned with their reſpective names, for not coming to ſuch definitive deciſion.

And be it further enacted, by the authority aforeſaid, That if at any time the Governor-General and Council of Bengal, or the Preſident and Council of any of the principal or ſubordinate ſettlements, ſhall require the direction or opinion of the ſaid Directors hereby appointed, on any matter whatſoever for the government of ſuch Governor-General and Council, or Preſident and Council, or for the ſettlement or accommodation of any matter in diſpute, or likely to come into diſpute, between or among them, or any of them; the ſaid Directors ſhall return an anſwer, opinion, or direction, to ſuch requiſition, within three months after receiving the letter or letters containing the ſame, or enter upon their journals their reaſons, ſigned with their reſpective names, for not ſending the ſame within the time aforeſaid.

And be it enacted, by the authority aforeſaid, That if at any time complaint ſhall be made of any breach of treaty, injury, wrong, or grievance, done or committed againſt any native Prince in India, by any of the Governments of the ſaid United Company's ſettlements, or any officer or other perſon, civil or military, in the ſervice of the ſaid

United

United Company; or if any ſuch breach of treaty, injury, wrong, or grievance, ſhall (without complaint being made thereof) appear upon any part of the correſpondence relating to the ſaid United Company's affairs; the ſaid Directors hereby appointed ſhall, as ſpeedily as may be, inquire into ſuch breach of treaty, injury, wrong, or grievance; and ſhall begin their examination into the ſame, by reading and conſidering any treaties, agreements, or aſſurances, ſubſiſting between the ſaid United Company and ſuch native Prince, or any way relative to him, if any ſuch there ſhall be, or any orders which may have been given by the Court of Directors hereby diſcontinued, or General Court of Proprietors, relating to ſuch native Prince; and the ſaid Directors hereby appointed ſhall do full and complete juſtice to ſuch native Prince for ſuch breach of treaty, injury, wrong, or grieyance, and on every material article and head of charge (if there be more than one) ſpecifically, and not upon the whole of ſuch charge in groſs.

And be it further enacted, by the authority aforeſaid, That three, and not leſs, of the ſaid Directors, ſhall form a Board for executing this act, or any of the powers thereof, or any other powers veſted in or committed to, or which ſhall be veſted in or committed to, ſuch Directors, and the major part of the ſaid Directors preſent ſhall determine, except where the voices ſhall be equally divided, and then the Chairman, or, in his abſence, the Deputy Chairman, ſhall have two voices, or the caſting voice.

And be it further enacted by the authority aforeſaid, That all the correſpondence of the ſaid Directors hereby appointed, with all perſons whatſoever in the ſervice of the ſaid United Company, ſhall be ſigned by the Secretary of ſuch Directors, by order of the Board.

And whereas by virtue of the charter of the ſaid Company, and the regulations which have from time to time been made for the better government of the ſaid Company, it it is required, that certain acts ſhould be done or conſented to, and that certain accounts ſhould be ſigned by a particular number of the Directors, hereby diſcontinued, be it therefore enacted, by the authority aforeſaid, That in all caſes whatſoever, where any act, matter, or thing is directed to be done or conſented to, or any accounts or writing to be ſigned by the Directors hereby diſcontinued, or to be done or conſented to, or ſigned by any particular number of ſuch Directors, ſuch act, matter, or thing ſhall, from and after the commencement of this act, be done or conſented to, and ſuch accounts or writing ſhall be ſigned by three of the Directors hereby appointed.

And be it further enacted by the authority aforeſaid, That the ſaid Directors hereby appointed, and aſſiſtant Directors, and each and every of them, during the continuance of this act, ſhall be utterly incapable of taking, holding, or exerciſing, any office, ſtation, or employment whatſoever, in the ſervice of the ſaid United Company; and ſhall alſo be incapable of taking, holding, or exerciſing any other place of profit from the Crown, during pleaſure.

And be it further enacted by the authority aforeſaid, That it ſhall, and may be lawful for his Majeſty to remove any of the ſaid Directors hereby appointed, or aſſiſtant Directors upon an addreſs of either Houſe of Parliament.

And whereas a doubt may ariſe, whether the place of Director, when the ſame ſhall be held by any perſon, to be appointed by his Majeſty, in manner herein-before provided, be not within the proviſion of an act of the ſixth year of the reign of Queen Anne, intitled, "An Act for the ſecurity of her Majeſty's perſon and government, and of the "ſucceſſion to the Crown of Great-Britain in the Proteſtant line," although the ſaid place ſhall have been created and erected by authority of Parliament: be it therefore enacted, and declared by the authority aforeſaid, That ſuch office ſhall not be deemed and taken to be within the intent and purview of the ſaid act; nor ſhall any perſon accepting and holding the ſame, by an appointment from his Majeſty, under his royal ſign manual

manual, be thereby diſqualified from being elected, or ſitting and voting as a Member of the Houſe of Commons.

And be it further enacted, by the authority aforeſaid, That there ſhall be allowed and paid for and to each of the aſſiſtant Directors, for ſo long time as he ſhall continue in the office, a clear yearly ſalary of five hundred pounds, payable by half yearly payments; and that the reſpective payments of the ſaid ſalaries ſhall be ſtated and allowed in the account of the diſburſements for the management of the affairs of the ſaid United Eaſt-India Company.

And be it further enacted, by the authority aforeſaid, That this Act and all the proviſions herein contained, ſhall commence and take effect from and immediately after this act ſhall have received his Majeſty's royal aſſent, and ſhall continue, and be in full force for and during the ſpace of four years.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

December 9.] A Petition was preſented to the Houſe by the Eaſt India Company, praying to be heard by Counſel againſt the ſaid bill, and on a motion being made it was agreed to. They were accordingly heard on the 15th, when a debate enſued in conſequence of the motion for adjournment, made by the Duke of Chandos, and oppoſed by the Duke of Portland, who ſaid "the motion meant to protract "time. Much art had been uſed to impede the progreſs of the pre- "ſent bill, and no means were left unattempted, however unjuſti- "fiable (alluding to the private conferences a noble Earl, out of "office, had with a Great Perſonage) to prevent its paſſing into a "law." At one o'clock in the morning the Houſe divided on the queſtion of adjournment, when there appeared,

Contents	- -	69
Proxies	- - -	18—87
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Proxies	- - -	22—79
Majority againſt the Duke of Portland		——————8

December 16.] Counſel were called to the bar of the Houſe on behalf of the Proprietors, againſt the above-mentioned bill; at nine the Counſel finiſhed, and the debate was adjourned to

December 17.] The order of the day for committing the Eaſt India bill being read, it was oppoſed by Earl Gower, and on a diviſion there appeared,

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Proxies	- - -	21—95
Majority	- -	——————19

Upon which the bill was loſt.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

December 17.] Mr. Baker ſaid, that from ſome matters which were of public notoriety, he ſhould propoſe to the conſideration of the Houſe ſome thing of the higheſt and the moſt important conſequence. It was of that nature which required very ſerious deliberation, as it concerned the deareſt intereſts of the people. Therefore, prior to this important buſineſs, he ſhould move, "That the Speaker do ſend the Serjeant "with the Mace to the avenues and rooms leading to the Houſe, to "collect ſuch Members as were there, and require their attendance "in their places."

Mr. Fox ſeconded the motion, and that form being gone through, Mr. Baker read the following Reſolutions:

Reſolved,

"That it is now neceſſary to declare, that to report any opinion, "or pretended opinion of his Majeſty, upon any bill, or other pro-"ceeding depending in either Houſe of Parliament, with a view to "influence the votes of the Members, is a high crime and miſdemeanor, "derogatory to the honour of the Crown, a breach of the fundamen-"tal privileges of Parliament, and ſubverſive of the Conſtitution of "this country."

Reſolved,

"That this Houſe will, upon Monday morning next, reſolve itſelf "into a Committee of the whole Houſe, to conſider the ſtate of the "nation."

Lord Maitland made a few pointed obſervations in reſpect to the rumour of Earl Temple having uſed his Majeſty's name to influence the Members of the other Houſe, and of the conſequences that followed in reſpect to the India bill. His Lordſhip ſaid, that on the fate of the preſent motion depended the exiſtence of a free Parliament, and all that was dear to Engliſhmen; and that as he conſidered it to be a moſt proper one, he roſe to ſecond it.

Mr. Erſkine, in a very able ſpeech, argued very pointedly on the rumour, and contended for its being good ground for enquiry, and a reaſon why Parliament ſhould take the alarm, and make proviſion againſt the worſt.

Mr. Arden ſpoke vehemently for the order of the day.

Lord

Lord George Cavendiſh againſt it. At length the queſtion was put on the order of the day :

Ayes	- -	80
Noes	- -	153
Majority	-	73

Mr. Baker's motions was then put and carried without a diviſion.

Mr. Erſkine then moved the following Reſolution :

Reſolved,

" That it is neceſſary to the moſt eſſential intereſts of the kingdom, " and peculiarly incumbent to this Houſe, to purſue with unremitting " attention the conſideration of a ſuitable remedy for the abuſes which " have prevailed in the Government of the Britiſh dominions in the " Eaſt Indies, and that this Houſe will conſider as an enemy to his " country, any perſon who ſhall preſume to adviſe his Majeſty to " prevent, or any manner interrupt, the diſcharge of this import- " ant duty." The Houſe divided,

For the motion	-	137
Againſt it	-	73
Majority	-	64

December 19.] This day the following Officers of State were commanded by his Majeſty to reſign their reſpective employments, viz Lord North, Mr. Fox, the Duke of Portland, Colonel Fitzpatrick, Lord Stormont, Lord Cholmondeley, and Lord Ludlow, &c. &c.

The ADJOURNMENT.

December 19.] Mr. Baker, underſtanding that it was the intention of a certain gentleman, that the Houſe ſhould ſit on Saturday, contrary to their uſual mode of proceeding, obſerving that he had his objections to admitting a meaſure ſo contrary to the eſtabliſhed rule of Parliament, and therefore he moved, " that the Houſe ſhould, at its " riſing, adjourn until Monday."

Mr. Dundas objected to Monday, and propoſed an adjournment only till to-morrow, to proceed to the Land-tax bill.

Mr. Fox, in a ſpeech of conſiderable length, argued with his uſual ability in favour of the propoſition for adjourning until Monday, and obſerved, that " rumours were ſent abroad, confeſſedly to declare the

interference of the Crown with a bill under conſideration of Parliament; and thoſe rumours were corroborated by not one perſon, friend or relation, ſtanding up to diſavow their truth, or to clear the high characters which were charged with the criminality. The alarm had ſpread, and was now grown of the moſt ſerious nature indeed. The Miniſtry was changed, the Conſtitution was violated—not in the change of that Miniſtry, but in the mode by which it was effected. A little bit of paper handed from a certain perſon to a certain perſon, and held up in the Houſe of Lords, ſet the repreſentative body of England at defiance. The Commons, alarmed for their privileges, appear determined to ſupport themſelves againſt all ſuch arbitrary proceedings, and ſeeing the little phalanx raiſed againſt them, and headed by, in their own Houſe, a raſh young man, they conſider, and muſt conſider, themſelves bound by every tie to their country, every regard to their conſtituents, and every love to their Sovereign, to ſtand up in their own defence, aſſert their rights, and ſave the empire. The adviſers acted in ſecret, as they ever have done, and purſued one invariable line of continual condemnation to the ſyſtem of liberty."—The Houſe being very clamorous, the queſtion was put, and the gallery cleared; but, on the Ayes for Mr. Dundas's motion being deſired to go outſide the bar, and there appearing of about 300 members but 50 inclinable to ſupport the Miniſtry, Mr. Dundas withdrew his motion, and left Mr. Fox and his friends to enjoy a complete victory over this firſt parliamentary effort of the new Adminiſtration.

The Houſe then adjourned to Monday.

RESIGNATION OF EARL TEMPLE.

December 22.] Mr. Grenville (brother to Earl Temple) begged to call the attention of the Houſe for a few moments, in a matter that nearly concerned his noble relation. The vote paſſed on Friday night [*Dec.* 19.] by the Houſe, ſo far as it reſpected the character of Lord Temple, was of a very ſerious conſideration. Menaces had been perſonally applied, which carried with them ſuch an avowed and open attack on the noble Lord, that it was become indiſpenſibly requiſite to take up the ſubject by the nobleman to whom they were applied. Lord Temple therefore waited on his Sovereign, and reſigned into his hands thoſe ſeals of office, with which he had been lately intruſted; and he did this, that the Houſe of Commons and the world might ſee he intended

tended not to avail himſelf under the dignity or influence of office, to prevent inveſtigation of his public conduct, or that the name of Secretary of State ſhould ſcreen him for any action he had committed as a private man.

Mr. Fox replied, that if the honourable gentleman had been in his place, and attended to what had paſſed on the occaſion alluded to, he would have found that there was not any ſuch thing as a menace held out. There was a converſation, indeed, about an enquiry into the ſtate of the nation; a rumour that ſome perſon, not oſtenſible in office, had given improper advice to his Majeſty; but that the charge laid againſt the ſuppoſed criminal could not be brought by legal evidence home to a conviction of the fact, although there was a general concurrence of matters, uncontradicted by the noble Lord's friends, which left not, in the minds of the Houſe and the public, a ſingle doubt but things were as they had been repreſented. It being evident that the guilt could not be brought home in legal form, the noble relation of the Honourable Gentleman derived no great merit in ſeeking a trial undiveſted of the honours and the influence of office. It was not, therefore, to be ſuppoſed that the Earl's reſignation of the ſeals of office, in the ſlighteſt inſtance, was to be admitted as an evidence in favour of his innocence; nor ſhould it prevent the buſineſs of the day, or alter the purpoſe for which the Houſe met. It was not for the noble Lord to ſend this meſſage down to the Commons that he had reſigned; for that would prove of little conſequence, either in reſpect to the rumour that had gone abroad, or in reſpect to the Addreſs to the Throne, which would be moved, if the Houſe went into a Committee. There was one certain road to innocence, and that was an open denial of the charge. Let the noble Lord come forward, and on his honour declare that he did not *adviſe*, and then the Houſe and the Public would acquit him: but the manœuvre of the reſignation of his office, was no proof that he was not guilty of that which was laid to his charge.

A motion was then made by Mr. Erſkine for an Addreſs to his Majeſty, adviſing him not to prorogue or diſſolve the Parliament, which, on the queſtion being put, was carried without a diviſion.

December 24.] The following Addreſs, as moved in the Houſe of Commons, was this day preſented by the Speaker, &c. to his Majeſty in the drawing-room at St. James's.

'That

" That his Majeſty's moſt dutiful and loyal ſubjects, the Commons " of Great Britain, in Parliament aſſembled, think themſelves bound " in duty humbly to repreſent to his Majeſty, that alarming reports " of an intended diſſolution of Parliament have gone forth.

" That his Majeſty's faithful Commons, acknowledging the wiſ- " dom of the conſtitution, in truſting to the Crown that juſt and " legal prerogative, and fully confiding in his Majeſty's Royal wiſ- " dom and paternal care of his people, for the moſt beneficial exerciſe " of it, deſire, with great humility, to repreſent to his Majeſty the " inconveniencies and dangers which appear to them, from a conſide- " ration of the ſtate of the nation, likely to follow from a prorogation " or diſſolution of the Parliament, in the preſent arduous and critical " conjuncture of public affairs. The maintenance of the public cre- " dit, and the ſupport of the revenue, demand the moſt immediate " attention. The diſorders prevailing in the government of the Eaſt- " Indies, at home and abroad, call aloud for inſtant reformation; and " the ſtate of the Eaſt India Company's finances, from the preſſing " demands on them, require a no leſs immediate ſupport and aſſiſtance " from Parliament.

" That his Majeſty's faithful Commons are at preſent proceeding " with the utmoſt diligence upon theſe great objects of government, " as recommended to their attention by his gracious ſpeech from the " Throne, but which muſt neceſſarily be fruſtrated and diſappointed " by the delay attending a diſſolution, and moſt eſpecially the affairs " of the Eaſt Indies, by the aſſembling of a new Parliament, not pre- " pared, by previous enquiry, to enter with equal effect upon an ob- " ject involving long and intricate details, which his Majeſty's faith- " ful Commons have inveſtigated for two years paſt, with the moſt " laborious, earneſt, and unremitting attention.

" That his Majeſty's faithful Commons, deeply affected by theſe " important conſiderations, impreſſed with the higheſt reverence and " affection for his Majeſty's perſon and government, and anxious to " preſerve the luſtre and ſafety of his government, do humbly beſeech " to ſuffer his faithful Commons to proceed on the buſineſs of the " ſeſſion, the furtherance of which is ſo eſſentially neceſſary to the " proſperity of the public; and that his Majeſty will be graciouſly " pleaſed to hearken to the advice of his faithful Commons, and not " to the ſecret advices of perſons who may have private intereſts of

" their

" their own, ſeparate from the true intereſt of his Majeſty and his " people."

To which his Majeſty returned the following anſwer:

" It has been my conſtant object to employ the authority entruſted " to me by the conſtitution, to its true and only end—the good of " my people; and I am always happy in concurring with the wiſhes " and opinions of my faithful Commons.

" I agree with you in thinking that the ſupport of the public cre- " dit and revenue, muſt demand your moſt earneſt and vigilant care. " The ſtate of the Eaſt-Indies is alſo an object of as much delicacy " and importance, as can exerciſe the wiſdom and juſtice of Parlia- " ment. I truſt you will proceed in thoſe conſiderations, with all " convenient ſpeed, after ſuch an adjournment as the preſent circum- " ſtances may ſeem to require. *And I aſſure you I ſhall not interrupt* " *your meeting by any exerciſe of my prerogative, either of prorogation or* " *diſſolution.*"

The Houſe of Commons having adjourned until the 12th of January, the order of the day, to enter on the ſtate of the nation, being called for, a debate took place; and on the queſtion being put there appeared,

Ayes	-	-	232
Noes	-	-	193
Majority againſt the Miniſtry			39

The Speaker having quitted the chair, the Houſe went into a Committee on the ſtate of the nation.

Mr. Huſſey, Chairman.

Mr. Fox, after a ſhort preface, ſtating the neceſſity of coming to ſome ſpecific reſolution to prevent the preſent Miniſtry from making an improper uſe of their power the ſhort time they had to exiſt, moved,

" That it was the opinion of the Committee, that any perſon in " his Majeſty's Treaſury, Exchequer, Pay Office, Bank of England, " or any perſon whatever, entruſted with the public money, pay- " ing away, or cauſing to be paid, any ſum or ſums of money, " voted for the ſervice of the preſent year, in caſe of a diſſolution or " prorogation of Parliament, before a bill, or bills, were brought in " for the appropriation of ſuch ſums, would be guilty of a high

" crime

" crime and miſdemeanor, highly derogatory to the honour of the " Houſe, and contrary to the faith of Parliament."

The motion was put and carried without a diviſion.

Mr. Fox then, after a ſhort preface, moved, " That it is the opi- " nion of the Committee, that there ſhould be laid before them an " account of all ſums of money expended for the uſe of the public " ſervice, between the 19th of December, 1783, and the 12th of " January, 1784, ſpecifying each ſum, and for what expended."

Mr. Fox ſaid, the reaſon for making ſuch a motion might appear rather extraordinary, but as extraordinary meaſures had been taken by the preſent Miniſtry to come into power, it required extraordinary motions to prevent them doing miſchief now they were in power.

Mr. Pitt ſaid a few words on the ſubject, but as the prior motion had been carried, he could not ſee, he ſaid, any particular harm that could accrue from the preſent one paſſing alſo.

The motion was then put and agreed to.

Mr. Fox then informed the Committee he had another motion to make, which was,

" That the Mutiny Bill be read a ſecond time on the 23d of Fe- " bruary 1784."

The reaſon, he ſaid, for putting it off to ſuch a period, was to give Miniſters time to conſider of it; and, at the ſame time, to allow a ſufficient ſpace to paſs it in before the 25th of March, at which time it would be wanted.

Mr. Pitt ſaid, he could ſee no end it could anſwer to tie down the Mutiny Bill to be read on a ſpecific day, for the Mutiny Bill not being in the Houſe, anſwered every end he ſhould imagine that the Hon. Gentleman wiſhed. After a ſhort converſation, the motion was put and carried.

The Earl of Surrey then roſe, and ſtated to the Houſe, that the ſituation of our affairs, both at home and abroad, were ſuch as required men of abilities and integrity to fill high offices of ſtate, and at the ſame time they ſhould be ſuch perſons as poſſeſſed the confidence of that Houſe and the public, he ſhould therefore move,

" That it is the opinion of the Committee, that in the preſent " ſituation of his Majeſty's dominions, it is highly neceſſary that ſuch " an adminiſtration ſhould be formed, as poſſeſſed both the confidence " of that Houſe and the public."

Sir

Sir Peter Burrell, in a ſhort but elegant ſpeech, ſeconded the motion.

Mr. Pitt ſaid a few words, and was anſwered by Mr. Erſkine; after which the motion was put and carried.

The Earl of Surrey then ſtated to the Houſe, that from what had happened in the other Houſe of Parliament, and what had been urged by an honourable General that day, of a Lord of the Bedchamber endeavouring to bias his vote, made it neceſſary for him to move,

" That it is the opinion of the Committee, that the late changes " were preceded by extraordinary rumours, dangerous to the Conſti- " tution, inaſmuch as the ſacred name of Majeſty had been unconſti- " tutionally uſed for the purpoſe of affecting the deliberations of Par- " liament, and the appointments that followed were accompanied " by circumſtances new and extraordinary, and ſuch as were evi- " dently calculated not to conciliate the affections of that Houſe."

Sir P. Burrell ſeconded the motion.

Mr. Dundas oppoſed the motion; inſiſted upon it that it was by no means the fact, and that he would take the ſenſe of the Committee upon it; for which purpoſe he moved, that the Chairman do leave the Chair, report a progreſs, and aſk leave to ſit again.

A ſmart debate then enſued, in which Mr Pitt, Mr. Scott, and Mr. Dundas oppoſed the original motion; and Lord Surrey, Mr. Lee, and Mr. Sheridan as warmly ſupported it.

At SEVEN o'CLOCK in the morning the queſtion was loudly called for, and the Committee divided on the motion that the Chairman do leave the Chair.

Noes - - -	196
Ayes - - -	142
Majority againſt the Miniſtry - -	54

January 15.] On this day Mr. Pitt propoſed his new India Bill, when leave was given to bring in the ſame.

January 16.] Mr. Pitt preſented his Bill, and the heads of it were read. He then moved, it ſhould be read a ſecond time on the Wedneſday following, which was negatived without a diviſion; it was then ordered for Friday the 23d. The Houſe having formed itſelf into a Committee on the ſtate of the nation, the following motion was made by Lord C. Spencer, and ſeconded by Mr. Baker:

Reſolved,

" That it is the opinion of this Committee, it having been " declared by this Houſe, that in the preſent ſituation of his Maje- " ſty's dominions, an Adminiſtration ſhould be formed, which " poſſeſſed the confidence of this Houſe, and the public; and the " preſent Adminiſtration being formed under circumſtances new and " extraordinary, ſuch as were not calculated to conciliate the affec- " tions, or engage the confidence of this Houſe; and his Majeſty's " preſent Miniſters ſtill holding high and reſponſible offices, after " ſuch a declaration, is contrary to true conſtitutional principles, and " injurious to his Majeſty and his people."

After a very warm debate, the queſtion was put, and the Committee divided.

For the motion	205
Againſt it -	184
Majority againſt the Miniſter	21

January 23.] Mr. Pitt moved " that the India bill be read a ſecond " time," and it was agreed to. On the queſtion being put, that the bill be committed, the Houſe divided as follows:

Noes - -	222
Ayes - -	214
Majority for throwing out the Miniſter's bill	8

The following is a Copy of Mr. Pitt's India Reform Bill.

A BILL *for the better Government and Management of the Affairs of the* EAST INDIA COMPANY.

For the better government and ſecurity of the Territorial Poſſeſſions of this kingdom in the Eaſt Indies, be it enacted by the King's Moſt Excellent Majeſty, by and with the advice and conſent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons, in this preſent Parliament aſſembled, and by the authority of the ſame, That it ſhall and may be lawful to and for the King's Majeſty, his heirs, and ſucceſſors, by any commiſſion to be iſſued under the Great Seal of Great Britain, to nominate and appoint ſuch perſons as his Majeſty ſhall think fit, being of his Majeſty's Moſt Honourable Privy Council, of whom the Principal Secretary of State for the Home Department for the time being, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer for the time being, ſhall be two, to be, and who ſhall accordingly be, Commiſſioners for the affairs of India.

And be it enacted by the authority aforeſaid, That any number, not leſs than of the ſaid Commiſſioners, ſhall form a Board for executing the ſeveral powers which, by this or any other act, ſhall be veſted in the Commiſſioners aforeſaid.

And be it further enacted, That the ſaid Secretary of State, and, in his abſence, the ſaid

ſaid Chancellor of the Exchequer, and in the abſence of both of them, the ſenior of the ſaid other Commiſſioners, according to his rank in ſeniority of appointment, as one of his Majeſty's Moſt Honourable Privy Council, ſhall preſide at and be Preſident of the ſaid Board; and that the ſaid Commiſſioners, or any of them, ſhall have, and they are hereby inveſted with, the ſuperintendance and controul over all the Britiſh territorial poſſeſſions in the Eaſt Indies, and over the affairs of the United Company of Merchants trading thereto, in manner herein after directed.

And be it further enacted, That in caſe the members preſent at the ſaid Board ſhall at any time be equally divided in opinion, in reſpect to any matter depending before them, then, and in every ſuch caſe, the then Preſident of the ſaid Board ſhall have two voices, or the caſting vote.

And be it further enacted, That it ſhall and may be lawful for the King's Majeſty, his heirs and ſucceſſors, from time to time, at his and their will and pleaſure, to revoke and determine the commiſſion aforeſaid, and from time to time to cauſe any new commiſſion or commiſſions to be ſealed as aforeſaid, for appointing any other perſon or perſons, being of his Majeſty's Moſt Honourable Privy Council, of whom the Secretary of State for the Home Department, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer for the time being, ſhall always be two, to be Commiſſioners and Members of the ſaid Board, when and ſo often as his Majeſty, his heirs or ſucceſſors, ſhall think fit, ſo that the number of Commiſſioners therein to be named ſhall in no wiſe exceed the aforeſaid number of

Provided always, and be it further enacted, That the office or place of a Commiſſioner or Member of the ſaid Board, hereby erected, ſhall not be deemed or taken to be a new office or place, within the intent and purview of an act of the ſixth year of the reign of Queen Anne, intituled, "An act for the ſecurity of her Majeſty's perſon and "government, and of the ſucceſſion of the crown of Great Britain in the Proteſtant "line."

And be it further enacted, That the ſaid Board ſhall be fully authorized and impowered, from time to time, to check, ſuperintend, and controul, all acts, operations, and concerns, which in any wiſe relate to the civil or military government or revenues of the territories and poſſeſſions of the ſaid United Company in the Eaſt Indies.

And be it further enacted, That the ſaid Secretary of State for the time being, ſhall nominate and appoint a Secretary to attend upon the ſaid Board, who ſhall be ſubject to diſmiſſion, at the pleaſure of the ſaid Board; and that the ſaid Secretary ſhall enter, or cauſe to be entered, in books, all proceedings whatſoever to be had by or before the ſaid Board; and ſhall be paid ſuch ſalary as his Majeſty ſhall, by warrant under his ſign manual, direct.

Provided always, and be it further enacted, That the members of the ſaid Board, before they ſhall proceed to act in the execution of any of the powers or authorities to them given by this act (ſave only the power of adminiſtering the oath after mentioned) ſhall ſeverally take and ſubſcribe the following oath: (that is to ſay)

"I. A. B. do faithfully promiſe and ſwear, that as a Commiſſioner or Member "of the Board for the Affairs of India, I will give my beſt advice and aſſiſt-"ance for the good government of the Britiſh poſſeſſions in the Eaſt-Indies; "and will execute the ſeveral powers and truſts repoſed in me, according to "the beſt of my ſkill and judgment, without favour or affection, prejudice or "malice, to any perſon whatſoever."

Which ſaid oath any of the Members of the ſaid Board ſhall and are hereby impowered to adminiſter; and the ſaid oath ſhall be entered by the ſaid Secretary amongſt the accounts of the ſaid Board, and be duly ſubſcribed and atteſted by the Members

 thereof,

thereof, at the time of their taking and adminiſtering the ſame to each other reſpectively.

And, to the intent that the ſaid Board may be duly informed of all tranſactions of the ſaid Company, in reſpect to the management of their concerns in the Eaſt-Indies, be it further enacted, That all the Members of the ſaid Board ſhall, at all convenient and reaſonable times, have acceſs to all papers and muniments of the ſaid United Company, and ſhall be furniſhed with ſuch extracts or copies thereof as they ſhall from time to time require; and that the Court of Directors of the ſaid United Company ſhall, and they are hereby required and directed, to deliver to the ſaid Board copies of all minutes, orders, reſolutions, and other proceedings, of all general and ſpecial Courts of Proprietors of the ſaid Company, and of the ſaid Court of Directors, within days after the holding of ſuch reſpective Courts; and alſo copies of all diſpatches which the ſaid Directors ſhall receive from any of their ſervants in the Eaſt Indies, immediately after the arrival thereof; and alſo copies of all letters, orders, and inſtructions whatſoever, relating to the civil or military government or revenues of the Britiſh territorial poſſeſſions in the Eaſt-Indies, propoſed to be ſent or diſpatched, by the ſaid Court of Directors, to any of the ſervants of the ſaid Company in the Eaſt-Indies, days at the leaſt before the time propoſed for ſending or diſpatching the ſame reſpectively; and that the ſaid Court of Directors of the ſaid United Company ſhall, and they are hereby required to pay due obedience to, and ſhall be governed and bound by, ſuch orders and directions as they ſhall from time to time receive from the ſaid Board, touching the civil or military government and revenues of the territories and poſſeſſions of the ſaid United Company in the Eaſt-Indies.

And be it further enacted, That, within days after the receipt of ſuch copies laſt mentioned, the ſaid Board ſhall return the ſame to the ſaid Court of Directors, with their approbation thereof, ſubſcribed by of the Members of the ſaid Board, or their reaſons at large for diſapproving the ſame; together with inſtructions from the ſaid Board to the ſaid Court of Directors in reſpect thereto; and that the ſaid Court of Directors ſhall thereupon diſpatch and ſend the letters, orders, and inſtructions, ſo approved or amended, to their ſervants in India, without further delay; and no letters, orders, or inſtructions, until after ſuch previous communication thereof to the ſaid Board, ſhall at any time be ſent or diſpatched by the ſaid Court of Directors, to the Eaſt Indies, on any account or pretence whatever.

And be it further enacted, That in caſe the ſaid Board ſhall ſend any orders or inſtructions, which, in the opinion of the ſaid Court of Directors, ſhall relate to points not connected with the civil or military government and revenues of the ſaid territories and poſſeſſions in India, then, and in any ſuch caſe, it ſhall be lawful for the ſaid Court of Directors to apply, by petition, to his Majeſty in Council, touching ſuch orders and inſtructions; and his Majeſty in Council ſhall decide whether the ſame be, or be not, connected with the civil or military government and revenues of the ſaid territories and poſſeſſions in India; which deciſion ſhall be final and concluſive.

And be it further enacted, That as ſoon as the office of any one of the Counſellors of the Preſidency of Fort William in Bengal ſhall become vacant, by death, by removal, or reſignation, the vacancy ſo happening ſhall not be ſupplied by the ſaid Court of Directors, but the ſaid Supreme Government ſhall from thenceforward conſiſt of a Governor-General and Supreme Counſellors only; and that the Commander in Chief of the Preſidency of Fort William in Bengal for the time being, ſhall have voice and precedence in Council next after the ſaid Governor-General, any thing in any former act of Parliament contained to the contrary notwithſtanding.

And be it further enacted, That the government of the ſeveral Preſidencies and ſettlements of Fort St. George and Bombay, ſhall, after the commencement of this act, conſiſt

conſiſt of a Governor or Preſident, and Counſellors only, of whom the Commander in Chief in the ſaid ſeveral ſettlements for the time being ſhall be one, having the like precedence in Council as in the Preſidency of Fort William in Bengal.

And be it further enacted, that from and after the nomination and appointment of the ſeveral Commanders in Chief in the ſaid Preſidencies or ſettlements of Fort William, Madras, or Bombay, ſhall be, and the ſame are hereby veſted in his Majeſty, his heirs and ſucceſſors, any law, uſage, or cuſtom, to the contrary notwithſtanding.

And be it further enacted, That it ſhall and may be lawful for his Majeſty, his heirs and ſucceſſors, to nominate and appoint any perſon or perſons to ſucceed to the ſaid office of Commander in Chief in the ſaid ſeveral Preſidencies or ſettlements; and the perſons ſo nominated and appointed ſhall reſpectively ſucceed to the ſaid offices of Commanders in Chief reſpectively, in like manner as if they had been appointed upon or after a vacancy or vacancies.

Provided always, and be it enacted, That the perſons to be appointed to ſucceed to the office or place of Commander in Chief in the ſaid Preſidencies or ſettlements, upon any vacancy thereof reſpectively as aforeſaid, ſhall and may, if his Majeſty, his heirs or ſucceſſors, ſhall by ſuch appointment ſo direct, have military command and authority next and immediately after the Commander in Chief of ſuch Preſidencies or ſettlements reſpectively.

And be it further enacted, That it ſhall and may be lawful to and for the King's Majeſty, his heirs and ſucceſſors, by any writing or inſtrument under his or their Sign Manual, counterſigned by the ſaid Secretary of State, to remove or recall the preſent future Governor-General of Fort William at Bengal, or any of the Members of the Council of Fort William aforeſaid, or any of the Governors or Preſidents, and Members of the Councils, of the Preſidencies or ſettlements of Fort St. George and Bombay, or of any other Britiſh ſettlement in India, for the time being; and to vacate and make void all and every or any appointment or appointments, as well abſolute as proviſional, of any perſon or perſons to any of the offices or places as aforeſaid; and that all and every the powers and authorities of the reſpective perſons ſo removed or recalled, or whoſe appointment ſhall be ſo vacated, ſhall ceaſe and determine, at or from ſuch reſpective time or times as in the ſaid writing or writings ſhall be expreſſed and directed:------Provided always, that a duplicate or copy of every ſuch writing, atteſted by the ſaid Secretary of State for the time being, ſhall, within days after the ſame ſhall be ſigned by his Majeſty, his heirs, or ſucceſſors, be tranſmitted or delivered, by the ſaid Secretary of State, unto the Chairman or Deputy Chairman for the time being, of the ſaid United Company, to the intent that the Court of Directors of the ſaid Company may be apprized thereof.

And be it further enacted, That whenever any vacancy or vacancies of the office of Governor-General or Preſident, or of any Member of the Council (other than the Commander in Chief) ſhall happen in any of the Preſidencies aforeſaid, either by death, reſignation, or recall, as aforeſaid, then, and in ſuch caſe, the Court of Directors of the ſaid United Company ſhall proceed to nominate and appoint a fit perſon or perſons to ſupply ſuch vacancy or vacancies, ſubject to the approbation of his Majeſty, his heirs, and ſucceſſors; and within days next after any ſuch nomination and approbation ſhall be made, the ſame ſhall be ſignified, by the Chairman or Deputy Chairman of the ſaid Court of Directors, to his Majeſty, his heirs, or ſucceſſors; and in caſe his Majeſty, his heirs, or ſucceſſors, ſhall approve the ſaid nomination and appointment, then the perſon or perſons ſo nominated ſhall be conſtituted and appointed to the office or place, offices or places, for which he or they ſhall have been ſo reſpectively nominated, and ſhall ſo continue, from the time of his or their taking the ſame upon him

him or them, until he or they ſhall reſign the ſame, or be removed or recalled therefrom by his Majeſty, his heirs, or ſucceſſors, and ſo *toties quoties*: And in caſe the perſon or perſons ſo nominated and appointed by the ſaid Court of Directors, ſhall not be approved by his Majeſty, his heirs, or ſucceſſors, then, within days after his Majeſty, his heirs, or ſucceſſors, ſhall have cauſed to be ſignified to the Chairman or Deputy Chairman of the Court of Directors, that his Majeſty, his heirs, or ſucceſſors, doth or do not approve of ſuch perſon or perſons, the ſaid Court ſhall proceed to nominate and appoint ſome other perſon or perſons to the ſaid office or place, offices or places, reſpectively, ſubject to the approbation or diſallowance of his Majeſty, his heirs, and ſucceſſors, in ſuch and in the ſame manner as is herein-before directed or preſcribed, and ſo *toties quoties*, until ſome perſon or perſons ſhall be nominated and appointed, who ſhall be approved by his Majeſty, his heirs, or ſucceſſors.

Provided always, and be it further enacted, That in caſe, and ſo often as the Court of Directors ſhall not, within the ſpace of to be computed from the day whereon the notification of the vacancy, or of his Majeſty's diſapprobation of any perſon by them nominated as aforeſaid, ſhall have been received by the ſaid Court of Directors, proceed to ſupply the ſame, then and in any ſuch caſe, and ſo often as the ſame ſhall happen, it ſhall be lawful for his Majeſty, his heirs and ſucceſſors, to conſtitute and appoint, by writing under his or their Royal Sign Manual, ſuch perſon or perſons as his Majeſty, his heirs and ſucceſſors, ſhall think proper, to ſucceed to and ſupply the reſpective office or place, offices or places, ſo vacant, or from which any perſon or perſons ſhall be ſo recalled or removed, or whoſe appointment or appointments ſhall have been vacated and made void as aforeſaid; and that every perſon or perſons, ſo conſtituted and appointed, ſhall have and be inveſted with the ſame powers, privileges, and authorities, as if he or they had been nominated and appointed by the ſaid Court of Directors, and approved by his Majeſty, his heirs and ſucceſſors.

And be it further enacted, That no reſignation to be made of the offices of the Governor General, or Governor or Preſident of any of the ſubordinate ſettlements, or Commander in Chief, or Member of the reſpective Councils of the ſaid Preſidencies in India, ſhall be deemed or conſtrued to be legal or valid, or ſhall be accepted as ſuch, unleſs the ſame be made by an inſtrument in writing under the hand and ſeal of the officer or perſon reſigning the ſame.

And be it further enacted, That no order or reſolution of any General Court of the Proprietors of the ſaid United Company ſhall be available to revoke or reſcind, or in any reſpect to affect, any act, order, reſolution, matter, or proceeding, of the ſaid Court of Directors, by this act directed or authorized to be made or done by the ſaid Court, after his Majeſty's pleaſure ſhall have been ſignified upon the ſame, in the manner herein-before directed, any law or uſage to the contrary notwithſtanding.

And be it further enacted, That ſo much and ſuch parts of an act, made in the twenty-firſt year of the reign of his preſent Majeſty, as directs the Court of Directors of the ſaid United Company to deliver to the Commiſſioners of the Treaſury, or to the High Treaſurer for the time being, or to one of his Majeſty's Principal Secretaries of State, copies of any letters or orders relating to the management of the revenues, or the civil and military affairs of the ſaid Company; and alſo all ſuch powers and authorities given to or veſted in Proprietors and Directors of the ſaid United Company, or in any General or Special Court thereof reſpectively, in and by any act of Parliament or Charter, as are contrary or repugnant to this act, or any thing therein contained, ſhall be, and the ſame are hereby diſcontinued, for and during the continuance of this act, any thing contained in any ſuch act or charter, or any cuſtom or uſage to the contrary notwithſtanding.

And be it further enacted, That this act ſhall take place and have commencement, in Great Britain, immediately after and ſhall take place and have commencement, in the ſeveral Preſidencies aforeſaid, and in the territories thereunto belonging, from the and ſhall remain and continue in force for the ſpace of years.

And be it further enacted, That this act ſhall be deemed and taken to be a public act.

NEW INDIA BILL.

Mr. Fox roſe, and after ſtating to the Houſe, that the neceſſity of the times called for ſomething ſpeedily to be done for the government of India, concluded with moving, "that leave be given to bring in a "bill for the better government of India."

Sir Grey Cooper ſeconded the motion.

Leave was given, and Mr. Fox was ordered to prepare and bring in the ſame.

January 26.] Mr. Eden moved the following Reſolution:

"That it is the opinion of this Houſe, That his Majeſty's Anſwer "contained aſſurances, upon which the Houſe firmly relied, that his "Majeſty would not, by prorogation or diſſolution of Parliament, "interrupt the Houſe in their conſiderations of proper meaſures for "retrieving the affairs of the Eaſt India Company, and for ſupporting "the public credit and revenues of the kingdom, objects which his "Majeſty, in his ſaid moſt gracious Anſwer, had declared to be, in "his opinion, ſuch as demand the immediate and unremitting atten-"tion of Parliament."

Mr. Marſham ſeconded this motion.

Mr. Pitt, after declaring the motion improper, and diſſenting from it, ſaid, "Gentlemen might ſet their minds at eaſe, for *he did not "give, nor meant to give any advice to his Majeſty to diſſolve the preſent "Parliament.*"

The queſtion was then put, and carried without a diviſion.

A Coalition of Parties having been expected to be formed, the following authentic Account is given of the Proceedings at the St. Alban's Tavern.

On January the 26th, a meeting was held at the St. Alban's Tavern, for the purpoſe of recommending an union of parties, when an Addreſs was agreed to and ſigned by fifty-three Members of the Houſe of

of Commons, and preſented by a Committee to the Duke of Portland and the Right Honourable William Pitt. The purport of the Addreſs was as follows:

" WE whoſe names are hereunto ſigned, Members of the Houſe " of Commons, being fully perſuaded that the united efforts of thoſe " in whoſe integrity, abilities, and conſtitutional principles we have " reaſon to confide, can alone reſcue this country from its preſent " diſtracted ſtate, do join in moſt earneſtly intreating them to com- " municate with each other on the arduous ſituation of public " affairs, truſting that by a liberal and unreſerved intercourſe between " them, every impediment may be removed to a cordial co-opera- " tion of great and reſpectable characters, acting on the ſame public " principles, and intitled to the ſupport of independent and diſ- " intereſted men.

" And we depute the Honourable Thomas Groſvenor, the Honour- " able Charles Marſham, Sir William Lemon, and Thomas Powys, Eſq. " to preſent this Repreſentation and Requiſition to his Grace the Duke " of Portland, the Right Honourable Lord John Cavendiſh, the Right " Honourable William Pitt, and the Right Honourable Charles James " Fox, in our names."

To which the following anſwers were returned:

The Duke of Portland returned for anſwer:—" That he ſhould " think himſelf happy in obeying the commands of ſo reſpectable a " meeting; but the greateſt difficulty to him, and he imagines " ſtill greater to Mr. Pitt, was Mr. Pitt's being in office."

Mr. Pitt's anſwer was;—" That he will be ready to pay attention " to the commands of ſo reſpectable a meeting, and co-operate with " their wiſhes, to form a ſtronger and more extended adminiſtration, " if the ſame can be done with principle and honour."

On Tueſday the 27th, the gentlemen met at the ſaid tavern, when there appeared to be ſeventy members, and the above anſwers being read, they came to the following reſolutions:

Reſolved,

" That the thanks of this meeting be given to his Grace the Duke " of Portland, and the Right Honourable William Pitt, for the atten- " tion they have reſpectively declared themſelves ready to pay to the " requiſitions preſented to them in our names."

Reſolved Secondly,

" That in anxious expectation of a cordial co-operation of great and " reſpectable characters acting on the ſame public principles, we beg

" leave

" leave to expreſs our moſt earneſt wiſh, that ſome explanation may be " had between the Duke of Portland and Mr. Pitt on any difficulty in " that way of confidential intercourſe."

Reſolved Thirdly,

" That we do not preſume to point out the mode in which ſuch " mutual explanation may be obtained, ſtudiouſly avoiding any in " terference on our part, which may impede or counteract whatever " ſteps are taken towards that communication which it is our object " to effect."

Reſolved Fourthly,

" That the Chairman be deſired to communicate the Reſolutions to " his Grace of Portland and Mr. Pitt."

The Reſolutions being communicated to Mr. Pitt, he returned the following anſwer :

" Mr. Pitt having received from ſo reſpectable a meeting an inti- " mation of their wiſhes, that ſome explanation may be had between " the Duke of Portland and himſelf, on any difficulties in the way " of confidential intercourſe, begs to aſſure Mr. Groſvenor (the Chair- " man) that there are no difficulties on his part in the way of an " immediate intercourſe with the Duke of Portland on the ſubject of " an union, conſiſtent with honour and principle, which he agrees " with the gentlemen of the meeting in thinking of the greateſt im- " portance in the preſent ſtate of the country. If, on his Grace's " part, there are any objections to ſuch intercourſe, Mr. Pitt wiſhes " to have them ſtated, and will immediately give a direct anſwer " with regard to them."

The Duke of Portland returned the following anſwer addreſſed to the Chairman :

SIR, *Devon-Houſe, Thurſday, January*, 29, 1784.

" As you have ſo very obligingly communicated to me the aſſurances " you have received from Mr. Pitt, ' that there are no difficulties on " his part in the way of an immediate intercourſe between him and " me on the ſubject of an union of parties, and that he is ready to " give an immediate and direct anſwer to any objections which I " may have to ſuch intercourſe,' my ſincere inclination to concur in " the wiſhes of the very reſpectable meeting, of which you ſo " worthily fill the chair; and my anxious deſire to ſee ſuch an Ad- " miniſtration formed, upon a ſolid and ſecure baſis, as may reſtore " harmony to this diſtracted empire, and may be entitled to á con-

" fidence

" fidence and ſupport of every true friend of his country, make it " neceſſary for me to trouble you with a repetition of the reaſons " which I aſſigned to you and other gentlemen, who delivered me the " repreſentation and requiſition of your meeting of the 26th of Ja- " nuary, for declining an immediate interview with Mr. Pitt, on the " preſent arduous ſituation of public affairs.

" I had the honour of ſtating to you, I did not think it poſſible " that ſuch a meeting would tend to forward the deſirable end we all " wiſh, as long as M. Pitt remained in his miniſterial capacity, not- " withſtanding the Reſolution of the Houſe of Commons of the " 16th inſtant. Under theſe circumſtances the embarraſſment ſeems " mutual and difficult to be got over, but if any expedient can be " deviſed for removing it, I ſhall be extremely ready to confer with " Mr. Pitt, and to contribute every faculty in my power to promote " the object of our joint wiſhes.

" I have the honour to be,
" With great reſpect,
" Your moſt obedient humble ſervant,
(Signed) " PORTLAND."

Thomas Groſvenor, Eſq. Chairman.

Thurſday the 29th. The gentlemen met, and there being above eighty Members preſent, they came to the following reſolution :

Reſolved,

" That the Chairman be requeſted to return our thanks to the " Duke of Portland and Mr. Pitt, for the additional favour they have " now given of their attention to our wiſhes.

" To expreſs our cordial ſatisfaction to find they agree in opinion " with this meeting, that an union is of the higheſt importance, " and is the object of their joint wiſhes.

" To inſinuate to them, that after theſe declarations, we are the " more ſtrongly confirmed in our hope and expectation, that by the " intervention of mutual friends, ſome expedient may be adviſed, " which may tend to remove the difficulty, which is ſtated to be the " moſt material obſtacle to a communication between them, on the " ſubject of a cordial and permanent union.

(Signed) T. GROSVENOR, Chairman."

St

St. Alban's Tavern, Saturday, January 31, 1784.

At a meeting held by the gentlemen (Members of the Houſe of Commons) who aſſembled from time to time, with a view to conciliate differences, and to forward an union of the contending parties, in Parliament, the following letters to the Chairman of the meeting were received and read.

" Mr. PITT has already had the honour of ſtating to Mr. Groſ-
" venor, that there are no difficulties on his part in the way of an im-
" mediate intercourſe for the purpoſe of effecting an union conſiſtent
" with honour and principle. With regard to the embarraſſment
" ſtated by the Duke of Portland in his Grace's letter, referred to in
" the reſolutions of the meeting, ariſing from Mr. Pitt's remaining
" in his miniſterial capacity, it is an embarraſſment which Mt. Pitt
" *cannot* remove, by reſignation, in order to negociate. In theſe
" circumſtances, Mr. Pitt has it not in his power to ſuggeſt any ex-
" pedient, but is very deſirous of learning, whether the Duke of Port-
" land can propoſe any thing which his Grace conſiders as ſuch; and
" he begs at the ſame time to add, that his preſent miniſterial capacity
" is no obſtacle to his diſcuſſing every point that relates to the deſirable
" object in queſtion, as freely and openly as he could do in any other
" ſituation."

Berkely-ſquare, 31ſt Jan. 1784.

SIR, *Devon-Houſe, Saturday, 31 January,* 1784.

" I am extremely ſorry that Mr. Pitt appears ſo poſitively to de-
" cline ſuggeſting any expedient on his part, to remove the difficul-
" ties which obſtruct the conference you deſire. I believe you will
" agree, that the continuance of the preſent Miniſtry, and the ho-
" nour of the Houſe of Commons, are not very eaſily reconcileable.

" It was the ſenſe of thoſe difficulties, and my earneſt deſire
" of complying with the opinion of gentlemen whoſe ſentiments
" claim my higheſt reſpect, that induced me to ſuggeſt the poſſibility
" of an expedient which you will eaſily diſcern would not depend
" upon me. The recollection of ſimilar events in two ſucceſſive years
" led me to flattet myſelf that there was a middle way between the
" actual reſignation of Miniſters, and the neglect of what appeared
" on the Journals of the Houſe of Commons. I hoped that Mr. Pitt
" would have adverted to thoſe events, and I truſt they will yet have

" due weight with him. I ſhall moſt certainly rejoice in any propo-
" ſition that can promiſe to lay a baſis for the tranquility and ſettle-
" ment which are the objects of our common wiſhes.

" I have the honour to be,

" With great truth and regard,

SIR,

" Your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

(Signed) " PORTLAND."

Thomas Groſvenor, Eſq. Chairman.

St. Alban's Tavern, Monday, Feb. 2, 1784.

At a meeting of the gentlmen, Members of the Houſe of Commons, who aſſembled from time to time, with a view to conciliate differences, and to forward an union of the contending parties in Parliament, the following letters were read;

February 1, 1784, *Berkeley-ſquare.*

" Mr. Pitt being ſincerely deſirous that there ſhould not continue
" any obſtacle in the way of ſuch an intercourſe as has been wiſhed for,
" regrets that it is not in his power to ſuggeſt expedients to remove
" the difficulty felt by the Duke of Portland. He does not under-
" ſtand preciſely what is the middle way which his Grace ſeems to
" allude to; the events in the two years to which his Grace refers,
" appear to Mr. Pitt to have been only modes of reſignation, and
" ſuch a meaſure, in order to enter into a negociation, is what the pre-
" ſent Miniſtry, as has been already declared, cannot agree to.
" Whenever any expedient is directly ſtated, Mr. Pitt will be happy
" to give every explanation upon it."

SIR, *Devon-Houſe, Monday morning, Feb.* 2, 1784.

" I very ſincerely regret, that the expedient to which I referred
" ſhould be thought unapplicable to the difficulties I had ſtated; I
" certainly ſuggeſted it as a mode of reſignation, but as a mode of
" reſignation the leaſt embarraſſing to Government in the ordinary
" functions of office, and at the ſame time as a proof of a diſpo-
" ſition to conſult the honour of the Houſe of Commons, as it ſtands
" pledged by the reſolution of the 16th of January. This laſt is a
" preliminary, which as a friend to the *ſpirit of the conſtitution*, I
" muſt think myſelf bound invariably to require.

" With

" With reſpect to myſelf, I am willing to hope that I have not " been miſtaken in the conception I formed of your wiſhes, by " ſuppoſing that it was with Mr. Pitt that you were deſirous I " ſhould have a *liberal* and *unreſerved intercourſe*, and not with " the *head* of an Adminiſtration, to which I was merely to bring " an *acceſſion of ſtrength*. But Mr. Pitt's meſſage places him in an- " other character; and your own good ſenſe will readily ſuggeſt to " you, that it was *impoſſible* for me to ſuppoſe that your expecta- " tions extended to a confidential conferrence with him, as the repre- " ſentative of the preſent Adminiſtration.

" If I had done this, I muſt have fallen in your eſteem (which, " I aſſure you, is a very ſerious object to me) as I ſhould have ſhewn " myſelf inſenſible of what is due to the Houſe of Commons.

" I have unreſervedly ſubmitted to you my ideas of the extent of " your expectations. In conformity with thoſe expectations, (Mr. " Pitt having uniformly declined to ſuggeſt any expedient on *his* " part) I took the liberty of ſuggeſting an expedient, which I thought " might put us into a ſituation, in which the intercourſe you wiſhed " might take place with *propriety*.

" I ſhall be happy to find that my propoſitions have met with your " approbation; but, in every grant, I hope that my anxiety to me- " rit the partiality you have ſhewn me, will entitle me to its conti- " nuance. I have the honour to be,

" with great regard and eſteem,

" S I R,

" your moſt faithful and obedient ſervant,

(Signed) " PORTLAND."

Thomas Groſvenor, Eſq.

February 2.] Mr. Groſvenor, in the Houſe of Commons, after remarking that his exertions, and thoſe he acted with, in favour of that friendſhip and harmony, without which no nation can exiſt, had not been attended with ſucceſs, moved,

" That it is the opinion of this Houſe, that in the preſent arduous " and critical ſituation of affairs, it is neceſſary to have the exertions " of a firm, efficient, extended, and *united Adminiſtration*, entitled " to the confidence of this Houſe and the People; and ſuch as may " have a tendency to put an end to the unfortunate diviſions which " at preſent diſtract this country."

Mr.

Mr. James Luttrell ſeconded the motion, and it was carried without a diviſion.

Mr. Coke, of Norfolk, then moved,

" That it is the opinion of this Houſe, that the continuance of the " preſent Miniſtry in power, is an obſtacle to the formation of ſuch " an Adminiſtration as is likely to have the confidence of this Houſe " and the people."

Mr. Minchin ſeconded the motion.

About twelve o'clock the queſtion was put, and the Houſe divided,

Ayes	-	223
Noes	-	204
Majority againſt the Miniſter		19

Motion concerning the Removal of Adminiſtration.

February 3.] Mr. Coke, after expreſſing his diſapprobation of the conduct of the preſent Adminiſtration, and regretting the alarming predicament which the country was in for want of a ſtrong and efficient Miniſtry, begged that the Clerk would read the reſolutions which the Houſe had yeſterday come to, concerning that matter. The Clerk then read as follows:

" That it is the opinion of this Houſe, that in the preſent arduous " and critical ſituation of affairs, it is neceſſary to have the exertions " of a firm, efficient, extended, and united Adminiſtration, entitled " to the confidence of this Houſe and the People; and ſuch as may " have a tendency to put an end to the unfortunate diviſions which " at preſent diſtract this country."

" That it is the opinion of this Houſe, that the continuance of the " preſent Miniſtry in power, is an obſtacle to the formation of ſuch " an Adminiſtration as is likely to have the confidence of this Houſe " and the People, and as would have a tendency to put an end to the " preſent diviſions that diſtract the country."

Mr. Coke then moved, " That a copy of theſe reſolutions be pre- " ſented to his Majeſty by ſuch Members of the Houſe as are of his " Majeſty's Privy Council, as expreſſive of the ſenſe of the Houſe of " Commons, on the preſent alarming ſituation of public affairs."

Mr. Welbore Ellis ſeconded the motion.

At twelve o'clock, the queſtion was put, when there appeared for it,

Ayes	-	-	211
Noes	-	-	187
Majority	-	-	24

In conſequence of the foregoing reſolutions, the Houſe of Lords on *February* 4.] Came to the following ſeveral counteracting reſolutions, moved by Lord Effingham, who ſaid, before he read the motion that included the whole of what he meant to propoſe, he ſhould firſt deſire the Clerk to read the act of the 21ſt of George the Third, which he did as follows:

" An act for the eſtabliſhing an agreement with the Eaſt India " Company for the payment of 400,000l. for the uſe of the public, " in full diſcharge of all claims on the Company until March 1, " 1781, in reſpect of their territorial acquiſitions and revenues, &c."

Section 26. " And be it further enacted by the authority aforeſaid, " That during the continuance of this Act, it ſhall not be lawful for " the ſaid United Company, or their ſucceſſors, or any of their officers " or ſervants on their account, to accept or otherwiſe bind the ſaid " Company, or their ſucceſſors, for the payment of any bills of ex- " change, drawn by any of their officers or ſervants, at any of their " Preſidencies in the Eaſt Indies, for any ſum exceeding the ſum of " three hundred thouſand pounds, excluſive of certificates, to the " amount of eight thouſand pounds, to the commanders and officers " of each of the Company's ſhips, in the ſpace of one year, without " the content and order firſt had and obtained of the Commiſſioners " of his Majeſty's Treaſury for the time being, or any three or more " of them, or of the High Treaſurer for the time being, who are " hereby reſpectively authoriſed to give ſuch conſent, or to make " ſuch order thereon, as they ſhall judge expedient; and every ac- " ceptance or engagement made contrary to the true meaning and in- " tent of this Act, ſhall be null and void to all intents and pur- " poſes:"

The noble Lord then deſired that a reſolution of the Houſe of Lords in the year 1704 might be read, which was in the following words:

Reſolved.

" That it is unconſtitutional, and contrary to law for any one " branch of the Legiſlature to aſſume to itſelf a right of making any

" reſolutions

" reſolutions which ſhould impede or put a ſtop to the executive " power of Government as by law eſtabliſhed." The noble Earl then deſired the reſolutions of the Houſe of Commons to be read, which were as follows:

December 24, 1783.—*(Houſe of Commons.)*

Reſolved,

" That the Commiſſioners of the Treaſury ought not to give their " conſent to the acceptance of any Bills drawn, or to be drawn from " India, until it ſhall be made appear to this Houſe, that ſufficient " means can be provided for the payment of the ſame, when they " reſpectively fall due, by a regular application of the clear effects " of the Company, after diſcharging in their regular courſe the cuſ- " toms, and other ſums due to the public, and the current de- " mands upon the Company, or until this Houſe ſhall otherwiſe " direct."

January 16, 1784.—*(Houſe of Commons.)*

Reſolved,

" (That it having been declared to be the opinion of this Houſe, that, " in the preſent ſituation of his Majeſty's dominions, it is peculiarly " neceſſary, that there ſhould be an Adminiſtration which has the " confidence of this Houſe, and the public; and that the appoint- " ment of his Majeſty's preſent Miniſters were accompanied by cir- " cumſtances new and extraordinary, and ſuch as do not conciliate " or engage the confidence of this Houſe) the continuance of the " preſent Miniſters, in truſts of the higheſt importance and reſponſi- " bility, is contrary to conſtitutional principles, and injurious to the " intereſts of his Majeſty and his people."

Taking all theſe matters together, and conſidering the preſent ſtate of affairs, Lord Effingham deemed it incumbent on their Lordſhips at ſo alarming a criſis, to addreſs the Throne in ſupport of the juſt, legal, and conſtitutional prerogatives of his Majeſty. The King, he ſaid, had an undoubted right to appoint his Miniſters, and to continue them in office ſo long as he deemed their conduct right, and ſo long as there was no ſpecific charge made againſt them by Parliament for miſconduct in their public truſt. The right honourable gentleman high in office, who had been of late much the ſubject of public converſation, and againſt whom all thoſe reſolutions of the Houſe of Commons were levelled, ſtood high in the eſtimation of the public, and in the confidence of his Sovereign. A compliment might be paid with juſ-

tice

tice to his ſhining abilities, and to his conduct in office; and ſuch panegyric might be mentioned, becauſe the right honourable gentleman was not preſent. [Here Mr. Pitt, who ſtood behind the throne, retired, and did not return until the noble Earl had finiſhed.] His Lordſhip, after paying many compliments to the new Firſt Lord of the Treaſury, ſtated to the Houſe, that the firſt reſolution he ſhould move would be,

Reſolved,

" That for any *one* branch of the Legiſlature to aſſume to itſelf a " right of making any reſolutions which ſhould impede, or put a " ſtop to the exerciſe of a power veſted in any body of men by Act " of Parliament, is unconſtitutional."

If that ſhould meet with their Lordſhips' approbation, he meant to move another Reſolution, which was,

" That it is contrary to the letter and ſpirit of the Conſtitution " for either Houſe of Parliament to paſs any Reſolution, which may " tend to deprive the Crown of its juſt prerogative in nominating its " own ſervants, or to deſire the removal of the executive ſervants of " the Crown, when no charge of neglect or miſconduct has been al- " ledged againſt them."

His Lordſhip ſaid, after theſe motions were agreed to, he ſhould propoſe an Addreſs to the Throne, grounded upon them. He concluded with moving his firſt Reſolution; at a quarter paſt eleven the Houſe divided—

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The other Reſolutions were then put, and carried without a diviſion.

February 5. On this day an Addreſs was preſented to his Majeſty by the Houſe of Lords, to the following purport:

TO THE KING.

" WE acknowledge, with great ſatisfaction, the wiſdom of our " happy Conſtitution, which places in your Majeſty's hands the un- " doubted authority of appointing to all the great offices of executive

" government. We have the firmeſt reliance in your Majeſty's " known wiſdom and paternal goodneſs, that you will be anxious to " call into, and continue in your ſervice, men the moſt deſerving of " the confidence of the Parliament and the public in general."

" In this confidence, we beg leave to approach your Majeſty with " our moſt earneſt aſſurances that we will, upon all occaſions, ſup- " port your Majeſty in the juſt exerciſe of thoſe prerogatives which " the wiſdom of the law has entruſted to your Majeſty, for the pre- " ſervation of our lives and properties, and upon the due and unin- " terrupted exerciſe of which muſt depend the bleſſings which the " people derive from the beſt of all forms of government."

To which his Majeſty returned the following anſwer:

" My Lords,

" I thank you for this dutiful and loyal addreſs; and I deſire you " will reſt aſſured that I have no object in the choice of Miniſters, " but to call into my ſervice men the moſt deſerving of the confi- " dence of my Parliament, and of the public in general.

" I cannot too often repeat my aſſurances, that my conſtant ſtudy " in the exerciſe of every prerogative entruſted to me by the Conſti- " tution, is to employ it for the welfare of my people."

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

ROYAL ANSWER.

Lord Viſcount Hinchinbrooke reported to the Houſe, that his Majeſty had been waited on with the reſolution of the Houſe on Tueſday laſt, and had been graciouſly pleaſed to give for anſwer, " That he would take them into his conſideration."

February 16.] The Houſe came to the following Reſolutions, moved by Lord Beauchamp, and ſeconded by Sir Grey Cooper, which paſſed without a diviſion.

1. " That this Houſe hath not aſſumed to itſelf any right to ſuſ- " pend the execution of the law.

2. " That it is conſtitutional and agreeable to uſage, for the Houſe " of Commons to declare their ſenſe and opinions, reſpecting the " exerciſe of every diſcretionary power, which, whether by act of " Parliament or otherwiſe, is veſted in any body of men whatever " for public ſervice.

3. " That

3. " That it is a duty peculiarly incumbent upon this Houſe, en-
" truſted by the conſtitution with the ſole and ſeparate grant of the
" public money, to watch over, and by their timely admonitions
" and interference, to endeavour to prevent the raſh and precipitate
" exerciſe of any power however veſted, which may be attended with
" any danger to public credit, or with heavy loſſes to the revenue
" and conſequently burthens upon the people.

4. " That the Reſolution of the 24th of December laſt, which
" declared the ſenſe and opinion of this Houſe, " That the Com-
" miſſioners of the Treaſury ought not to give their conſent to the
" acceptance of any bills drawn or to be drawn from India, until it
" ſhall be made appear to this Houſe, that ſufficient means can be
" provided for the payment of the ſame, when they reſpectively fall
" due, by a regular application of the clear effects of the Company,
" after diſcharging in their regular courſe the cuſtoms and other ſums
" due to the public, and the current demands upon the Company;
" or until this Houſe ſhall otherwiſe direct,"—was conſtitutional,
" founded in a ſenſe of duty towards the people of this kingdom, and
" dictated by a becoming anxiety for the preſervation of the revenue
" and the ſupport of the public credit.

5. " That if this Houſe had, in the unſettled ſtate of the Eaſt
" India Company, which was and ſtill is under the conſideration
" of Parliament, in order to form ſome proviſions for the relief of
" that Company and the ſecurity of the public, neglected to paſs the
" ſaid reſolution of the 24th of December, to guard againſt a new
" charge, to a very conſiderable amount being raſhly incurred before any
" means of anſwering it had been ſtated or provided; they would
" have been juſtly and highly reſponſible to their conſtituents for the
" increaſe of thoſe evils and difficulties which are already too ſeverely
" felt.

6. " That this Houſe will, with the utmoſt moderation, but with
" the moſt decided firmneſs, maintain inviolably the principles of
" the conſtitution, and will perſevere in the diligent and conſcientious
" diſcharge of the duties which they owe to their conſtituents, and
" to their poſterity, equally ſolicitous to preſerve their own privi-
" leges, and to avoid any encroachments on thoſe of either of the
" other branches of the Legiſlature."

February 18.] Mr. Pitt informed the Houſe, " That his Majeſty,
" after conſidering the preſent ſituation of public affairs, had not diſ-

" miſſed his Miniſters, nor had thoſe Miniſters reſigned." This opinion he gave officially to the Houſe, as one in his Majeſty's confidence, and the Houſe were to underſtand it as the Royal opinion.

February 20.] A motion was made by Mr. Powys, and ſeconded by Sir Horace Mann,

" That this Houſe, impreſſed with the moſt dutiful ſenſe of his " Majeſty's paternal regard for the welfare of his people, relies on his " Majeſty's royal wiſdom to take ſuch meaſures by removing the ob- " ſtacle to the formation of ſuch an Adminiſtration as this Houſe has " declared neceſſary, and may tend to give effect to the wiſhes of his " faithful Commons, which have been moſt humbly repreſented to " his Majeſty, and which his Majeſty has been graciouſly pleaſed to " aſſure this Houſe, that he will take into his conſideration."

The Houſe divided,

Ayes	-	197
Noes	-	177
Majority againſt the Miniſtry		20

During the diviſion, ſeveral Members in the lobby deſired Mr. Fox to bring forward directly (as Miniſtry had *dared* him to it) the ſame reſolution in form of an Addreſs to the Throne.

Mr. Fox promiſed he would; and on the Speaker reſuming his ſeat, he, after a ſhort preface, moved the ſame reſolution in form of an Addreſs.

Mr. Fox then moved, " That the Addreſs be preſented by the whole " Houſe.

Mr. Marſham ſeconded it, and on the queſtion being put, it was carried without a diviſion.

Mr. Fox then moved, " That ſuch of the Members as were of his " Majeſty's Privy Council do wait on his Majeſty to know when he " would receive the Addreſs," which was alſo carried.

The foregoing Reſolutions were then drawn up in form of an Addreſs, and the ſame was, on the 27th February, preſented by the whole Houſe. To which his Majeſty returned the following Anſwer:

" Gentlemen,

" I am deeply ſenſible how highly it concerns the honour of my " Crown, and the welfare of my people, which is the object always " neareſt my heart, that the public affairs ſhould be conducted by a " firm, efficient, united, and extended adminiſtration, entitled to " the confidence of my people, and ſuch as may have a tendency to

" put

" put an end to the unhappy diviſions and diſtractions in this coun-
" try. Very recent endeavours have already been employed, on my
" part, to unite in the public ſervice, on a fair and equal footing,
" thoſe whoſe joint efforts appear to me moſt capable of producing
" that happy effect: theſe endeavours have not had the ſucceſs I
" wiſhed. I ſhall be always deſirous of taking every ſtep moſt con-
" ducive to ſuch an object; but I cannot ſee that it would, in any
" degree, be advanced, by the diſmiſſion of thoſe at preſent in my
" ſervice.

" I obſerve, at the ſame time, that there is no charge, or com-
" plaint, ſuggeſted againſt my preſent Miniſters, nor is any one or
" more of them ſpecifically objected to; and numbers of my ſubjects
" have expreſſed to me, in the warmeſt manner, their ſatisfaction in
" the late changes I have made in my councils. Under theſe cir-
" cumſtances, I truſt, my faithful Commons will not wiſh that the
" eſſential offices of executive government ſhould be vacated, until I
" ſee a proſpect that ſuch a plan of union as I have called for, and
" they have pointed out, may be carried into effect."

The Houſe having returned, and being reſumed,

Lord Beauchamp moved, " that the conſideration of the King's An-
" ſwer ſhould be poſtponed until Monday March 1," which was ſeconded by Mr. Minchen,—put and carried *nem. con.*

He then moved, " that the Houſe do adjourn to the ſame day;" on the queſtion there appeared,

Ayes	-	175
Noes	-	168
Majority	-	7

March 1.] This day there was another meeting of the Country Gentlemen at the St. Alban's Tavern, when the Hon. Charles Marſham and Mr. Powys ſtated to the company the circumſtances of the negotiation, which they had conducted for ſome days paſt, and which had unhappily concluded with as little ſucceſs as the former endeavours of that body. They ſaid, that when the Duke of Portland delivered his final anſwer, that he could not meet Mr. Pitt, until he had ſhewn a diſpoſition to comply with the wiſhes of the Houſe of Commons, either by an actual or virtual reſignation; and that Mr. Pitt had peremptorily declared, that he would do neither the one nor the other as a preliminary to negotiation. It was thought that an expedient might be found to clear the ground, and bring them to an interview, without

without any conceſſion of principle, but only by a conceſſion of mode. With this view it was, that a meſſage was ſent from his Majeſty to the Duke of Portland, intimating " his Majeſty's earneſt deſire, that " his Grace ſhould have a perſonal conference with Mr. Pitt, for the " purpoſe of forming a *new Adminiſtration* on a *wide baſis*, and on *fair* " and EQUAL terms."——This meſſage was conſidered by the Duke of Portland as a removal of the previous obſtacle, ſince, though it was not a declaration on the part of Mr. Pitt, it was tantamount to a virtual reſignation. The Preliminaries of the conference were next to be conſidered; and here an objection preſented itſelf, which called for the explanation of a term in the meſſage.—His Grace could have no objection to the word *fair*—it was a general term, and he and Mr. Pitt might in framing the arrangement mutually, diſcuſs what they conſidered to be fair; but the other term in the meſſage, the word *equal*, was a more ſpecific and limited term; it might be conſtrued variouſly, and his Grace thought it neceſſary, as a preliminary to negotiation, that Mr. Pitt ſhould explain preciſely what he meant by the word *equal*. In anſwer to this, Mr. Pitt ſaid, in a meſſage, that there was no occaſion, in his mind, of entering into any explanation of the term, as it could be beſt explained in a perſonal conference. The Duke of Portland replied to the negotiators, that it was impoſſible for him to agree to any perſonal conference on a preliminary meſſage, the terms of which the author refuſed to explain. Mr. Pitt perſevered in his reſolution not to explain the word, and here the negotiation broke off. On this ſtatement of the caſe Mr. Marſham and Mr. Powys delivered their ſentiments, and a Reſolution was prepared and adopted by the Meeting to the following effect:

" That it was the ſenſe of that body, that parties in the preſent " circumſtances of the country, when an union on a broad and com- " prehenſive baſis was declared on all hands to be neceſſary, ſhould " not ſuffer *verbal* objections, and matters of ceremony and explana- " tion, to prevent them from meeting it; that it would not be either " diſhonourable or improper in them to concede ſuch points; and that " that Meeting ſhould declare its approbation of thoſe who manifeſted " the greateſt readineſs in making ſuch conceſſion."—This reſolution was communicated to both parties before the meeting of the Houſe of Commons.

Upon

Upon the meeting of the Houſe, Mr. Fox, after moving, that his Majeſty's anſwer to the addreſs from the Houſe ſhould be read, the ſame being read by the Clerk, moved,

" That an humble Addreſs be preſented to his Majeſty, moſt " humbly to repreſent to his Majeſty the ſatisfaction his faithful " Commons derive from the late moſt gracious aſſurances we have " received, that his Majeſty concurs with us in opinion, that it con- " cerns the honour of his Crown, and the welfare of his people, that " the public affairs ſhould be conducted by a firm, efficient, extend- " ed, united adminiſtration, entitled to the confidence of his people, " and ſuch as may have a tendency to put an end to the unhappy di- " viſions and diſtractions of this country.

" To acknowledge his Majeſty's paternal goodneſs, in his late moſt " gracious endeavours to give effect to the object of our late dutiful " repreſentation ro his Majeſty.

" To lament that the failure of theſe his Majeſty's moſt gracious " endeavours ſhould be conſidered as a final bar to the accompliſhment " of ſo ſalutary and deſirable a purpoſe; and to expreſs our concern " and diſappointment, that his Majeſty has not been adviſed to take " any further ſtep towards uniting in the public ſervice, thoſe whoſe " joint efforts have recently appeared to his Majeſty moſt capable of " producing ſo happy an effect.

" That this Houſe, with all humility, claims it as their right, " and, on every proper occaſion, feels it to be their bounden duty to " adviſe his Majeſty in the exerciſe of his undoubted prerogative in " the choice of Miniſters, and to expreſs to his Majeſty, when the " perſons whom he may pleaſe to call into the public ſervice have not " the confidence of this Houſe, without being bounden to ſignify ſpe- " cific reaſons for their opinion.

" And to expreſs to his Majeſty their humble hope, that on a re- " conſideration of their late Addreſs, ſuch a plan of union as his Ma- " jeſty hath called for, and we have pointed out, may, by the re- " moval of the preſent Miniſters, yet be carried into effect."

Mr. Fox made an apology for moving the Addreſs as it might be ſuppoſed, by thoſe who knew him not, that he had perſonal motives in ſo doing; but when the Houſe conſidered what his ſituation in office muſt be in coming in again, he ſuppoſed no man would envy him that ſituation.

Lord

Lord Surrey ſeconded the motion.

On a diviſion, there appeared for the Addreſs,

Ayes	-	201
Noes	-	189
Majority		12

Mr. Fox then moved, "That ſuch of the Members as were of the "Privy Council ſhould wait on his Majeſty, to know when he would "be pleaſed to receive the Addreſs." Afterwards he moved, "That it "ſhould be preſented by the whole Houſe," which was agreed to."

March 4.] On this day, the Houſe met merely for the purpoſe of doing the private buſineſs, previous to their attending his Majeſty. At three o'clock, the Houſe was adjourned for an hour, during which time the Speaker, accompanied by ſeveral Members, went to St. James's to preſent the following Addreſs:

TO THE KING.

"WE your Majeſty's faithful Commons, approach your Throne "moſt humbly to repreſent to your Majeſty the ſatisfaction your "faithful Commons derive from the late moſt gracious aſſurances "we have received, that your Majeſty concurs with us in opinion, "that it concerns the honour of your Crown, and the welfare of "your people, that the public affairs ſhould be conducted by a firm, "efficient, extended, united Adminiſtration, entitled to the confidence "of your people, and ſuch as may have a tendency to put an end to "the unhappy diviſions and diſtractions of this country.

"We acknowledge your Majeſty's paternal goodneſs, in your late "moſt gracious endeavours to give effect to the object of our late du- "tiful repreſentation to your Majeſty,

"We lament that the failure of this your Majeſty's moſt gracious "endeavours ſhould be conſidered as a final bar to the accompliſh- "ment of ſo ſalutary and deſirable a purpoſe; and to expreſs our "concern and diſappointment, that your Majeſty has not been ad- "viſed to take any farther ſtep towards uniting in the public ſervice "thoſe whoſe joint efforts have recently appeared to your Majeſty "moſt capable of producing ſo happy an effect.

"Your faithful Commons, with all humility, claim it as their "right, and, on every proper occaſion, feel it to be their bounden

"duty

" duty to adviſe your Majeſty touching the exerciſe of any branch of " your royal prerogative.

" We ſubmit it to your Majeſty's royal conſideration, that the " continuance of an Adminiſtration, which does not poſſeſs the con- " fidence of the repreſentatives of the people, muſt be injurious to " the public ſervice.

" We beg leave further to ſay, that your faithful Commons can " have no intereſt diſtinct and ſeparate from that of our conſtituents, " and that we therefore feel ourſelves called upon to repeat thoſe " loyal and dutiful aſſurances we have already expreſſed of our re- " liance on your Majeſty's paternal regard for the welfare of your " people, that your Majeſty would graciouſly enable us to execute " thoſe important truſts which the Conſtitution has veſted in us, " with honour to ourſelves and advantage to the public, by the for- " mation of a new Adminiſtration, appointed under circumſtances " which may tend to conciliate the minds of your faithful Commons, " and give energy and ſtability to your Majeſty's Councils.

" Your Majeſty's faithful Commons, upon the matureſt delibera- " tion, cannot but conſider the continuance of the preſent Miniſters " as an unwarrantable obſtacle to your Majeſty's moſt gracious " purpoſe, to comply with our wiſhes in the formation of ſuch an " Adminiſtration as your Majeſty, in concurrence with the unanimous " Reſolution of your faithful Commons, ſeems to think requiſite in " the preſent exigences of this country. We feel ourſelves bound to " remain firm in the wiſh expreſſed to your Majeſty in our late hum- " ble Addreſs, and do therefore find ourſelves obliged again to be- " ſeech your Majeſty, that you would be graciouſly pleaſed to lay " the foundation of a ſtrong and ſtable government, by the previous " removal of your preſent Miniſters."

To which his Majeſty returned the following Anſwer:

Gentlemen of the Houſe of Commons,

" I have already expreſſed to you how ſenſible I am of the advan- " tage to be derived from ſuch an Adminiſtration as was pointed out " in your unanimous Reſolution; and I aſſure you that I was deſi- " rous of taking every ſtep moſt conducive to ſuch an object. I " retain the ſame ſentiments—but I continue equally convinced that " it was an object not likely to be obtained by the diſmiſſion of the " preſent Miniſtry. I muſt repeat that no charge of complaint, nor " any ſpecific objection is yet made againſt any of them.

" If there was any ſuch ground for their removal at preſent, it " ought to be equally a reaſon for not admitting them as a part of " that extended and united Adminiſtration which you ſtate to be re- " quiſite.

" I did not conſider the failure of my recent endeavours as a final " bar to the accompliſhment of the purpoſe which I have in view, if it " could have been attained on thoſe principles of fairneſs and equality, " without which it can neither be honourable to thoſe who are con- " cerned, nor lay the foundation of ſuch a ſtrong and ſtable Govern- " ment, as may be of laſting advantage to the country. But I know " of no further ſteps which I can take that are likely to remove the " difficulties which obſtruct that deſirable end.

" I have never called in queſtion the right of my faithful Com- " mons to offer me their advice, on every proper occaſion, touching " the exerciſe of any branch of my prerogative. I ſhall be ready at " all times to receive it, and give it the moſt attentive conſideration: " they will ever find me diſpoſed to ſhew my regard to the true " principles of the Conſtitution, and take ſuch meaſures as may beſt " conduce to the ſatisfaction and proſperity of my people."

March 5.] Sir George Yonge moved, " That the order of the day for going into a Committee on the *Mutiny* Bill be then read."

Mr. Fox oppoſed it, upon the ground that it would be improper to proceed upon it until the Royal Anſwer had been taken into conſide- ration, which was fixed for Monday. He therefore moved, " That " the Houſe do on Monday next form itſelf into a Committee on the " ſaid Bill."

The Houſe divided for the motion of adjourning the order of the day to Monday.

For the queſtion	171
Againſt it - -	162
Majority againſt the Miniſter -	9

March 8.] Mr. Fox moved,

" That an humble Repreſentation be preſented to his Majeſty, moſt " humbly to teſtify the ſurprize and affliction of this Houſe, on re- " ceiving the Anſwer which his Majeſty's Miniſters have adviſed to " the dutiful and ſeaſonable Addreſs of this Houſe, concerning one " of the moſt important acts of his Majeſty's government.

" To

THE CHAMPION OF T

OF THE PEOPLE.

Pub° March 11. 1784 by W. Humphrey N° 227 Strand

" To expreſs our concern, that when his Majeſty's paternal good-
" neſs has graciouſly inclined his Majeſty to be ſenſible of the advan-
" tage to be derived from ſuch an Adminiſtration as was pointed out
" in our Reſolution, his Majeſty ſhould ſtill be induced to prefer the
" opinions of individuals to the repeated advice of the repreſentatives
" of his people, in Parliament aſſembled, with reſpect to the means
" of obtaining ſo deſirable an end.

" To repreſent to his Majeſty, that a preference of this nature is
" as injurious to the true intereſts of the Crown, as it is wholly re-
" pugnant to the ſpirit of our free Conſtitution: That ſyſtems,
" founded on ſuch a preference, are not, in truth, entirely new to
" this country: That they have been the characteriſtic features of
" thoſe unfortunate reigns, the maxims of which are now juſtly and
" univerſally exploded; while his Majeſty and his royal progenitors
" have been fixed in the hearts of their people, and have commanded
" the reſpect and admiration of all the nations of the earth, by a
" conſtant and uniform attention to the advice of their Commons,
" however adverſe ſuch advice may have been to the opinions of the
" executive ſervants of the Crown.

" To aſſure his Majeſty, that we neither have diſputed, nor mean in
" any inſtance to diſpute, much leſs to deny, his Majeſty's undoubted
" prerogative of appointing to the executive offices of State ſuch
" perſons as to his Majeſty's wiſdom may ſeem meet; but at the
" ſame time that we muſt, with all humility, again ſubmit to his
" Majeſty's Royal wiſdom, that no Adminiſtration, however legally
" appointed, can ſerve his Majeſty and the public with effect, which
" does not enjoy the confidence of this Houſe: That in his Majeſty's
" preſent Adminiſtration we cannot confide; the circumſtances under
" which it was conſtituted, and the grounds upon which it conti-
" nues, have created juſt ſuſpicions in the breaſts of his faithful
" Commons, that principles are adopted and views entertained un-
" friendly to the privileges of this Houſe, and to the freedom of
" our excellent Conſtitution: That we have made no charge againſt
" any of them, becauſe it is their removal, and not their puniſh-
" ment, which we have deſired; and that we humbly conceive we
" are warranted, by the ancient uſage of this Houſe, to deſire ſuch
" removal, without making any charge whatever: That confidence
" may be very prudently with-held, where no criminal proceſs can
" be properly inſtituted: That although we have made no criminal

" charge againſt any individual of his Majeſty's Miniſters, yet, with " all humility, we do conceive that we have ſtated to his Majeſty " diſtinct objections, and very forcible reaſons againſt their conti- " nuance: That with regard to the propriety of admitting either the " preſent Miniſters, or any other perſons, as a part of that extended " and united Adminiſtration which his Majeſty, in concurrence with " the ſentiments of this Houſe, conſiders as requiſite; it is a point " upon which we are too well acquainted with the bounds of our " duty to preſume to offer any advice to his Majeſty, well knowing " it to be the undoubted prerogative of his Majeſty to appoint his Mini- " ſters, without any previous advice from either Houſe of Parliament; " and our duty humbly to offer to his Majeſty our advice, when ſuch " appointments ſhall appear to us to be prejudicial to the public ſervice.

" To acknowled, with gratiude, his Majeſty's goodneſs, in not " conſidering the failure of his recent endeavours as a final bar to the " accompliſhment of the gracious purpoſe which his Majeſty has in " view; and to expreſs the great concern and mortification with which " we find ourſelves obliged to declare, that the conſolation, which " we ſhould naturally have derived from his Majeſty's moſt gracious " diſpoſition, is conſiderably abated, by underſtanding that his Ma- " jeſty's adviſers have not thought fit to ſuggeſt to his Majeſty any " farther ſteps to remove the difficulties which obſtruct ſo deſirable " an end.

" To recall to his Majeſty's recollection, that his faithful Commons " have already ſubmitted to his Majeſty, moſt humbly, but moſt " diſtinctly, their opinion upon this ſubject; that they can have no " intereſts but thoſe of his Majeſty and of their Conſtituents; " whereas it is needleſs to ſuggeſt to his Majeſty's wiſdom and " diſcernment, that individual adviſers may be actuated by very dif- " ferent motives.

" To expreſs our moſt unfeigned gratitude for his Majeſty's royal " aſſurances, that he does not call in queſtion the right of this Houſe " to offer their advice to his Majeſty on every proper occaſion, touch- " ing the exerciſe of any branch of his royal prerogative, and of his " Majeſty's readineſs at all times to receive ſuch advice, and to give " it the moſt attentive conſideration.

" To declare, that we recognize in theſe gracious expreſſions, thoſe " excellent and conſtitutional ſentiments, which we have ever been " accuſtomed to hear from the Throne, ſince the glorious æra of the

" Revolution,

" Revolution, and which have peculiarly characteriſed his Majeſty " and the Princes of his illuſtrious Houſe; but to lament that theſe " moſt gracious expreſſions, while they inſpire us with additional af- " fection and gratitude towards his Majeſty's Royal Perſon, do not a " little contribute to increaſe our ſuſpicions of thoſe men, who have " adviſed his Majeſty, in direct contradiction to theſe aſſurances, to " neglect the advice of his Commons, and to retain in his ſervice an " Adminiſtration, whoſe continuance in office we have ſo repeatedly " and ſo diſtinctly condemned.

" To repreſent to his Majeſty, that it has anciently been the prac- " tice of this Houſe, to with-hold ſupplies until grievances were re- " dreſſed; and that, if we were to follow this courſe in the preſent " conjuncture, we ſhould be warranted in our proceeding, as well by " the moſt approved precedents, as by the ſpirit of the Conſtitution " itſelf; but if, in conſideration of the very peculiar exigencies of the " times, we ſhould be induced to wave for the preſent the exerciſe, " in this inſtance, of our undoubted, legal, and conſtitutional mode " of obtaining redreſs, that we humbly implore his Majeſty not to " impute our forbearance to any want of ſincerity in our complaints, " or diſtruſt in the juſtice of our cauſe.

" That we know, and are ſure, that the proſperity of his Majeſty's " dominions in former times has been, under Divine Providence, " owing to the harmony which has for near a century prevailed un- " interruptedly between the Crown and this Houſe: That we are " convinced that there is no way to extricate this country from its " preſent difficulties, but by purſuing the ſame ſyſtem to which we " have been indebted, at various periods of our hiſtory, for our ſuc- " ceſſes abroad, and which is at all times ſo neceſſary for our tran- " quility at home: That we feel the continuance of the preſent Ad- " miniſtration to be an innovation upon that happy ſyſtem: That " we cannot but expect from their exiſtence, under the diſpleaſure " of this Houſe, every misfortune naturally incident to a weak and " diſtracted government: That if we had concealed from his Majeſty " our honeſt ſentiments upon this important criſis, we ſhould have " been in ſome degree reſponſible for the miſchiefs which are but " too certain to enſue.

" That we have done our duty to his Majeſty and our conſtituents, " in pointing out the evil, and in humbly imploring redreſs: That " the blame and reſponſibility muſt now lie wholly upon thoſe who

" have

" have preſumed to adviſe his Majeſty to act in contradiction to the " uniform maxims which have hitherto governed the conduct of his " Majeſty, as well as every other Prince of his illuſtrious Houſe, " upon thoſe who have diſregarded the opinions and neglected the ad- " monitions of the repreſentatives of his people; and who have " thereby attempted to ſet up a new ſyſtem of executive adminiſtra- " tion, which, wanting the confidence of this Houſe, and acting in " defiance to our reſolution, muſt prove at once inadequate by its " inefficiency to the neceſſary objects of government, and dangerous " by its example to the liberties of the people."

At half paſt twelve o'clock the Houſe divided, when there appeared for the motion,

Ayes	-	-	-	191
Noes	-	-	-	190
Majority	-	-	-	1

This day [*March* 8] there was another meeting of the Country Gentlemen at the St. Alban's Tavern, for the purpoſe of trying one effort more to bring the Dukeof Portland and Mr. Pitt together. The ground of this laſt endeavour was, that as Mr. Pitt in his anſwer to the requeſt of the Duke of Portland, to explain the meaning of the preliminary term " *equal*," before they ſhould meet to negotiate an union, ſaid that the term would be beſt explained in a perſonal conference, they thought it their duty, as the laſt effort, to try to prevail on his Grace to agree to meet Mr. Pitt for the expreſs purpoſe of hearing his explanation of this term in his preliminary meſſage. The Duke of Portland, by his letter, conſented to the meeting, which was broke off on the old ground of objection; upon which the Country Gentlemen determined to ſupport Mr. Fox's motion for the Repreſentation to the King, ſince all proſpect of union was at an end.

March 9.] The order of the day was read for the Houſe to go into a Committee on the Mutiny Bill, on which the Speaker quitted the chair, and the Houſe reſolved itſelf into a Committee, Sir George Howard in the chair.

Sir George Yonge moved, " That theſe words be inſerted, ' from the " 24th of March, 1784, until the 24th of March, 1785," on which the motion was put and agreed to. On the 15th it paſſed the Houſe of Lords, and on the 24th received the Royal Aſſent.

March

March 12.] On a motion for a Parliamentary Reform, made by Mr. Sawbridge, and ſeconded by Mr. Alderman Newnham, the Houſe divided.

Noes	- -	141
Ayes	- -	93
Majority againſt a Reform		48

HOUSE OF LORDS.

PROROGATION.

March 24.] His Majeſty being ſeated on the Throne, the Commons were ſent for, and being come with their Speaker, his Majeſty gave the Royal Aſſent to ſeventeen public and ſix private Bills, after which his Majeſty made the following moſt gracious Speech from the Throne:

" *My Lords and Gentlemen,*

" In a full conſideration of the preſent ſituation of affairs, and of " the extraordinary circumſtances which have produced it, I am in- " duced to put an end to this ſeſſion of Parliament: I feel it a duty, " which I owe to the conſtitution and to the country in ſuch a ſitua- " tion, to recur as ſpeedily as poſſible to the ſenſe of my people, by " calling a new Parliament.

" I truſt that this meaſure will tend to obviate the miſchiefs ariſing " from the unhappy diviſions and diſtractions which have lately ſub- " ſiſted; and that the various important objects which will require " conſideration may be afterwards proceeded upon with leſs inter- " ruption and with happier effect.

" I can have no other object, but to preſerve the true principles of " our free and happy Conſtitution, and to employ the powers entruſted " to me by law, for the only end for which they were given, the good " of my people."

Then the Earl of Mansfield, Lord Chief Juſtice of the Court of King's Bench, Speaker of the Houſe of Lords, by his Majeſty's command, ſaid,

My Lords and Gentlemen,

" It is his Majeſty's royal will and pleaſure, that this Parliament be " prorogued to Tueſday the 6th day of April next, to be then here " holden;

" holden; and this Parliament is accordingly prorogued to Tuesday " the 6th day of April next."

DISSOLUTION.

MARCH 25.

By the KING,

A PROCLAMATION,

For diſſolving this preſent Parliament, and declaring the calling of another.

GEORGE R.

" WHEREAS we have thought fit, by and with the advice of our " Privy Council, to diſſolve this preſent Parliament, which now " ſtands prorogued to Tuesday the ſixth day of April next. We " do, for that end, publiſh this our Royal Proclamation, and do " hereby diſſolve the ſaid Parliament accordingly; And the Lords " Spiritual and Temporal, and the Knights, Citizens, and Burgeſſes, " and the Commiſſioners for Shires and Burghs of the Houſe of " Common, are diſcharged from their meeting and attendance " on Tueſday the ſaid ſixth day of April next. And we being " deſirous and reſolved as ſoon as may be, to meet our people, and " to have their advice in Parliament, do hereby make known to all " our loving ſubjects, our Royal will and pleaſure to call a new Par- " liament. And do hereby further declare, that, with the advice of " our Privy Council, we have, this day, given our order to our " Chancellor of Great Britain to iſſue our writs, in due form, for " calling a new Parliament; which writs are to bear teſte on *Friday* " *the twenty-ſixth of this inſtant March*, and to be returnable on *Tueſ-* " *day the eighteenth day of May following*.

" Given at our Court at the Queen's Houſe, the 25th day of " March, 1784, in the 24th year of our reign."

GOD ſave the KING.

THE STATE AUCTIO

COMMISSION WAREHOUSE,
OF USELESS VALUABLES, by PITT
NB. Licensed by Royal A

OBSELETE
PUBLICK ACTS
LOT. 3.

LOT 5
LOT 4

MAGNA CHARTA
LOT. 2.
LOT 1.

LOT

RIGHTS OF
THE PEOPLE
IN 558 Vol.

Adieu to Liberty
Despair not
NOW OR NEVER

I am determined to bid with Spirit for Lot 1. he shall pay dear for it that outbids me

I can hold it

Chosen
REPRESENTERS

USE, MONEY ADVANCED ON ALL SORTS
PITT & C.° AUCTIONEERS.—
al Authority—

LOT. 7

LOT. 6.

PREROGATIVE

I Shew the Lot this way Harry
a going – a going – speak quick or
its gone – Hold up the Lot
ye Dund – it.

I can hold it no higher Sir

We shall get the Supplies
by this Sale

Mind not the nonsensical Biddings
of those common Fellows.

LOT. 8

Sundrys
ads

HEREDITARY VIRTUOSIES.

MUSEUM

CTION

Pub.d March 26.th by W. Humphrey N.° 227 Strand 1782

As the different Meetings of the Electors of Weſtminſter, for the Purpoſe of addreſſing his Majeſty on the Removal of the late Portland Adminiſtration, form a Kind of Key to ſubſequent Election Manœuvres, we have thought it expedient to inſert the following Chain of Events that occurred in this Buſineſs, previous to the Diſſolution of Parliament.

On Thurſday evening, the 29th of January, 1784, at ſix o'clock, ſummonſes were iſſued for calling a meeting of the Court of Burgeſſes for the next day at twelve o'clock at noon, at Guildhall, Weſtminſter.---At which meeting the following Addreſs was unanimouſly agreed to:

To the KING's Moſt Excellent Majeſty.

The humble Addreſs of the Dean, High Steward, Deputy Steward, two Chief Burgeſſes, Burgeſſes, Aſſiſtant Burgeſſes, and other Houſeholders of the City and Liberty of Weſtminſter.

Moſt Gracious Sovereign,

" We, your Majeſty's moſt dutiful and loyal ſubjects, the Dean, High Steward, " Deputy Steward, two Chief Burgeſſes, Burgeſſes, Aſſiſtant Burgeſſes, and other Houſe- " holders of the City and Liberty of Weſtminſter, beg leave to approach your Throne " with the moſt zealous aſſurances of loyalty to your perſon, family, and government.

" It was with the utmoſt concern that we beheld an attempt made by your Majeſty's " late Miniſters to deprive a great Commercial Company of their chartered rights, by " the bill brought into Parliament, which, had it paſſed into a law, would have been " a dangerous precedent, and created a new executive power unknown to the Conſtitu- " tion of this country.

" We moſt ſincerely thank your Majeſty for the diſmiſſion of thoſe Miniſters from " their employments, and aſſure your Majeſty that we have great confidence in the " principles of the preſent Adminiſtration; and that whilſt they purſue meaſures con- " ducive to the honour of the Crown, and the true intereſts of their country, they " may ſafely rely on the ſupport of the people."

In conſequence of the above reſolution, copies of the above Addreſs were, late on Friday evening circulated in different parts of Weſtminſter for ſignature; hand-bills were diſperſed on Saturday morning, informing the inhabitants that the Addreſs was left for that purpoſe at the Guildhall; and though the notice was ſo ſhort, and Sunday intervened, yet by Monday at eleven o'clock it was ſigned by 2834 houſeholders of Weſtminſter.

This Addreſs was afterwards preſented at St. James's by the Deputy High Steward of Weſtminſter, the High Steward, his Grace the Duke of Newcaſtle, having apologized for his non-attendance on account of illneſs.---Sir Cecil Wray accompanied the Deputy High Steward to Court on this occaſion.

ADVERTISEMENT.

To the Worthy Independent Electors of the City of Weſtminſter.

The Monthly Meeting of the Independent Electors of Weſtminſter being fixed for this day, the 5th of February, the honour of your company is earneſtly requeſted at the Shakeſpeare Tavern, Covent Garden, at eight o'clock in the evening.

S T E W A R D S.

Lord Edward Bentinck,	Mr. Hodgſon,
Sir Charles Bunbury, Bart.	Mr. Mr. Gregory, and
Thomas Byron, Eſq.	Mr. Blackmore.

WESTMINSTER MEEETING.

February 6.] Laſt night there was the moſt numerous meeting ever held of the Electors of Weſtminſter, at the Shakeſpeare Tavern, and we can with juſtice ſay, it was equally reſpectable. Among the number preſent were the following Peers and Commoners:

The Honourable Mr. Fox, Lord George Henry Cavendiſh, Lord Derby, Lord Fitzwilliam, Lord Edward Bentinck, Lord Robert Spencer, Lord Surrey, Honourable Mr. John Townſend, Sir Charles Bunbury, Sir Godfrey Webſter, Sir Cecil Wray, Sir John Ramſden, Sir Richard Ryecroft, Sir Henry Featherſtone, General Burgoyne, Colonel Fitzpatrick, Colonel Stanhope, Colonel Hartley, Major Hartley, Mr. Hartley, Mr. Byng, Mr. Jervoiſe Clarke Jervoiſe, Mr. Sheridan, Mr. John Lee, Mr. Beckford, Mr. Crewe, Mr. Pelham, and Mr. Burke.

Sir Cecil Wray was called on to explain his conduct relative to the part he had taken in preſenting the ſmuggled Addreſs, ſaid to contain the ſentiments of the Dean and Burgeſſes of Weſtminſter. He declared, that he thought it his duty at all times when called on by his conſtituents to obey them; but with reſpect to the Addreſs in queſtion, he never ſaw it until he was in the Preſence Chamber at St. James's. He had ſaid in the Houſe of Commons it was ſigned by 4000 Electors; but he found on enquiry it was ſigned only by 2800 *perſons*; but whether they were Electors he was not certain. He was then called on to know whether he thought that Addreſs ſpoke the ſenſe of a majority of his conſtituents? After ſome heſitation, he ſaid it contained *his* ſenſe and he believed it did *that* of his conſtituents. The company preſent ſeemed not to reliſh the part he had taken, and expreſſed their diſapprobation in *not the moſt polite manner*.

When Mr. Fox came in he was called on by Mr. Baldwin to know the reaſon why he did not attend to carry up that Addreſs, and to explain to the company whether he was applied to for the purpoſe?

Mr. Fox ſaid, ſo far from being called on to carry up the Addreſs; unleſs by common rumour, he never heard of it until Sir Cecil Wray mentioned it in the Houſe of Commons; and however it might appear, he muſt confeſs the *obſcurity of the Court* was ſuch, that he did not know where it was held. He knew the Dean perfectly well; and he could aſſure the company, that he not only declared his ignorance, but his *diſapprobation* of the tranſaction. The High Steward (the Duke of Newcaſtle) was alſo at too great a diſtance to know any thing of the matter; therefore the Addreſs, ſaid to be of the Dean and Burgeſſes, had neither the conſent of either the Dean or High Steward. The right honourable gentleman afterwards entered very minutely into in a recapitulation of his conduct, and appealed to the company whether it met with their approbation.

An Elector wiſhed to put the queſtion to the company, *whether they approved of Sir Cecil Wray's conduct?* On which Mr. Fox very politely remarked, that his worthy colleague being then abſent*, it would not be fair or juſt to arraign his conduct; for which purpoſe he could wiſh the gentleman to withdraw his queſtion; but he ſtill perſiſting, Mr. Byng exhorted the Elector to conſider that it was unuſual in any place to diſcuſs a perſon's character without his being preſent, or having had notice to aſſemble his friends. He deſired the gentleman to conſider, that a conduct of that ſort would be exactly ſimilar to what Mr. Fox and his friends reprobated; it would be the exact ſteps that were uſed to cenſure his conduct in Middleſex, but which he had, by exertion, entirely defeated. He requeſted, that all the proceedings of Mr. Fox's friends might be *open* and *manly*, and not *dark* and *ſecret*, like his enemies.

The gentleman ſeeing the impropriety of the meaſure, very readily withdrew it.

Mr. Sheridan remarked, that it had been hinted as a proper meaſure to procure a counter Addreſs to the ſmuggled one preſented, and to have it *handed about* to be ſigned; he thought ſuch a ſtep would not be ſo open and manly as to call by public advertiſement

* Sir Cecil had left the Court before this queſtion was put.

a meet-

a meeting for the purpoſe; and therefore, with the conſent of the company he would move for one, and then it would be ſeen whether his right honourable friend's conduct *was* ſuch as his enemies were daily inſinuating.

The Earl of Surrey, Earl of Derby, Mr. Burke, and ſeveral others ſpoke; the meeting broke up, after coming to the following Reſolutions:

Reſolved unanimouſly,

"That it is the opinion of this meeting, that any Addreſs, aſſuming ſignatures without the expreſs conſent of the parties, attained by private ſolicitation without public notice, is contrary to the uſual open, and conſtitutional mode of addreſſing the Throne, and is an impoſition on the country.

Reſolved unanimouſly,

"That it is the opinion of this meeting, that the parliamentary conduct of the Right Honourable Charles James Fox has been conſonant to the practice and principles of the Conſtitution, as eſtabliſhed at the glorious Revolution; and ſuch as to entitle him to the continuance of the perfect eſteem and confidence of his conſtituents."

Thomas Byron, Eſq. having taken the Chair, it was reſolved unanimouſly,

"That a General Meeting of the Electors of the City of Weſtminſter be called by public advertiſement in all the papers, to be held in Weſtminſter Hall, on Tueſday next, at twelve o'clock, in order to conſider of an humble Addreſs to his Majeſty, upon the preſent ſtate of public affairs."

They choſe the following gentlemen as Stewards for the next meeting:

General Burgoyne,	Mr. Harrope,
Colonel Stanhope,	Mr. Kendall,
Jervoiſe Clerk Jervoiſe	Mr. Auſtin.

ADVERTISEMENT.

At a numerous and reſpectable meeting of the Electors of Weſtminſter, aſſembled at the Shakeſpeare Tavern, Covent Garden, on Thurſday February 5, 1784,

THOMAS BYRON, Eſq. in the Chair,

The following Reſolutions were propoſed, and paſſed unanimouſly.

Reſolved, that it is the opinion of this meeting, that any Addreſs, aſſuming ſignatures without the expreſs conſent of the parties, or obtained by private ſolicitation without public notice, is contrary to the uſual, open, and conſtitutional mode of addreſſing the Crown, and an impoſition on the country.

Reſolved, That it is the opinion of this meeting, that the parliamentary conduct of the Right Honourable Charles James Fox has been conſonant to the practice and principles as eſtabliſhed at the glorious Revolution, and ſuch as to entitle him to the continuance and perfect eſteem and confidence of his conſtituents.

THOMAS BYRON, Chairman.

ADVERTISEMENT.

At a meeting of the Independent Electors of Weſtminſter, on Thurſday night, the 5th of February, at the Shakeſpeare Tavern, Covent Garden,

THOMAS BYRON, Eſq. in the Chair,

It was, among various other motions, unanimouſly reſolved, That a general meeting of the Electors of the city of Weſtminſter, be called by public advertiſement in all the newſpapers, to be held at Weſtminſter Hall, on Tueſday next, at twelve o'clock, in order to conſider of an humble Addreſs to his Majeſty, upon the preſent ſtate of public affairs.

THOMAS BYRON, Chairman.

ADVERTISEMENT.

It being found, on enquiry, that it is abſolutely impoſſible to have the Hall on the day above mentioned, or for ſome days afterwards, the Chairman finds himſelf under the neceſſity of fixing on ſome other place, or on a later day, of which due notice ſhall be given in the public papers.

February 6th, 1784. THOMAS BYRON, Chairman.

ADVERTISEMENT.

General Meeting of the Electors of Weſtminſter.

The ſittings of the courts of juſtice having made it neceſſary to poſtpone the meeting of the Electors of Weſtminſter, as originally propoſed, for Tueſday the 10th inſtant, notice is hereby given, that the ſaid meeting will be heid on Saturday next, the 14th, at twelve o'clock, being the firſt day in which the Hall will be diſengaged, when the Independent Electors are requeſted to attend, in order to conſider of an humble Addreſs to his Majeſty, on the preſent critical ſituation of public affairs.

ADVERTISEMENT.

To the Worthy and Independent Electors of Weſtminſter.

Gentlemen,

The moment the reſolves of the meeting at the Shakeſpeare, on Thurſday night laſt, were made known, many Electors of Weſtminſter, who had taken an active part in the late Addreſs to his Majeſty, determined to attend the meeting called for on Tueſday next, in Weſtminſter Hall, in order to avow and juſtify every ſtep they had taken in that buſineſs.

In conſequence of a miſtake being diſcovered, the Chairman of the Shakeſpeare meeting has revoked the invitation for Tueſday, intending to fix on ſome other place, or to put it off to a later day.

This it is truſted, will not prevent the Electors of Weſtminſter from meeting in the Court of Requeſts, Weſtminſter Hall, to-morrow, the 10th inſtant, by half after eleven, in order publicly and temperately to conſider of meaſures proper to be taken in the preſent unhappy ſituation of affairs.

MANY ELECTORS OF WESTMINSTER.

ADVERTISEMENT.

To the Worthy Electors of the City of Weſtminſter.

As it appears to be the determination of the friends of the general meeting of the Electors of Weſtminſter, to be held fairly and openly in Weſtminſter Hall, on Saturday next, at twelve o'clock, to take no notice of the ſcurrilous and inflammatory hand-bills, circulated by the ſupporters of the late Addreſs from the High Steward and Court of Burgeſſes, an impartial Elector deſires only to draw the attention of the candid and independent inhabitants of this city to the different conduct of the two parties. By one ſide, a general and public meeting, agreeable to the uſage and practice in this city, is appealed to, and the firſt day on which Weſtminſter Hall can be had (the only proper place for ſuch a meeting) is fixed on. By the other ſide, a new and extraordinary device is practiſed, of privately voting an Addreſs from the High Steward of Weſtminſter, the Dean, and a certain Court of Burgeſſes, who or what they are no man knows! On one ſide again we hear of no violence in the proceeding, but, on the contrary, a decent

and

and reſpectful advertiſement, calling impartially on all the Electors, is put forth, and every thing is done, at the meeting where it originates, to diſcourage tumult, and to protect from inſult thoſe who differ in opinion from that meeting. On the other ſide, a partial and anonymous meeting is attempted to be obtained by a trick in the Court of Requeſts; the moſt abuſive and inflammatory hand-bills are ſent about, and the declared object is, that a ſmuggled Addreſs, obtained by private management, ſhall be ſupported by direct and open tumult. It would be an affront to the good ſenſe of the Electors of Weſtminſter to aſk which party proceeds in the faireſt manner, or on which ſide there ſeems a conſciouſneſs of a rotten cauſe?

February 10th, 1784. AN IMPARTIAL ELECTOR.

ADVERTISEMENT.

At a very numerous and moſt reſpectable public meeting of the Electors of the City and Liberties of Weſtminſter, holden (in purſuance of a public advertiſement) this 10th day of February, 1784, in the Court of Requeſts in Weſtminſter Hall,

Sir CECIL WRAY, Bart. in the Chair,

1ſt. Reſolved (with leſs than ten diſſentients)

" That the following Addreſs to his Majeſty, (moved by Lord Viſcount Mahon, and " ſeconded by Sir Robert Smythe, Bart.) be approved of by the meeting:

To the KING's Moſt Excellent Majeſty,

The humble Addreſs of the Electors of the City and Liberties of Weſtminſter.

Moſt gracious Sovereign,

" We your Majeſty's moſt dutiful and loyal ſubjects, the Electors of the City and " Liberty of Weſtmiſter, beg leave to approach your Throne with the moſt zealous " aſſurances of loyalty to your perſon, family, and government.

" It was with the utmoſt concern that we beheld an attempt made by your Majeſty's " late Miniſters to deprive a great commercial company of their chartered rights, by the " bill brought into Parliament; which, had it paſſed into a law, would have been a dan- " gerous precedent, and created a new executive power unknown to the Conſtitution of " this country.

" We moſt ſincerely thank your Majeſty for the diſmiſſion of thoſe Miniſters from " their employments, and aſſure your Majeſty, that we have great confidence in the " principles of the preſent Adminiſtration; and that whilſt they purſue meaſures con- " ducive to the honour of the Crown, and the true intereſts of their country, they may " ſafely rely on the ſupport of the people."

2d. Reſolved (with leſs than ten diſſentients)

" That the cordial thanks of this meeting be given to Sir Cecil Wray, Bart. our " worthy Repreſentative, for his ſteady, uniform, upright, and patriotic conduct in " Parliament; and that he be requeſted to preſent the Addreſs of the Electors of Weſt- " minſter to his Majeſty.

3d. Reſolved (with leſs than ten diſſentients)

" That the Weſtminſter Committee be continued, and have full power to make all " regulations relative to the ſame; and that the following perſons be added to the ſaid " Committee:

[The names of one hundred perſons were then read, and unanimouſly approved of.]

4th. Reſolved (unanimouſly)

" That we will unremittingly perſevere in our exertions to procure an effectual and

" ſub-

" ſubſtantial reform of Parliament, in order that the Commons Houſe of Parliament
" may have a common intereſt with, and may ſpeak the voice of the people.
5th. Reſolved (unanimouſly)
" That this meeting be adjourned (to Weſtminſter Hall) to Saturday morning next."
CECIL WRAY, Chairman.

WESTMINSTER MEETING.

February 10.] By an *anonymous* call on the inhabitants, to aſſemble in the Court of Requeſts, the place was filled, at eleven o'clock yeſterday, by thoſe who were ſaid to ſupport the Houſe of Lords againſt the Houſe of Commons. Perhaps the annals of all the meetings that ever were held in England, did not produce ſo motley a groupe---ſo noiſy an aſſembly---or one leſs reſpectable for its company. There were perſons of every deſcription, Lords, Chandlers, Baronets, Glaziers, Knights, Shoe-boys, Pickpockets, &c. &c. &c. mixed among a conſiderable number of the Electors. Lord Mahon opened the buſineſs, by a ſpeech which was not heard with patience, ſo that it was impoſſible to diſcover what the noble Lord ſaid. He ſprung with amazing agility from the Huſtings, ſomewhat in imitation, but not with quite ſo much grace as the younger Veſtris. He roared as loud as his lungs would permit, and they are none of the weakeſt, yet not a ſentence could diſtinctly reach the ears of his auditors. Indeed the majority appeared to be ſo much prepoſſeſſed againſt the meeting, that the noble Lord's articulation was drowned in hiſſes, groans, and that emphatic ſyllable of diſapprobation, off! off! off! Thoſe who were immediately next the huſtings, inſiſted, after the meeting broke up, that his Lordſhip *did* make a ſpeech---that it was a *fine one*----and that all was tolerable concord, *three deep* from the Speaker; but every perſon elſe in the Court of Requeſts were of a different opinion, and could plainly hear and ſee that the ſenſe of the perſons preſent, though ſolicited by the friends of the *ſecret influence* party, was againſt this *miniſterial* meeting; for miniſterial it certainly was, and not conſtitutional, or elſe the Lords of the Bedchamber, and the Northumberland intereſt, who ſupported it, could have prevailed on ſome perſon to ſtand forward with his name, and take away that ſtigma of *anonymous*, which marked the notice by which the people were called together. The noble Lord, in the warmth of his fraternal zeal for the adminiſtration of his brother-in-law, had the misfortune, in one of his oratorial ſprings from the Huſtings, to break a lamp which was above his head; and the ſound which the two globular balloons made together, echoed through the Hall.

Lord Mountmorres met with as little ſucceſs in his attempt to gain the attention of the auditors, though he laid the *root* to the *ax*, to uſe his own expreſſion, moſt forcibly indeed. But, all would not do; he was hooted and hiſſed, even more than his predeceſſor, and given to underſtand, that in caſe of a vacancy, there are not the ſlighteſt hopes of his ſucceeding to the honour of ſitting in Parliament for the city of Weſtminſter.

Sir Cecil Wray followed the noble Lord; but the tumult, by this time, had ſo much encreaſed, and the word *off* was ſo loudly ſounded, that it was not poſſible to hear what excuſe the honourable gentleman had to offer for taking part with the *ſecret influence*, and deſerting the patriotic majority in the Houſe of Commons. Mr. Keith Stewart and Mr. Pultney ſeverally attempted to gain ſome attention, but the people would not hear them; and, therefore, to put an end to the clamour, a voice came forward, which ſaid *adjourn* to Saturday; and the meeting was therefore adjourned to Saturday, being the day on which the Electors are to meet by an authenticated, not an anonymous, call from Mr. Byron.

The friends of this heterogenous aſſembly, after it broke up, gave out that an addreſs was unanimouſly voted, and that it lay at certain houſes to be ſigned; but the fact

is literally as above, and it is neceeſſary to tell the inhabitants the true ſtate of the matter, leſt they might be deceived into ſignatures, of which they would afterwards be aſhamed.

It is hoped, for the honour of this populous part of the empire, that there will be no more ſuch attempts to miſlead the judgment of the populace, and create riots through the metropolis, in calling the inhabitants together by anonymous advertiſements.

It is neceſſary to mention, that the heads of the meeting adjourned to a ſmall chamber in an adjacent Coffee-houſe, where they paſſed the addreſs (which was hooted out of the Hall) almoſt *nemine contradicente*; and in that *concordant* ſhape it will be offered to the public.

ADVERTISEMENT.

To the Independent Electors of Weſtminſter.

The very numerous and reſpectable public meeting, on Tueſday laſt, at the Court of public Requeſt, having come to ſeveral important reſolutions, (which have ſince appeared in the public papers) and having adjourned to Saturday next, the 14th day of February in Weſtminſter Hall.

The Electors are earneſtly requeſted to attend at Weſtminſter Hall early in the forenoon To-mortow, in order to ſupport the true and genuine ſenſe of the people, expreſſed in thoſe proceedings, with firmneſs and moderation.

As your worthy Repreſentative, Sir Cecil Wray, was called to the chair in the Court of Requeſts, would it not be highly proper to call him again to the chair in Weſtminſter Hall?

To the Independent Electors of Weſtminſter.*

You are called upon to aſſemble next Saturday in Weſtminſter Hall, to conſider of an Addreſs to his Majeſty upon the preſent ſtate of public affairs. A fellow citizen begs leave to addreſs upon this occaſion a few lines to your good ſenſe, to your cool diſpaſſionate judgment.

Of all the features which mark the political character of the Engliſh nation, the moſt ſtriking and remarkable is, a perpetual jealouſy of prerogative. In all the variety of civil ſtruggles in which this country has been engaged, the preſent is the firſt moment that even the colour of a pretext has been afforded for aſſerting, that the people of England are leagued with the *Crown* and the *Lords* in favour of prerogative, in direct oppoſition to *their own Repreſentatives*, who are legally and moderately exerting themſelves to bring about a reaſonable, a temperate, and a conſtitutional exerciſe of it.

The fears of the nation upon this ſcore are even grown into a proverb.

Aſk an Engliſhman what ſort of Judge, of Crown Lawyer, of Miniſter he moſt dreads; his uniform anſwer is, a *prerogative* Judge, a *prerogative* Lawyer, a *prerogative* Miniſter. Is then a *prerogative King* of ſo little danger to us, that we are all at once to forget thoſe jealouſies which ſeemed to have been twiſted with our exiſtence, and to fall into a miraculous fondneſs for that prerogative which our anceſtors have ſhed their deareſt blood to check and to limit? Let the people of England once confederate with the Crown and the Lords in *ſuch a conflict*, and who is the man that will anſwer for one hour of legal liberty afterwards?

Can the people confide in his Majeſty's ſecret adviſers? I ſay *no*. And I demand one inſtance in the twenty-three years of this *wretched reign*, where a regard to the liberty of the people can be traced in any meaſure of the *ſecret ſyſtem*. On the contrary I affirm, that every act of that ſyſtem has been pointedly hoſtile to public freedom, and

* This hand-bill was diſtributed throughout Weſtminſter previous to the General Meeting.

demonſtrates.

demonſtrates a ſettled deſign in the Court cabal to overturn the liberties of the nation. Can we confide in the Houſe of Lords? With the ſame certainty I anſwer directly *no*. I appeal to facts, and challenge any man to produce one inſtance in the diſgraceful times I have alluded to, of a *ſingle* reſolution being adopted by that Houſe in oppoſition to the Court. The worſt Miniſters that ever curſed the country have had decided majorities in it up to the hour of their political diſſolution; and it happens that *the moſt* odious, unpopular, and execrable meaſures of the whole reign have had by far the *greateſt* majorities in that reverend Aſſembly. Theſe are ſtrong terms, but there is before my eyes a maſs of facts to bear me out.

What was the conduct of the Crown and the Lords about fourteen years ago, when indeed you had cauſe of diſcontent againſt your Repreſentatives? In anſwer to your petitions the King told you, that the law had been the rule of his conduct, and he would abide by his faithful Commons. And the Lords, upon the ſame occaſion, treated you not only with indifference, but with expreſs contempt. At that time, the Houſe of Commons was the ſordid inſtrument of the Court, and then its character was ſupported by the Crown and the Lords. But now that the Commons have manifeſted a ſpirit of probity and independence, of firmneſs and moderation, not excelled in any period of our hiſtory, they are to be run down by the infamous agents of the *ſecret ſyſtem*; and in theſe circumſtances it is, that the King's Miniſters arrogate to themſelves a popularity in the nation in direct oppoſition to the national Repreſentatives.

This deception is ſupported from the circumſtance of a few Addreſſes in their favour having been lately carried to the Throne. I need not tell you that procuring Addreſſes is a ſtale trick, which you all know the wretcheſt Miniſters that ever diſgraced this country have never failed occaſionally to promote. His Majeſty's preſent ſervants have in this point been far leſs ſucceſsful than any of their predeceſſors. In Middleſex a direct counter Addreſs was carried in the very meeting called by the Miniſtry to ſmuggle a falſe repreſentation of the opinion of that reſpectable county. As to that which Sir Cecil Wray delivered, purporting to be *your* Addreſs, your indignation, I am ſure, anticipates me in ſaying, that a groſſer inſult upon (perhaps) the moſt diſtinguiſhed body of Electors in England, and indeed a more impudent impoſition upon the public, was never before attempted. The ſame impotent fraud was perpetrated in the city of York, which you all know has terminated in the confuſion of its authors, and the diſgrace of the Miniſtry. As however this Adminiſtration is juggling the world with a falſe picture of the public ſentiments, every man of ſenſe and ſpirit ſhould ſpeak his mind freely; and it is to give you the opportunity of doing ſo, that you are called to meet in Weſtminſter Hall next Saturday.

Preparatory to our determination upon that day, let us take a brief view of thoſe ſubjects which ſhould influence our conduct. That the late Miniſtry were overturned by a groſs violation of the Conſtitution, is a fact admitted by all the world. In truth, *they* were diſplaced for the purpoſe of appointing the *preſent* Miniſtry; for to talk of the *India* Bill as the cauſe of the change, is a mere farce. Upon the outſet of this Miniſtry the nation ſaw it could not hope for one hour's exiſtence, otherwiſe than by deſtroying the integrity of the Commons. Accordingly they entered upon the wideſt plan of parliamentary corruption, upon a ſyſtem of the baſeſt bribery that can be found in the annals of the world.

By private rewards and public emoluments, by offices, honours, titles, promiſes of titles, and every ſpecies of undue influence, they gained over ſome members, but the majority of the Houſe, in a ſpirit of probity and honour almoſt unexampled, deſpiſed their dirty arts, and told them in plain terms, that an Adminſtration ſo conſtituted ſhould *never* have their ſupport.

The Miniſters then demanded a trial upon a ſpecific meaſure, and actually ſtaked their ſituations upon the fate of Mr. Pitt's India Bill. Now mark what followed; Mr. Pitt's

Pitt's Bill was thrown out. Yet the very men, who committed their miniſterial exiſtence upon the iſſue of that meaſure, ſtill remain unmoved and unaffected, although by their own ſentence they ſtand condemned. Driven from all conſtitutional reſources, they now make a deſperate ſtand upon a pretence of popularity in the nation, and in open terms avow that which is the well known aim of the ſecret ſyſtem; to draw, if poſſible, the Repreſentatives into diſrepute with the nation. Their firſt attempt was to deſtroy the characters of public men. Their ultimate and grand object to ruin the reputation of the Houſe of Commons.

If I aſk you what is the firſt virtue of a Parliament, you will ſay, independence. Has the preſent Houſe given any proof of this virtue? Let us ſee how the matter ſtands, and judge fairly from public facts. Beſide the reforms and retrenchments they have accompliſhed, and beſides their matchleſs ſtruggle in the preſent caſe againſt *ſecret influence*, this Houſe of Commons has overturned two Adminiſtrations, againſt all the powers of government, againſt the ſanguine ſupport of the Crown, and a decided majority in the Lords--*for the Lords never deſert any Miniſtry but the favourites of the people*. Examine the majority of the Lower Houſe. Look into their characters. Judge for yourſelves, whether ſuch men are capable of yielding to be the ladder of any man's ambition. Scrutinize them cloſely, and you will find, I ſay, no more than bare truth, when I affirm that the hiſtory of Parliament does not exhibit a more pure, iudependent, reſpectable majority upon any public meaſure whatever. I do not ſay, that every individual is of this character, any more than I would ſay, that *every* man who ſupports the Miniſtry is a knave. Some few honeſt men certainly vote with them; but this I aſſert, that the moſt baſe, the moſt ſordid, the moſt infamous claſs of men in the Houſe are enliſted under the banners of Adminiſtration, or rather (and indeed it is the trueſt way of ſtating it) the Miniſtry have ranged themſelves under the banners of the moſt baſe, the moſt ſordid, and the moſt infamous claſs of men in that Houſe.

It is evident that his Majeſty's ſecret adviſers have reckoned *too much* upon the badneſs of human nature. They had never riſked this deſperate effort, had they any idea that the powers of the Treaſury and the talents of Robinſon would have failed them. Happily however for the national character and the honour of humanity they have failed. The preliminaries in all attempts to ſeduce the Members is an exaction of ſecrecy. If this were not the caſe, and that men might be permitted to reveal all they know, the real truth is, that the affair of Lord Galloway with General Roſs, of the Duke of Newcaſtle with Mr. Melliſh, and even of Lord Temple with the Peers, would be innocence itſelf, compared with the other profligate abominable arts practiſed upon the Members of the Houſe of *Commons* by the agents of the preſent Adminiſtration.

——— Here let us pauſe awhile and calmly view our ſituation. That the Houſe of Commons was the ſervile tool of the Court has been the general cry of the Engliſh nation. Is it then I aſk you, fit, that for one moment, the impoſition ſhould be ſuffered to paſs, that the preſent Miniſtry deſerve the ſmalleſt portion of the public confidence, when they ſtand condemned by an Houſe of Commons, who, under all the terrors of a diſſolution of Parliament at this ſeaſon of the year, in deſpight of all the arts of the Court, in defiance of threats, in contempt of corruption, ſeduction, wheedling, and every poſſible mode of working them into pliancy, have nobly oppoſed this unprincipled and ſhameful ſyſtem?

As to thoſe who are called the rivals for power, I ſhall ſay but little, becauſe the queſtion turns very little indeed upon that point. With regard to Mr. Fox, in whoſe actions *you* are more immediately intereſted, the greateſt glory of his life, in my opinion is, that he has ever been the deſtined object of the hatred and perſecution of this odious faction which ſurrounds the Throne, which ſtains the character of our public counſels, and ſullies the name of royalty. Nor is it the leaſt of your ſureties for Mr. Fox's fide-

lity to the cauſe of the people, that he has no hopes of refuge in the Court, nor any proſpect of being of any conſequence in his country, except upon popular grounds.

As to his India Bill, the true way to judge of it is by analogy. Compare it with that monſter in polity Mr. Pitt's bill, and you will find that upon the ſcale of compariſon it is perfection itſelf. Relative to the Receipt Tax, which is a ſubject of diſſatisfaction with ſome of you, you cannot ſurely be ſuch gudgeons as to look to the preſent Miniſtry with a favourable eye upon that ſubject. The principal Members of the preſent Adminiſtration, have been its ſtrenuous ſupporters. Lord Thurlow was the man, and indeed the only man, who treated the petition of the Merchants of London againſt that Tax with marked contempt; and the conduct of Mr. Pitt, upon that occaſion, is really worthy of a ſeparate remark. That Gentleman well knew the ſtate of the country, and the neceſſity of efficient taxes. For him to oppoſe it, would have been too groſs. He voted for, and, declared it an admirable tax. But ſeeing that it might be made a good inſtrument of public clamour, obſerve how he acts. He contrives, at the ſame moment that himſelf ſupports the Tax, to have his truſty brother-in-law, Lord Mahon, that drum-major of faction, to beat the alarm, and raiſe a cry againſt it. His conduct yeſterday in the Houſe of Commons was ſtill more extraordinary. Several Members demanded of Mr. Pitt his opinion upon this Tax. With a diſgraceful duplicity he refuſed for a long time to give any anſwer. Why? becauſe he knew *you* were to meet next Saturday, and thought his ſilence upon the ſubject of this tax might be a good bugbear. The Houſe ſaw his paltry cunning, and inſiſted upon an anſwer;---then he declared himſelf *an advocate for the tax* *. Theſe are eſſential points to which it becomes you to attend.

If, however, there are any of you who ſtill retain prejudice upon this or upon any other point, judge whether the moment to give them operation is when your Repreſentative, in conjunction with the pureſt and beſt men in England, is ſtruggling to preſerve the Conſtitution upon the ſame principles that ſuſtained it ſince the Revolution. Is your mind made up, becauſe you may diſlike the Coalition or the Receipt Tax, to ſurrender your legal rights to *midnight ruffians with dark lanthorns?* And will you from pique or from whim, or from ſordid motives, ever lend your ſanction to that Court faction, that vile cabal, whoſe baſe ſtratagems, whoſe tyranny and treachery would annihilate, if poſſible, the very ſound of civil liberty?

There is another point to which I would direct your attention. Admitting, for argument ſake, that the preſent Adminiſtration ſtood upon a conſtitutional bottom---I ſubmit it to your cool and ſober reaſon, do you think that it is competent to manage this country in its preſent diſaſtrous ſtate? That Mr. Pitt is poſſeſſed of conſiderable talents, is certain. Not one of his friends, however, in the warmeſt moments of their idolatry, have ventured to compare his abilities with thoſe of Mr. Fox. The reſt of the Miniſtry provoke nothing but ridicule. Review the different offices of government, and then ſay, whether ſo motley a group ever before inveſted the King's Cabinet. Allowing then to this young gentleman every merit that a rational man can allow him, I aſk you if you think it *poſſible* for any perſon at his time of life, and ſo inexperienced, to govern this country? The genius of the greateſt man at the beſt is limited, and no office can confer miraculous endowments. Mr. Fox has been accuſed of inordinate ambition. Good God! Are men ſtupid, or blind, or mad, when they urge ſuch a charge, to paſs by Mr. Pitt, who in the third year of his public life aſſumes a ſtation, which Mr. Fox,

* Notwithſtanding this declaration of Mr. Pitt's, which was forced from him by an inſulted Houſe of Commons, his Emiſſaries the next day poſted up Bills in very large letter throughout the cities of London and Weſtminſter, declaring the aſſertion falſe, which went to charge Mr. Pitt with giving his conſent to the Receipt Tax Bill. This the young Miniſter connived at, ſo long as the trick could ſerve the meaſures he was then purſuing.

with a ſuperiority of powers, admitted by all the world, has not, after ſixteen years experience, ever yet aſpired to?

What does Mr. Pitt want? The late Miniſtry have ſeverally diſclaimed the idea of proſcribing him from a ſhare in Adminiſtration. Many of the moſt reſpectable of thoſe Members, who now oppoſe him, declared they were ready to receive him with open arms, if he would deſcend from his preſent dangerous ſituation, and come in like his father through the open road of the Conſtitution, and not by the crooked paths of *ſecret influence*. Why does he not? I will tell you my opinion upon it, and leave you to form your own. Proud men are unwilling to acknowledge a ſuperior. Mr. Pitt, conſcious of himſelf, perhaps feels that at the beſt he would make only a ſecondary figure in the ſame cabinet with Mr. Fox; and, therefore, like the man, who ſaid he had rather be the firſt man in a village than the ſecond in Rome, he ſacrifices the nation to his own extravagant conceit. His vanity will not permit him to ſee that he is debauched by a ſet of ſycophants, who deprive him of the uſe of his own underſtanding. Every reaſonable object is within his reach by legal honeſt means; and why ſhould he wiſh for more? Does any man think him a greater man than his father? Certainly not. Is any man abſurd and bigotted enough to ſay, that an office, filled by the Earl of Chatham at the age of fifty, is beneath Mr. Pitt at the age of twenty-five? So groſs a mockery of the common ſenſe of mankind will not, I am ſatisfied, be attempted by any man. What then is the fact? That Mr. Pitt, by a pertinacious wiſh of being the *chief ruler*, wantonly, if not wickedly, prolongs the diſtractions of this unfortunate country. To ſome men, perhaps, this may ſeem a towering ambition; in my mind it is a miſerable ambition. That it is fatal and ruinous to the country, is beyond all queſtion.

Never ſure did men ſtoop to ſuch deſpicable ſhifts to blacken an adverſary, and force themſelves into temporary eclat, as the preſent Miniſtry. No fiction, however groſs; no device, however mean, has eſcaped their induſtry. Circulating the moſt wretched ſophiſtries all over the kingdom. Diſperſing the moſt low defamatory hand-bills through all parts of the town. Poſting up the moſt ſcandalous libels upon the firſt characters in the nation. And---as if it were neceſſary to tell the public that the preſent Government was a ſyſtem of political empyriciſm---they have ſhewn ſomething new even in the Hiſtory of Folly.---A Firſt Lord of the Treaſury plaiſtering up his pretended merits, and propagating his fame with all the pomp and redundancy of a common quack upon the corner of every ſtreet. Upon all theſe illiberal expedients, I doubt not, your own good ſenſe has formed a right opinion.

You are not unapprized that ſeveral of Mr. Pitt's beſt friends have lately deſerted him, and it is but juſtice to ſay, that the perſons alluded to are of the moſt reſpectable men in England. Why have they deſerted him? Not becauſe they diſliked him *perſonally*, but *becauſe they think his preſent ſituation dangerous to the Conſtitution*. Yet he continues unmoved, and as a means of prolonging his power, the Houſe of Lords (ſlaviſhly devoted, as you know it is, to the will, even to the *whim* of the Court) have come to a Reſolution laſt Wedneſday, which I conceive to be a groſs libel upon the Houſe of Commons. It attributes to that Houſe what it has not aſſumed---an attempt to ſuſpend a poſitive law, when it only interpoſed its advice upon the uſe of a diſcretionary power in a branch of executive Government, relative to the money of the public, of which the Commons are the legal guardians; a practice never before doubted, never queſtioned till the preſent moment.

All theſe are objects neceſſary for your conſideration before the meeting of next Saturday.

What I humbly recommend to you is to feel your real weight and value. Open your eyes, conſult your underſtanding, be guided by your own good ſenſe, and do not become the victims of the artifice, or the inſtruments of the vile policy of the Court cabal. Vin-

dicate your City from the audacious impoſition of thoſe who have proſtituted your name upon the late Addreſs. Speak to the Crown in reſpectful but manly terms. Tell the ſupporters of *ſecret influence*, that whatever diſcontents ſome of you may feel againſt your Repreſentative, you do not require *their* advice (the common enemies of both Conſtituent and Repreſentative) to direct you. Tell them by your conduct that their ſhallow and ſcandalous efforts ſhall not obliterate the ſenſe of a long ſeries of public ſervices in your public truſtee. Do you think that in the nation, perhaps in the world, you can find a man more capable of ſerving you than Mr. Fox? If not then, let us be careful how we riſk the loſs of ſuch a man. Your attachment to him has been the greateſt wound *you* could give the cloſet junto; your deſertion of him would be the greateſt triumph that faction could enjoy. You have heretofore given memorable proofs of ſpirit in oppoſition to the Court; more, much more depends upon your conduct now than many of you are aware of. If the preſent Miniſtry, rather than reſign a ſituation which they have obtained by frauds and dark ſtratagems, in a palpable violation of the ſpirit of the Conſtitution, are deſperately determined to force an open breach between the Commons and the Lords, you cannot heſitate for one moment what ſide to take.

Make not ſo baſe a return to the Houſe of Commons for a ſpirit of independence, which indeed is not very common; as to deſert them at the very moment they moſt challenge your applauſe. In abandoning them you would abandon yourſelves, and all would then lay at the mercy of the common enemy of our liberties. The ſooner your ſentiments are known the better. The deluſion which the labours of the Court faction have forced upon the public is vaniſhing every hour, every day leſſens it, and a few days more will entirely diſpel it. Let the City of Weſtminſter ſet a wiſe and ſpirited example, and that example will I am ſatisfied be followed by every *ſenſible*, *unbiaſſed*, body of men in England.

February 11, 1784. AN ELECTOR OF WESTMINSTER.

General Meeting of the Electors of Weſtminſter.

In conſequence of advertiſements for calling together all the Electors of the above city and liberty in Weſtminſter Hall, on Saturday the 14th of March, at twelve o'clock, to collect the ſenſe of the Electors reſpecting an humble Addreſs to be preſented to his Majeſty on the ſtate of public affairs, the Committee appointed for the above purpoſe, met at the King's Arms Tavern, Palace Yard, which conſiſted of Mr. Fox, Mr. Byron, Mr. Byng, Mr. Burke, Mr. Sheridan, General Burgoyne, Lord Derby, Lord Surrey, Lord Foley, Colonel Fitzpatrick, and ſeveral other noblemen and gentlemen, and reſpectable Electors.

It muſt be remembered, that as this General Meeting of all the Electors was called in oppoſition to a meeting of a number of Electors held in the Court of Requeſts, on Tueſday laſt, Sir Cecil Wray in the Chair, when an Addreſs was agreed on to be preſented to the Throne, thanking his Majeſty for exerciſing his *prerogative*, and diſmiſſing his late Miniſters, (which meeting and Addreſs was firſt adopted by the High Bailiff of Weſtminſter and Court of Burgeſſes,) and alſo in oppoſition to that Addreſs, and to conſider of another of a direct contrary tendency. The leading men on each ſide the queſtion met at different places; and therefore Sir Cecil Wray, Mr. Wilkes, Lord, Mountmorres, Lord Mahon, Mr. Selby, and ſeveral other gentlemen, aſſembled at Alice's Coffee-houſe. Mr. Fox and his friends had advertiſed the meeting at twelve o'clock, and, in order to get the ſenſe of the meeting collected in a fair and impartial manner, the Committee had determined among themſelves that it would be improper to call either of their Repreſentatives to the Chair. On the other hand, advertiſements had

appeared

appeared from the other party, for eleven o'clock, adviſing them to call Sir Cecil Wray to the Chair, manifeſtly with an attention to jockey the purport of this meeting, and thereby put a rider upon it.

The Hall was moſt prodigiouſly crouded, and at half paſt eleven, Sir Cecil Wray and his party came from Alice's Coffee-houſe to the huſtings, erected in the front of the Court of Common Pleas; ſoon after, Mr. Fox and his friends came from the King's Arm's Tavern, whereby the huſtings were crouded in a manner that made it almoſt impoſſible to ſtand on them. The Chair was ſurrounded by Sir Cecil Wray's party, and ſoon laid hold of; in conſequence of which Mr. Fox's friends interfered, and claimed the Chair, till a Chairman was nominated, and in this ſtruggle the Chair was totally demoliſhed. The confuſion and uproar this occaſioned is hardly to be conceived. In this ſtate of things the huſtings broke in, and ſeveral noblemen and gentlemen were thrown down and trampled on. The preſſure of the populace ſoon overthrew the front of the huſtings, by which means ſcarcely a place was for a moment tenable, and every body was in imminent danger, in a conteſt on the huſtings which Member ſhould be brought forward; but Mr. Fox's friends being too numerous, he was ſupported in the front, amidſt the moſt violent noiſes, acclamations, and huzzas, we ever remember to have heard. The cry of Chair! Chair! Chair! reſounded from every quarter of the Hall, when the huſtings gave way a ſecond time, and in the confuſion Mr. Fox fell. In this ſituation ſome wretch, for man we cannot call him, threw a leather bag, filled with aſſa fœtida *, in the face of Mr. Fox. To this public injury, we may add one of a more private but more horrid nature, an anonymous letter threatening his life, to which he paid the proper attention, by taking no notice of it. At laſt Mr. Byron, the Committee Chairman, endeavoured to appeaſe the tumult and ſilence the noiſe. He ſhortly addreſſed the Electors, telling them the purport of the meeting, explaining the meaſures of the Court of Requeſts meeting, and moved an Addreſs to his Majeſty, deſiring to collect their ſenſe of it by a ſhew of hands. Hats were held up, accompanied with vociferous ſhouts of approbation, and the majority in favour of the Addreſs was ſo very conſpicuous, as not to leave the leaſt doubt; for it may be fairly ſaid, that although it was a manifeſt meeting of all the Electors, the majority appeared as 100 to one. Mr. Fox then endeavoured to addreſs the Electors, but noiſe immediately prevented him, and this he attempted ſeveral times with the like effect. At half paſt twelve the meeting was adjourned, and Mr. Fox was carried on the ſhoulders of ſeveral Electors from Weſtminſter Hall to the King's Arms Tavern, when he came into the Committee Room, almoſt overpowered with heat and fatigue. The Electors, who had accompanied him from the Hall to the Tavern, waited in Palace-yard, and ſoon after

Mr. Fox came forward to the front bow window of the Tavern, in Palace-yard, which being taken out, in order to give him room and conveniency, after long and continued ſhouts of approbation, he addreſſed the Electors as follows:

Gentlemen,

" Nothing can be more flattering to me, or give me greater happineſs, than this " public opportunity of addreſſing this aſtoniſhingly numerous and reſpectable body of my " conſtituents, the Electors of Weſtminſter.

" I ſhould have been happy if I could have ſucceeded in my intentions of addreſſing " you in the Public Hall. I ſhould there have explained the motives of my conduct " to my conſtituents; but the clamours of a hired noiſy party prevented my " deſign.

" Gentlemen, You are all able to judge of the goodneſs of that cauſe, when thoſe " who eſpouſe it are afraid of their opponents being heard.

* It was afterwards diſcovered to be Euphorbium.

" Let

" Let me repeat it, that it gives me inexpreſſible happineſs to explain my conduct to " you. You will find I have never deſerted your cauſe: I ſhall find likewiſe that you " have not deſerted me. The former is impoſſible---was you even to deſert yourſelves, " I never would deſert you.

" Gentlemen, The very noble, the very diſintereſted, and the very magnanimous " manner in which you honoured me with your choice of repreſentative, claimed all " my attention, aſſiduity, and adherence; and I truſt you have found by my conduct " I have neither deſerted the cauſe of my conſtituents, nor my own principles. To " do either, I muſt deſert myſelf and them too. If you deſert me, you erect Court In- " fluence, becauſe it is Court Influence I oppoſe.

" Gentlemen, You called me to Parliament to ſtem the torrent of corruption, to " reform the abuſes of your Conſtitution, and, above all, to oppoſe the deſtructive " principle of Court Influence.

" If purging the Houſe of Commons of a number of venal contractors; if reforming " ſeveral abuſes in the expenditure of public monies; if ſetting myſelf up as the oppo- " ſer of Court Influence, and being turned out of office becauſe I did oppoſe it, diſcovers " a change of ſentiment, I then have changed my ſentiments. But I flatter myſelf you " have ſeen, and know enough of yourſelves, to be well aſſured, that by maintaining " the dignity of the Houſe of Commons againſt the ſecret adviſers, and the influence " of the Crown, I have maintained your cauſe; and that by that maintenance I ſhall " ſtill have your ſupport.

" Gentlemen, I have maintained the dignity of the Houſe of Commons againſt the " corrupt and unconſtitutional proceedings of the Houſe of Lords---becauſe the Houſe " of Commons are your Repreſentatives, and not the Houſe of Lords.

" If you deſert the Repreſentatives, who thus ſupport your dignity againſt Court " Influence, you elect the Houſe of Lords for your repreſentatives, and then you can " be no longer ſaid to repreſent yourſelves. Will you then have a Houſe of Lords or " a Houſe of Commons to repreſent you? If you ſupport my adverſaries, who ſet you " at defiance, and who trample the greateſt of all your privileges, the ſpirit, the au- " thority, and the dignity of the Houſe of Commons, under their feet, you are no " longer repreſented. The Houſe of Lords then betrays you, and the Crown nominates " what Miniſter it pleaſes, to deprive the people of England of all that remains dear to " them, the freedom of their choice in Parliament, and their ſhare in the government " of the nation.

" It is upon theſe principles the preſent Miniſter is come into power, and upon theſe " principles he ſupports himſelf. He ſtands ſupported by the ſecret influence of the " Crown, and the unconſtitutional interference of the Houſe of Lords, which ſets your " freedom and power at defiance.

" Gentlemen, I need not tell you that the preſent Adminiſtration were the greateſt " enemies to the reform of abuſes, nor that they ſupported the American war---you, " who live near the ſcene of action, who ſurround the Court, and who daily ſee and " know the reality of parliamentary proceedings, are not to be duped by the arts and " duplicity of Court adherents, and the ſupporters of Court Influence. You will " know a man before you elect him, and when elected, you can ſee him, hear him, " and prove him. When proved, it is neither the Miniſter of the Crown, the paltry " efforts of Peers, nor the ſecret influence of the Crown, which will make you aban- " don him.

" Gentlemen, I have been twice called to the office of Secretary of State, ſince firſt " I had the honour of your diſintereſted approbation. When I found your cauſe deſerted " in the Cabinet, your meaſures miſcarry, and my principles overpowered, I reſigned--- " I reſigned, becauſe, if I had continued in office, I ſhould have deſerted my principles---

" I ſhould

" I ſhould have deſerted you---I gave up office, I gave up honours, and I gave up emolu-
" ment, rather than forfeit your confidence. This was the firſt time I proved my at-
" tachment to you---did it look like betraying you? could I have any other ground for
" my reſignation than your confidence, and the good opinion of the public, which is in-
" ſeparably connected with my own honour and conſcience?

" I was again called into office, and for what purpoſe? To bring forward a burthen
" of taxes, ſome of them unpopular, that I, and thoſe who acted with me, might have
" the odium of the meaſure, and bear all the weight which it unpopularity might oc-
" caſion---I mean the Receipt Tax.

A reſpectable gentleman ſtanding in the yard, then addreſſed Mr. Fox, and told him, that he was deſired by a great numer of Electors to aſk Mr. Fox, " WHETHER Mr. PITT " DID NOT GIVE HIS CONSENT TO THE RECEIPT TAX?" *To which Mr. Fox replied,* " HE DID;" on which a general exclamation took place, of " No Pitt! No Pitt!" and then Mr. Fox went on.

" When thoſe unhappy meaſures had been carried, an oppoſition to thoſe very mea-
" ſures took place, by thoſe very men who had ſupported them, merely for the purpoſe
" of getting themſelves into power by the unconſtitutional exerciſe of the Houſe of
" Lords and the ſecret influence of the Crown. Are you, gentlemen, to be duped
" then by ſuch men and ſuch means? What was the conſequence of the exerciſe of
" Court influence, and prerogative of the Crown, in oppoſition to the ſenſe of the
" people of England? I oppoſed it. By oppoſing it, I ſupported you---by ſupporting
" you, I loſt the confidence of the Crown---I was deſired to reſign; I would not reſign,
" and for this reaſon, becauſe I had the people of England to ſupport me. I need no
" other, I want no other ſupport. Being ſupported by you, and on that refuſing to re-
" ſign, I was turned out---I was turned out becauſe I oppoſed the Houſe of Lords and
" the Crown, combined together againſt the people---againſt you. Did this, gentlemen,
" look like betraying your intereſts? Has it the face of changing my opinions, of de-
" viating from my principles, of deſerting my propoſitions when called into power as
" my enemies would invidiouſly inſinuate?

" Gentlemen, In the ſituation I now am, I have an opportunity of ſeeing more,
" ſtanding ſo high above you, than you can poſſibly have beneath---I ſee a far more
" numerous body here than that aſſembled in the Hall, multitudinous as even that was,
" but in the Hall I could not be heard---Here I am honoured with a ſilence that reflects
" the greateſt honour to me, and the higheſt credit on yourſelves. The obſervation I
" make is, that my opponents prevented by clamour and an hired mob, what they
" were afraid to hear, and that the more numerous the Electors, the more attention I
" am heard with. One obvious truth deducible from which is, that I am happy in the
" approbation of a very large majority of my conſtituents.

" Gentlemen, I have only one word more to ſay to you. The true ſimple queſtion
" of the preſent diſpute is, whether the Houſe of Lords and Court Influence ſhall pre-
" dominate over the Houſe of Commons, and annihilate its exiſtence? or, whether the
" Houſe of Commons, whom you elected, ſhall have a power to maintain the privi-
" leges of the people, to ſupport its liberties, and check the unconſtitutional proceed-
" ings of a Houſe of Lords, whom you never elected; and regulate the prerogative of the
" Crown, which was ever too ready to ſeize upon the freedom of the Electors of this
" country? The queſtion is ſhort: It is you, who are to determine it, and to you
" whom I appeal; to my conſtituents I ſhall always appeal; and no longer wiſh
" them to ſupport me, than I ſupport the principles on which they ſent me to Par-
" liament.

" Gentlemen, I again return you my ſincere thanks for your very candid
hearing

" hearing, and your approbation of my conduct, which it will ever be my ſtudy to " preſerve."

When Mr. Fox had finiſhed his Addreſs, (which was received with great approbation, at the concluſion of every ſentence,) he retired from the window to his carriage, from which the horſes were taken, and he was drawn by the populace up Parliament-ſtreet, round the ſtatute of Charles at Charing-croſs through Cockſpur-ſtreet, along Pall-mall, St. James's, and Piccadilly, to the Duke of Devonſhire's houſe, amidſt the acclamations of near ten thouſand people, who expreſſed their diſapprobation as they paſſed the Treaſury, Lord Temple's, &c. &c. At Carlton Houſe were repeatedly given regular huzzas, and at Lord Temple's, a wag held up a key tied to a ſtick, hung round with crape, which he called *the Secret Influence Key in mourning*. The whole, on Mr. Fox's ſide, was conducted with the utmoſt regularity, and no miſchief was done, except a window broke at Lord Temple's, occaſioned by the impudence of ſome of his Lordſhip's *female* ſervants, who threw ſomething from the upper ſtory upon the people. At Devonſhire Houſe Mr. Fox addreſſed the Electors to the following effect:

Gentlemen,

" I thank you for the trouble you have taken in conducting me here, and as I am " much fatigued, I hope you will leave me here, as I am as much at home as at my " own houſe. I hope I ſhall always have your ſupport againſt the attacks of ſecret " influence.

" I beg leave to propoſe what I mentioned in Weſtminſter Hall, which, from the oppoſition of a hired mob, I believe was not heard, to propoſe an Addreſs, expreſſing " your ſatisfaction at the manly, diſintereſted conduct of the Houſe of Commons againſt " the attacks of ſecret influence."

The Addreſs was then propoſed, and agreed to without the diſapprobation of a ſingle voice. After which the multitude retired.

Lord Surrey and Major Stanhope rode on the coach-box of Mr. Fox's carriage.

ADVERTISEMENT.

WESTMINSTER MEEETING.

February 14.] At a very numerous and moſt reſpectable meeting of the Electors of Weſtminſter, held this day at Weſtminſter Hall, the huſtings that had been ill erected by the friends of Mr. Fox, near the ſteps of the Court of Common Pleas, broke down, which prevented the Chair being taken ſo ſoon as otherwiſe it would have been.

Lord Mahon was then carried in triumph to the oppoſite ſide of the Hall, on the ſhoulders of the Electors, where his Lordſhip moved the following Reſolution, which being printed in very large capitals, on a wide ſheet of parchment, was held up by him, and was diſtinctly ſeen from every part of the Hall. The Reſolution was as follows, and, being ſeconded, was carried by a prodigious majority, viz.

Reſolved,

" That this meeting do adopt all the proceedings of the public meeting held at the " Court of Requeſts, on Tueſday laſt."

Lord Mahon was then carried (as above) to the ſteps leading to the Courts of Chancery and King's Bench, where the ſaid Reſolutions was again moved by his Lordſhip, ſeconded, and carried by a ſtill more conſiderable majority.

Sir

Sir Cecil Wray was then called to the Chair at the laſt-mentioned place, and the following Reſolutions were then moved, ſeconded, and all carried, with very few diſſentients. The ſecond, third, and fourth Reſolutions, were moved by Dr. Jebb, and ſeconded by Lord Mountmorres.

Reſolved,

" Firſt, That this meeting do approve of and confirm the Addreſs to his Majeſty, " which was agreed upon in the Court of Requeſts, Weſtminſter Hall, on Tueſday laſt.

" Secondly, That the Coalition formed between the Right Honourable Charles James " Fox, and the Right Honourable Frederick Lord North, was injurious to the cauſe " of Freedom and of Public Virtue, and that the conduct of the conſequent Adminiſtration was highly detrimental to the intereſts of Great Britain and Ireland.

" Thirdly, That it is eſſential to the cauſe of Public Freedom, that all ranks and " orders of men ſhould UNITE and ASSOCIATE in favour of a ſubſtantial Reform in " the Repreſentation of the Commons; and that this, or any Adminiſtration, will de- " ſerve the ſupport and confidence of the country, in proportion to the zeal with which " they ſhall bring forward, and endeavour to carry into effect, that ſalutary meaſure.

" Fourthly, That the parliamentary conduct of Sir Cecil Wray, Bart. has ever been " honourable to himſelf, as well as beneficial to his country---that he is entitled to the " warmeſt gratitude of his conſtituents, and in the higheſt degree deſerving of their fu- " ture confidence and ſupport.

" Fifthly, On the motion of the Right Honourable Lord Ongley (which was ſe- " conded by the Right Honourable Lord Mountmorres) it was unanimouſly reſolved,

" That thoſe men who ſhall, at this period, endeavour to obſtruct the neceſſary buſi- " neſs of the nation, ought to be conſidered as enemies to their country.

" Sixthly, Reſolved, (with very few diſſentients) That the thanks of this meeting " be given to Lord Mahon, Lord Mountmorres, and Dr. Jebb.

" Seventhly, Reſolved, That the thanks of this meeting be given to the Gentlemen " who compoſe the Committee for conducting the buſineſs of the Addreſs of Thanks " to his Majeſty for diſmiſſing his late unpopular Miniſters.

CECIL WRAY, Chairman.

ADVERTISEMENT.

ST. JAMES'S, WESTMINSTER.

February 14, 1784.] The Electors of this pariſh are reſpectfully acquainted, that the Addreſs agreed upon at the meeting held on Tueſday the 10th inſtant, in the Court of Requeſts, and confirmed in Weſtminſter Hall on Saturday the 14th inſtant, thanking his Majeſty for the diſmiſſion of his late Miniſters, is left at the Court of Requeſts, Vine-ſtreet, and at Mr. Stockdale's, oppoſite Burlington Houſe, Piccadilly, for the ſignature of ſuch of the houſeholders as ſhall approve of it.

ADVERTISEMENT.

General Meeting of the Electors of Weſtminſter.

Feb. 14.] At a moſt numerous meeting of the Electors of Weſtminſter, held this day in Weſtminſter Hall,

The Right Hon. CHARLES JAMES FOX having been called to the Chair,

The following Reſolutions and Addreſs were carried upon a ſhew of hands, by a majority of at leaſt ſix to one.

Reſolved,

" That this meeting will unremittingly perſevere in all legal and conſtitutional endeavours to obtain a more adequate repreſentation of the people in the Commons Houſe of Parliament, which important branch of the legiſlature the people muſt ever regard as the natural guardian of their unalienable rights, and the independence of which is abſolutely eſſential to the preſervation of the Conſtitution, as eſtabliſhed at the glorious Revolution.

Reſolved,

" That the following Addreſs be preſented to his Majeſty by the Honourable Mr. Fox.

" We, your Majeſty's moſt dutiful and loyal ſubjects, the Electors of the City of Weſtminſter, whoſe names are hereunto ſubſcribed, beg leave to approach your Throne, with the moſt unfeigned attachment to your ſacred perſon, and to the intereſt of your Royal Family.

" To aſſure your Majeſty, that we will uſe our utmoſt endeavours to promote that unanimity ſo eſſential to the public welfare in the preſent critical ſituation of affairs.

" And as we have always regarded the Commons Houſe of Parliament, as the natural guardian of our unalienable rights, we humbly hope that whatever Miniſters your Majeſty may, in your wiſdom, call to the high poſts of government, they will hold the ſenſe of that Houſe in the ſame reſpect as their predeceſſors in office have done from the æra of the glorious Revolution to the preſent period.

" That your Majeſty may long reign in the hearts of a happy and united people, is the prayer of your faithful ſubjects."

Reſolved,

" That this meeting do now adjourn."

C. J. FOX, Chairman.

The Addreſs was left for ſignature at Mr. Houſe's, Pall-mall; Mr. Hall's, Long-acre; Mr. Chaplin's, Bridges-ſtreet, Covent-garden; and Mr. Debrett's, Bookſeller, Piccadilly.

ADVERTISEMENT.

TO THE PUBLIC.

King's Arms Tavern, Palace Yard, Weſtminſter, February 17.

The Committee appointed to conduct the buſineſs of the Addreſs of Thanks to his Majeſty for diſmiſſing his late Miniſters, having ſeen in the public prints an advertiſement ſigned C. J. Fox, ſtating, that at a General Meeting of the Electors of Weſtminſter, held in Weſtminſter Hall on Saturday laſt, the Reſolutions and Addreſs therein inſerted, were carried by a majority of at leaſt ſix to one.

This Committee think proper to appriſe the public, that ſeveral members of the ſaid Committee do poſitively aſſert, (and are ready, when properly called upon, to atteſt) that they were cloſe to the Huſtings the whole time Mr. Fox was in the Hall, and that ſo great was the noiſe and tumult during the period in that part of the Hall, that they were not able to hear any thing that fell either from Mr. Fox, or from any of his friends.

The public will therefore judge whether it were poſſible for ſo many thouſand Electors as were there aſſembled, to have aſſented to, or diſſented from, propoſitions then and there aſſerted to have been made, from the utter impoſſibility of hearing or underſtanding the purport of them.

JOHN CHURCHILL, Chairman.

CONSTI-

CONSTITUTIONAL GAZETTE EXTRAORDINARY.

Copy of a letter from Admiral Fox, Commander of a ſquadron of ſhips in the ſervice of the public, ſtationed on the coaſt of Freedom, to Prerogative Gooſequill, Eſq. Secretary of the Admiralty, received in the Montgolfier's pacquet, and dated off Liberty Hall, Sunday morning, 15th Feb. at 10 P. M.

SIR, *Conſtitution at Sea, Feb.* 14, 1784.

I beg you will be pleaſed to communicate to their Lordſhips, that after the action of the 10th, in the Bay of *Requeſts* (though it was no way deciſive), the enemy's fleet haſtily fled under the advantage of a very favourable wind into the port of *Bute*, where they anchored in ſafety within the *Rocks* of *Corruption*, and *ſhoals* of *ſecret influence*, which lay at the entrance of the harbour, and make it totally inacceſſible to an enemy.

Under theſe circumſtances, I had no poſſible means of bringing the enemy's fleet to a ſecond action; but by fairly offering them battle, for which purpoſe I cruized with the ſquadron under my command off the mouth of the harbour, but without effect.

I therefore proceeded into *Loyalty Sound*, in order to repair the damages which the fleet had ſuſtained in the late ſkirmiſh, leaving the *Liberty*, *Captain S. Houſe*, and the *Buſtler*, *Captain G. Boulton*, to cruize off the entrance of the harbour, that I might receive the earlieſt intelligence of the motions of the enemy.

On the morning of the 13th, Captain Houſe arrived in *Loyalty* Sound, and brought in poſitive information of the enemy's fleet having put to ſea, in order to join a detachment which had been ſent them under Captain Robinſon of the *Renegado*. The ſignal was inſtantly made to *cut* and *ſlip*, and though the Liberty only came to an anchor at ſeven A. M. the whole of the ſquadron were *under weigh*, and had a good *offing* by ten.

Having ſtrong reaſons to ſuſpect that the enemy's intention on their junction was to proceed to *Weſtminſter harbour*, for the purpoſe of making an attack on ſome *fair traders* and *unarmed tranſports*, which I had previouſly ordered to rendezvous there, with proviſions, &c. for ſupplying the ſquadron, I crouded every rag of ſail for that port, and on making *Cape Common Pleas* at eleven A. M. the following day, plainly perceived the enemy's fleet to be at anchor in the Bay.

Having detached the *Active*, *Captain Byng*, to reconnoitre the force and ſituation of the enemy, I immediately made the ſignal for the line of battle a-breaſt, and proceeded down upon them under an eaſy ſail. On our approaching them they appeared to be in the moſt evident confuſion, but preſuming on the reinforcement they had received in the *Renegado ſquadron*, and a ſupply of men, ſmugglers, and mutineers (with which I am ſorry to ſay Weſtminſter harbour is too much infected) they ſeemed determined to wait the event of an attack.

Having come within piſtol-ſhot of the enemy, and made the ſignal for the line of *battle-a-head*, the action began by a vigorous inceſſant fire of great guns and ſmall arms from the *Privilege* and *Reform*, who readily oppoſed themſelves to the *Incendiary* and *Apoſtate*, and by a moſt ſpirited judicious behaviour, aided by a well-directed fire, in which every gun ſeemed to do execution, obliged theſe ſhips to quit the enemy's line, and bear away to leeward.

The cannonading now became general, and it is impoſſible to do juſtice to the zeal and alacrity which ſeemed to animate every officer in the diſcharge of his duty.

Notwithſtanding the very great advantages the enemy derived from having *ſprings upon their cables*, and being in every other reſpect prepared for the attack, they were obliged to give way to the ſuperior courage and good conduct of the ſquadron I had the honour to command.

I am happy in having it in my power to congratulate their Lordſhips upon the capture of the *Incendiary*, after a warm action with the *Privilege*; her crew ſeems to have conſiſted of a ſet of *deſperate* and *diſaffected miſcreants*, that have come into her from different quarters. She ſuſtained a heavy loſs in her crew, and the damages ſhe received in the action were ſo material, that I found myſelf compelled to order her being *burnt*, which has ſince been carried into execution. Her commander, Captain *Mahon*, was killed in the beginning of the action by a *fire-pot*, which he had prepared to throw into the *Conſtitution*, but which, fortunately taking fire ſooner than he expected, ended in his own deſtruction.

I was in hopes to have been able to give their Lordſhips a good account of the *Prerogative*. She warmly attacked the *Conſtitution*, which ſhe much damaged in her rigging and upper works, and taking inſtant advantage of a favourable change of wind, got clear of the land, and from the courſe ſhe ſteered has no doubt *taken ſhelter* in *Pitt's Bay*, in the *Iſle of Bute*. Her loſs in killed and wounded, it is imagined, muſt be very conſiderable.

The enemy's ſhip, the *Buſybody*, Captain *R-------h*, was prevented from engaging, occaſioned, as we are told, by her decks being *lumbered* with a quantity of *candles* and *tallow*, which, to the diſgrace of the ſervice, he had taken on board, to the great injury of the revenue, not having paid the duties.

The Captain will, no doubt, be brought to a Court-martial for ſuch an un-officer-like conduct.

The reſt of the enemy's fleet ſtood different ways in the utmoſt fear and confuſion, and as I am now in purſuit of theſe ſtragglers, I have great hopes I ſhall pick ſome of them up.

To mention the merits of any particular officer under my command, would appear invidious; I will only ſay, that a moſt unexampled degree of bravery and ſpirited emulation ſeemed to pervade the breaſt of every officer concerned in this glorious action, and therefore recommended them all as moſt deſerving objects of the public favour.

The victory, I beg you will aſſure their Lordſhips, has proved ſo complete, that it is impoſſible the enemy can recover the blow for ſome time to come, and no exertion ſhall be wanting on my part to improve it.

Captain Byng will have the honour of delivering you theſe diſpatches, whom I beg leave to mention to their Lordſhips as a meritorious, ſpirited officer.

I propoſe to ſend home, in a few days, the *Zealous*, *Valiant*, and *Vigilant*, which ſhips having been much expoſed to the enemy's fire, ſtand in need of conſiderable repairs.

I have annexed for their Lordſhips information the line of battle of the ſquadron under my command, and a liſt of the enemy's ſhips, with their ſtate and condition, as accurate as I have been able to attain amidſt the confuſion inſeparable from ſo warm an engagement.

I have the honour to be, &c. &c.

Timothy Gooſequill, Eſq. C. J. F.

LINE OF BATTLE.

Privilege, - - - - -	Captain Surrey.
Reform, - - - - -	Captain Burke.
Zealous, - - - - -	Captain Fitzpatrick.
Active, - - - - -	Captain Byng.
Conſtitution, - - - -	Admiral Fox. / Captain Baker.

Comedy

Comedy, - - - - - -	Captain Sheridan.
Valiant, - - - - -	Captain Burgoyne.
Vigilant, - - - - -	Captain Darby.
Alert, - - - - -	Captain Malden.
Liberty frigate - - - - -	Captain S. Houſe.
Buſtler, - - - - -	Captain G. Boulton.

LIST OF THE ENEMY'S SQUADRON.

Incendiary, Captain Mahon---A bad ſhip, and badly manned.

Apoſtate, Captain Wilkes---Once a good ſhip, her timber now decayed, ſhortly to be broke up.

Turncoat, Captain Churchill---Very indifferent.

Inconſtant, Captain Jebb---A very good ſhip, but badly manned.

Prerogative, Admiral Wray, Captain Mountmorres---An old ſhip, but in good condition, though ſome of her timbers are ſuppoſed to be decaying.

Shadow, Captain Trentham---A weak ſhip, and poorly officered.

Knighthood, Captain Turner---Suſpected to be unſound.

Solicitor, Captain Arden---Under no command of her helm.

Renegado, Captain Robinſon---Totally bad and rotten.

Buſybody, Captain Rainforth---Fit for nothing but breaking up.

Froſt ſloop, Lieutenant Makeſhift---A look-out frigate of no ſervice.

ADVERTISEMENT.

February 17, 1784.] In conſequence of a requiſition from five Members, a ſpecial meeting of the Weſtminſter Committee, as originally conſtituted by the inhabitants at large of the city, will be held to-morrow, at twelve o'clock preciſely, at the King's Arms Tavern, Weſtminſter.

C. J. FOX.

ADVERTISEMENT.

KING's ARMS TAVERN, PALACE-YARD.

February 18, 1784.] At a numerous and reſpectable meeting of the Weſtminſter Committee, ſummoned by public advertiſement in all the papers,

JOHN BRETT, Eſq. in the Chair,

Reſolved,

" That the Addreſs, intitled, 'an Addreſs of the High Steward, Dean, and Court of " Burgeſſes, and other Houſeholders of the city of Weſtminſter,' was ſurreptitiouſly " obtained, and was a meaſure contrary to the uſual, open, and fair mode of proceeding " in this city.

Reſolved,

" That the advertiſement, calling a general meeting on Saturday the 14th inſtant, in " conſequence of the previous meeting at the Shakeſpeare, and ſigned with the Chair- " man's name gave timely and ſufficient notice to the Electors of this City that ſuch " general meeting, would be held on that day, and was a manly and becoming proceed- " ing, and agreeable to the uſage in ſuch caſes of this city.

Reſolved,

Reſolved,

" That the proceedings of a meeting, held in the interval in the Court of Requeſts, " on Tueſday the 10th inſtant, called by anonymous hand-bills and advertiſements, de- " ſiring at firſt the attendance only of thoſe who had ſigned, or who approved, the " Addreſs of the High Steward, Dean, and Court of Burgeſſes, and perſevered in by " advertiſements ſtill anonymous, after Saturday the 14th inſtant (being the firſt day on " which the Hall was diſengaged) has been publicly notified for the general meeting, " were altogether partial and irregular, and that the Reſolutions of ſuch a meeting " cannot with decency be pretended to have ſpoken the ſenſe of the Electors of Weſt- " minſter.

Reſolved,

" That the ſaid meeting in the Court of Requeſts (even if it had been fairly and im- " partially called) being in conſequence of a ſummons for Electors only; and this Com- " mittee being conſtituted by the inhabitants at large of the city and liberties of Weſt- " minſter, the extravagant vote paſſed at that meeting, for adding one hundred Mem- " bers to this Committee, cannot but be conſidered as an artifice which would have " been unworthy a fair Aſſembly, and was alſo a direct and violent infringement of the " rights of a reſpectable part of the Conſtituents of this Committee, and that the Com- " mittee do accordingly treat the attempt with becoming indignation, and direct their " Secretary not to admit the name of any one of thoſe hundred perſons ſo appointed, " upon the books of this Committee.

Reſolved,

" That the ſubſequent conduct of the abettors of the ſaid meeting and Addreſs, by " perſevering in anonymous advertiſements, and ſcurrilous hand-bills, to appoint an " earlier hour for taking the Chair, by naming a Chairman, previous to the meeting, and " by other inflammatory proceedings, did manifeſtly tend to call for and promiſe a ſpirit " of tumult and confuſion, when the meeting ſhould take place; and that as ſuch was " their preceding conduct, ſo this Committee have abundant evidence that, during the " meeting, there was every appearance of a premeditated plan of riot and violence."

This Committee further receiving, with the moſt ſerious concern, information of many acts of great outrage and violence committed, and endeavoured to be committed, at the General Meeting, and more particularly of a moſt atrocious attempt, unprecedented in the annals of this country, and abhorrent to the nature of Engliſhmen, and which might have had the moſt fatal conſequences, do Reſolve, That a Select Committee of Nine Members be appointed to examine fully into the ſame, and to lay before this Committee the reſult of their enquiries with as much expedition as poſſible.

Reſolved,

" That the following Members are choſen as the Select Committee, viz.

Earl of Surrey,	Dudley Long, Eſq.
Right Hon. Richard Fitzpatrick,	A. Wallinger, Eſq.
Sir Godfrey Webſter, Bart.	R. Hollingworth, Eſq.
Thomas Byron, Eſq.	A. Shove, Eſq.
R. B. Sheridan, Eſq.	

Reſolved,

" That this Committee do adjourn to Friday next, at twelve o'clock at noon, to " receive the report of the Select Committee, and on other ſpecial affairs."

JOHN BRETT, Chairman.

ADVER-

ADVERTISEMENT.

KING'S ARMS TAVERN, PALACE-YARD.

February 20, 1784.] At a numerous and moſt reſpectable adjourned meeting of the Weſtminſter Committee of Aſſociation,

JOHN BRETT, Eſq. in the Chair,

The Report of the Select Committee was received and read.

Report of the Select Committee appointed to examine into the acts of outrage and violence committed at the General Meeting, held in Weſtminſter Hall, on Saturday the 14th inſtant;

" Upon a ſerious and full enquiry into the circumſtances attending the outrages committed, and the tumults attempted to be raiſed, at the General Meeting, held on " Saturday the 14th inſtant, at Weſtmiſter Hall, your Select Committee find it ſubſtantiated by the moſt indiſputable teſtimony, that there were ſeveral bands of ruffians " diſperſed through the Hall, who your Committee have reaſon to believe were neither " Electors or Inhabitants of Weſtminſter, and who acted evidently upon a concerted " plan, and whoſe outrages were ſuch, as to endanger even the lives of perſons whom " your Committee have examined.

" Upon the ſubject which your Committee are more particularly directed to examine " into, they find, upon a full inveſtigation and examination of evidence, that after Mr. " Fox had been ſome time in the front of the huſtings, and while he was addreſſing " the Electors (his principal opponents being at a conſiderable diſtance) a canvas bag " was thrown at him.

" It appears by the manner in which this was done, and from the ſingular conſtruction of the bag, that the intention muſt have been that the contents ſhould diſcharge " themſelves in the face of Mr. Fox.

" Your Committee find, that though the execution of this failed in part, yet Mr. " Fox, and many perſons whom your Committee have carefully examined, were inſtantly and violently afflicted by a noiſome powder and vapour which iſſued from the " bag.

" That an attempt was immediately made by ſome ruffians to recover the bag; but " that it was detained by the exertions of perſons whom your Committee have examined, and that afterwards being produced at Devonſhire Houſe in the preſence of " a great number of perſons, your Committee have the teſtimony of gentlemen, who " were immediately, upon ſmelling the powder at a diſtance, ſeized with violent coughing and ſickneſs, and that ſome of thoſe gentlemen were affected thereby for the remaining part of the evening.

" That upon this it was determined to have the contents examined by ſome eminent " Chymiſt: whoſe opinion your Committee ſubjoins.

" Your Committee have alſo the affidavits of perſons, to ſubſtantiate the identity of " the bag and contents delivered to Mr. Stock.

" Your Select Committee have alſo the moſt reſpectable authorities, which render it " unqueſtionable, that Euphorbium is a drug of ſo poiſonous and ſubtile a nature, that " a very ſmall quantity reaching the ſtomach of any perſon, might produce the moſt " fatal conſequences."

(Signed) Godfrey Webſter, Dudley Long,
Thomas Byron, J. A. Wallinger,
R. Hollingworth, R. B. Sheridan,
R. Fitzpatrick, A. H. Shove.

The

The teſtimony of Mr. Stock referred to by the above Report:

" Having examined very carefully the contents of the bag brought to me by Mr. Ro-
" binſon and another gentleman, I find it to contain Capſicum and Euphorbium. The
" Euphorbium is extremely well diſguiſed, being in powder, and therefore I am led to
" judge it to be that, more from its great activity than from its viſible appearance: I
" have examined it with great caution, and indeed apprehenſion, becauſe I have been
" frequently affected by it; yet with all my caution of ſtopping my noſe and mouth, I
" felt its effects. My ſervants who were in the place, or accidentally paſſing, were in-
" ſtantly ſeized with heat in the noſe and throat, and violent coughing. A perſon
" coming into the warehouſe from the air was affected by it immediately. The quality
" of both theſe ingredients, more particularly Euphorbium, is extremely noxious and
" dangerous when applied ſo as to be taken into the eyes, noſe, or mouth; it occa-
" ſions violent and extreme inflammation, diſcharge of watery humour from the eyes
" and noſe, and violent and intolerable heat in the throat; it will occaſion ulcerations
" in the throat: indeed when violent inflammation is excited in any part, there is no
" ſaying where ſuch ſymptoms may end, nor is there any reaſon why it may not pro-
" duce effects that will put an end to life.

" W. STOCK, Ludgate-hill."

For the further ſatisfaction of ſome members of this Committee, who are oppoſers of the Addreſs and proceeding ſigned by Mr. Fox, the Chairman of the Select Committee, offered to enter into the detail of the evidence, upon which the Select Committee had founded their report; and at the deſire of thoſe gentlemen, a reſpectable witneſs, who had not attended the Select Committee, was called in and examined by this Committee. The following Reſolutions were then unanimouſly agreed to:

Reſolved unanimouſly,

" That this Committee, conceiving a juſt indignation at the enormity of the pro-
" ceedings, ſtated in the report of their Select Committee, do continue the appointment
" of the ſaid Select Committee, and earneſtly requeſt them to purſue the moſt effectual
" methods for the diſcovery of the authors and inſtruments of the tumults and acts of
" outrage ſtated in their report; and more eſpecially to uſe their utmoſt endeavours to
" detect the contrivers and perpetrators of that attrocious attempt which diſgraces hu-
" manity and the manners of a free people.

Reſolved,

" That, for the furtherance of this object, immediate application be made to the
" Magiſtrates of Weſtminſter, and this Committee do hereby offer a reward of TWO
" HUNDRED GUINEAS to any perſon or perſons, who ſhall diſcover the parties
" concerned in preparing the ſaid bag and ingredients, or in throwing the ſame, know-
" ing the contents thereof; which ſum is placed in the hands of Meſſrs. Drummond
" and Co. Bankers, Charing-Croſs, to be paid on conviction of any of the offen-
" ders."

This buſineſs being ſettled, it was moved, that, " Whereas an advertiſement has ap-
" peared in ſeveral of the public papers, ſigned *John Churchill*, purporting that the
" tumult near the huſtings, in Weſtminſter Hall, on Saturday the 14th inſtant, was
" ſuch as to prevent the perſons neareſt the huſtings from hearing what fell either from
" Mr. Fox, or any of his friends,"

And reſolved (with one diſſentient)

" That it appears to this Committee, that no perſon, or number of perſons, aſſem-
" bled near the huſtings, for the purpoſe of interrupting the proceedings of the meet-
" ing, by tumult and clamour, have any right to impeach the validity of ſuch proceed-
" ings, under pretence that the propoſitions could not be diſtinctly heard when the
" ſeveral queſtions were regularly put by the Chairman of the Meeting, and decided

" according

" according to the uſual mode, by a ſhew of hands; and that the inſinuation contained " in the above mentioned advertiſement can only be conſidered as an attempt from the " minority who diſſented from the proceedings agreed on the 14th of February, to con- " vey an unfounded imputation upon the candour, fairneſs, and impartiality, which " characterize the conduct of the Chairman, as well as of a majority of Electors aſ- " ſembled on that day."

Adjourned to Friday the 27th of February inſtant, at twelve o'clock at noon.

JOHN BRETT, Chairman.

SHAKESPEARE MONTHLY MEETING.

This evening [*March* 12] there were aſſembled about ſix hundred of the principal Electors of Weſtminſter.

Colonel Stanhope took the Chair, and apologized for the abſence of General Burgoyne, one of the Stewards, and Mr. Fox, who were attending their duty in the Houſe of Commons, on Mr. Sawbridge's motion for a Parliamentary Reform. This was received (as it ought to be) with ſatisfaction; and then the uſual conſtitutional toaſts were given, and drank with every mark of approbation which could teſtify that the feelings of thoſe preſent ſprung from the trueſt ſenſe of real patriotiſm. Between the ſeveral toaſts, the company were highly entertained by Captain Morris, and Mr. Johnſtone, of Covent Garden Theatre, who alternately ſung; the one in a ſtile of wit and ſatire on the preſent times, which made the room reſound with plaudits at the end of each ſtanza; and the other with a voice, taſte, execution, and judgment, that gained him as much applauſe as man could deſire. Perhaps in the annals of ſong-writing there cannot be found a more pointed or a more humourous compoſition than that ſung by the Captain. It turned on the conduct of Mr. Pitt, and was ſo humouroufly and ſo poetically handled, that even the gravity of a prerogative Biſhop would have forſaken his Right Reverence, and made the head of the church laugh.

Immediately on the Houſe breaking up, which was about eleven o'clock, Mr. Fox, General Burgoyne, Lord Surrey, Lord Maitland, Colonel Fitzpatrick, Mr. Alderman Sawbridge, Mr. Sheridan, and many more Members of Parliament arrived.

Mr. Fox took the Chair, and ſaid he was detained by his duty in Parliament from having the honour to attend the meeting ſooner. He was ſorry to inform them that Mr. Alderman Sawbridge's motion for a Parliamentary Reform was negatived by a majority of *forty-eight*, the numbers being for the motion 143, and againſt it 191. This defeat he attributed to the friends of the preſent Miniſtry being for no Reform, and conſequently voting againſt the motion. He believed there might be about *eighty* of thoſe that always are conſidered to ſupport Adminiſtration, who on *this occaſion* took the oppoſite ſide to the Miniſter. He begged to retire for a ſhort time, as he had not dined; which having done, he returned, and drank the health of the Independent Electors of Weſtminſter; and afterwards that of Mr. Alderman Sawbridge.

Mr. Alderman Sawbridge, upon this, got up, and having politely returned thanks for the honour done him, begged that he might have liberty to ſay a few words on the ſubject of debate that day in the Houſe of Commons. His right honourable friend had informed them of the defeat of the *Parliamentary Reform*, ſo much wiſhed for by every true friend to the Conſtitution. This defeat, he ſaid, was now to be entirely aſcribed to the preſent Adminiſtration. It was their phalanx, and the jeſuitically-inſtructed conduct of the right honourable gentleman who apparently preſides there, which overthrew the motion. Nothing would have been more openly apparent to the purpoſe of nega-

tiving the queſtion than Mr. Pitt's ſpeech, although that gentleman himſelf voted for the queſtion. This, however, was not done with a view to make the friends of the Miniſter vote againſt the motion, for they had already received their inſtructions how to act. No :---It was done for the purpoſe of forcing the friends of Lord North to keep up *conſiſtency*, and give their negative as they had hitherto done. Every art of argument, every nerve of elocution was exerted to colour the right honourable gentleman's ſpeech ſo as to make it have that effect, and yet gave it that ſemblance and outward form of a contrary intention. Indeed the fate of the motion, and the conduct of the immediate ſervants of the Crown, proved this in the ſtrongeſt view of demonſtration. He added, that he had not on his mind one ſingle doubt of the PARLIAMENTARY REFORM taking place, if the Miniſtry had not laid their commands of interdiction. The device of Mr. Pitt's voting FOR IT, when the great body of Adminiſtration voted AGAINST IT, was too poor a ſubterfuge not to be diſcerned by the meaneſt capacity. But ſuppoſing Mr. Pitt to have acted from principle, yet here was a proof that he held in ESTIMATION and CONFIDENCE *that very Cabinet* who oppoſed him in one of the moſt eſſential requiſites to the benefit of the nation.

Lord Surrey informed the company, that the gentleman, named *Jack Robinſon*, had, with a choſen band, muſtered up ſtairs, during almoſt the whole of the debate, from whence he brought down his troops juſt previous to the diviſion. His Lordſhip ſaid the matter was clear as noon-day, that if the Miniſter *choſe*, the motion for a PARLIAMENTARY REFORM would have been carried. Every man in the Houſe did perceive, and he hoped every man out of the Houſe would ſee that Mr. Pitt, who talked ſo much of REFORM, was the very perſon who put a ſtop to it. It would be in vain for his friends to urge that he himſelf voted for it, when all mankind ſaw that his influence was againſt it.

After this the meeting grew extremely convivial, and Captain Morris was requeſted again to ſing his *Pitt-nurſing compoſition*, which, if poſſible, was received with louder plaudits than before.

WESTMINSTER MEEETING.

WILLIS's ROOMS, KING-STREET.

March 19.] This day there was the moſt reſpectable aſſemblage of the Electors of Weſtminſter that ever yet were convened on any public occaſion. The gentlemen began to aſſemble at about half paſt three, and were uſhered up into the great ball room, which at four o'clock was nearly filled; and before five the overflow filled the ſtair-caſe down to the hall in ſuch a manner, that it was impoſſible to paſs. The number amounted to Five Hundred and Forty, almoſt the whole of whom were what may be called very reſpectable and independent inhabitants of Weſtminſter.

At half paſt five the dinner room was opened, and nearly five hundred perſons ſat down at ſix tables, covered in a ſtile of public entertainment far beyond any thing of the kind that has ever before appeared for the accommodation of ſuch a number of people. There was no confuſion, no irregularity, and no want of any thing that could pleaſe the palate. The company did not come down until dinner was announced to be on the table, which created regularity and that polite etiquette, which are the diſtinguiſhed characteriſtics of a meeting of gentlemen. When the covers were taken off, there appeared a variety of every thing, fiſh in abundance of all ſorts, ſalmon, cods heads, &c. trout, ſoles, ſmelts, craw fiſh, &c. &c. roaſt beef, ſhoulders and legs of excellent houſe-

" lamb,

lamb, plentifully diſperſed and faſhionably ſet out, chickens, tongues, mock turtle, ſoups of all kinds, jellies, *blanche mange*, and apple pies, turkies, wild fowl, ſallads, &c.

As ſoon as dinner was over the following toaſts were drank:

Mr. Fox gave "the Independent Electors of the city of Weſtminſter;" "the Majeſty "of the People of England;" "the cauſe of freedom all over the world;" "the glorious "and immortal memory of King William the Third;" "the Conſtitution as eſtabliſhed "at the Revolution;" "the Champion of the Houſe of Commons, and may the people "emulate his example;" (the name of Fox here reſounded throughout the room); all theſe toaſts were drank with ſhouts of applauſe.

The Stewards propoſed, and Mr. Fitzherbert read the motion, "That it is the opi-"nion of this meeting, that the Right Hon. Charles James Fox ſhould be ſupported at "the next election for Weſtminſter." There was not a diſſenting voice---all joined in their wiſhes, and each ſeemed ſure of ſucceſs.

Mr. Fox roſe to thank the meeting for this diſtinguiſhed mark of their favour: he ſaid he had long experienced their friendſhip, and he hoped his conduct would continue to him that ſupport which firſt gave to him their eſteem and their good wiſhes; his endeavours had been for the public benefit; he became their repreſentative avowedly to leſſen the *undue influence* of the Crown; the Electors gave him their ſuffrages for that purpoſe, as one great feature of their countenance. He aſked if he had departed from that ſyſtem; if he had done any thing unconſtitutional, or that militated againſt his own and againſt his Conſtituents principles. He had no view but that of ſerving his country. Idle reports had gone abroad, and every influence was uſed to make him obnoxious to the people, but there was no reaſon, no argument to ſupport ſuch accuſations. He had ever dealt candidly by his conſtituents, and he hoped they would do ſo by him. He meant to ſtand a candidate for their favour on the next vacancy, unleſs the ſenſe of his preſent Conſtituents was againſt him; and that he not only hoped, but had every reaſon to imagine was not the caſe. The reſpectable meeting preſent, the numerous friends he ſaw among them, a conſcious and open uprightneſs in his conduct, and that zeal which he had ever poſſeſſed, and which he was reſolved to maintain for the well-being of the empire, convinced him that he had not loſt the confidence of his Conſtituents. He was their friend now, and let his ſituation be what it might, he ſhould ever continue ſo.

The Stewards gave "Succeſs to Mr. Fox's Election;" it was drank with *una voce* applauſe.

Mr. Fox gave "Alderman Sawbridge, and Succeſs to a Parliamentary Reform."

Mr. Withey ſaid, he could not paſs by this opportunity of publicly returning thanks to Mr. Fox for his conduct on that occaſion; and for the great though unſucceſsful ſupport he gave to that moſt deſirable object.

Mr. Sawbridge explained to the meeting in what manner Mr. Pitt acted on the motion for a Parliamentary Reform, and clearly pointed out, that although the Miniſter voted for the queſtion himſelf, yet he uſed every influence in his power with all his friends to vote againſt it.

Mr. Fox thought it neceſſary here to explain that his ſentiments and his conduct were what they ever had been on the Reform Bill. He wiſhed it from his heart; and had ſome hopes that as Mr. Pitt was Miniſter, and had got over to him *one hundred and thirty* of Lord North's friends, the meaſure might have been carried. But the matter was otherwiſe; and all the world now ſaw that there was no real intention to have ſuch a plan accompliſhed. Mr. Sawbridge, he ſaid, did not take up the motion until the queſtion had been aſked, whether Mr. Pitt meant really to purſue his Plan of Reform; and until an anſwer, amounting to a negative, was given. Then indeed he did propoſe it, and it met that fate of which the public were already advertiſed. He averred, that if Mr. Pitt really meant to ſupport the motion, it would have been carried. He again repeated

that his conduct was open, that his principles were known to every man, that he had not a thought of which the kingdom was not fully poſſeſſed, and that he hoped if there was any part of what he had done that was wrong, it might be made an open charge againſt him, and permiſſion given him to explain his conduct. All his preſent, all his former life were public. As long as his conſtituents thought him deſerving their favour, they would ſupport him; but if ever they deſerted him, he hoped they would explain their conduct for ſo doing, and point out where he had erred.

The next toaſts were,

" The Rights of the Commons, Conſtitutional Councils, and Reſponſible Adviſers."

" The Majority of the Houſe of Commons, and the Virtuous Minority in the Lords."

Captain Morris ſung his Conſtitutional Song, which got ſo much applauſe at the Shakeſpeare. It is epigrammatic in every line, and, without exception, one of the beſt pieces of political ſatire that ever was compoſed. The meeting were ſo pleaſed, that they returned him public thanks for it, and he in return thanked them in terms of politeneſs and reſpect.

Mr. Banniſter next ſung. It is unneceſſary to publiſh panegyric on a man who is uſually eſteemed, applauded, and in the higheſt reputation as a man of conviviality, as an actor, and as a ſinger. Mr. Moody was next called upon. Mr. Moody ſung an Iriſh ſong. Every body knew him---and in knowing it conſequently followed they muſt applaud. The next was a duet, " How Sweet in the Woodlands," by Banniſter and Johnſtone. This indeed was a muſical treat. It received ſuch applauſe as it deſerved, the hearty thanks of the company.

The next toaſt was, " the Duke of Portland and the Whig Intereſt," after which followed Lord Derby's ſong of " Liberty Hall."

" Lord Derby and Liberty Hall."

Lord Derby roſe, and very politely drank the health of the company in return, aſſuring them, that their applauſe would act as a ſpur to him to perſevere in their cauſe.

" His Royal Highneſs the Prince of Wales, and may the Princes of the Houſe of " Brunſwick ever countenance thoſe principles that ſeated their family on the Throne " of England."

" The Duke of Devonſhire, and the whole Houſe of Cavendiſh."

" Mr. Byng, and the independent Electors of Middleſex."

Mr. Byng returned thanks for the honour done him, and aſſured them that he felt a double ſatisfaction in finding his name coupled with ſo reſpectable a body as his Conſtituents.

" May the County of Stafford ever return Whig Members, and the Town of Staf- " ford perſons of equal virtue and abilities of Mr. Sheridan and Mr. Monckton."

Mr. Sheridan returned thanks for himſelf and his worthy colleague, and remarked, that the company being ſo numerous, ſo happy, and ſo convivial, he hoped they would meet again ſoon at the ſame place.

" The Cauſe for which Hampden bled in the field, and Sydney and Ruſſell on the " ſcaffold."

" Lord Keppel and the Navy of England."

Mr. Fox acquainted the meeting, that Thurſday next was appointed for the meeting at York, when it was to be decided whether that reſpectable county were for the Prerogative of the Crown in preference to the Rights of the People; after which he gave,

" Lord Fitzwilliam and Mr. Foljambe, with the reſt of the real, and not the pre- " tended, friends of the cauſe of Freedom in the county of York."

" A long pull, a ſtrong pull, and a pull all together."

" Lord Maitland and the other friends of Freedom in Scotland."

Lord

Lord Maitland politely returned thanks for the honour conferred on him; was happy that his conduct had met with their approbation, and aſſured them, that he knew of no better way to enſure it in future, than by a ſteady ſupport of their worthy Repreſentative, Mr. Fox.

" General Conway, the late Commander in Chief in England."

" General Burgoyne, late Commander in Chief in Ireland."

General Burgoyne remarked, that if relinquiſhing (for he could not call it ſacrificing) power and emolument, to ſupport a cauſe and a man, both of which he was attached to, no recompence could be half ſo flattering to him, as the honour he had received by the approbation of the company.

" Colonel Fitzpatrick, the late Secretary at War."

Colonel Fitzpatrick very politely returned thanks.

" Colonel Stanhope, a tried friend to the rights of the people of this country."

Colonel Stanhope aſſured the company, that he always ſhould be happy to give every aſſiſtance in his power to ſecure the rights of mankind in general, and of his country in particular.

" Colonel Hartley, a tried friend to the liberties of the people, and ſucceſs to his " election in the county of Berks."

Colonel Hartley returned thanks, and aſſured the company, that he ſhould always be happy to ſupport Mr. Fox, who, he was confident, would never either betray or deſert the cauſe of Freedom.

Several other toaſts were given, many good ſongs were ſung, and the following Gentlemen were choſe Stewards for the next dinner.

Lord Surrey	Colonel Fitzpatrick
Sir C. Barrow	Mr. Gardiner
General Burgoyne	Mr. Harcourt
Sir T. Wallace	Mr. Wallinger
Mr. Breton	Captain Morrice
Mr. Sheridan	Mr. Moore
Mr. Hume	Mr. Evans.

The Loſs of the Great Seal of England, on the Eve of the Diſſolution of Parliament, having cauſed various Speculations, we have ſelected the following Particulars from the different Papers of the Day, for the Satisfaction of our Readers.

March 26.] In the night between Tueſday and Wedneſday, one of the moſt extraordinary burglaries took place that has been known within this century. Some daring villains broke into the houſe of the Lord Chancellor, in Great Ormond-ſtreet, and carried off, undiſcovered, the *Great Seal of England*, the Mace, and the Purſe, beſides ſeveral articles of plate, and about forty guineas. This uncommon robbery created the greateſt conſternation in town; for that an event ſo ſingular ſhould happen at ſo critical a moment as on the eve of a diſſolution of Parliament, when the Great Seal was neceſſary to the Proclamation, naturally gives riſe to conjecture, and induces men, leſs prone to judge from conſtructive evidence than the Engliſh people confeſſedly are, to imagine that the robbery was a political manœuvre on one part or the other. The Seals, Purſe, and Mace, were not, as it has been reported, in the Seal Office, or as moſt

moſt of our former Chancellors were accuſtomed to ſecure them, during the night, in the chamber where he ſlept, but in a back room, the windows of which look into the fields, and where no watchman is within ſight. The Great Seal and Mace are made of ſilver; the firſt is about the ſize of a ſmall trencher, one part folds on the other, and it makes the impreſſion on both ſides of the wax. The Purſe is the bag in which the Seals are kept; it reſembles the ancient *pouch* of the Britons, and is ſtill an appendage of the Highland dreſs. The whole intrinſic value of the Great Seal and Mace is perhaps about 40l. but the coſt of the workmanſhip will be more than 200l.

Several curious queſtions ariſe on this extraordinare circumſtance. Can a Proclamation be iſſued without the Great Seal? Certainly not: But cannot the King, in his Council, conſtitute any ſeal, for the time being, the Great Seal of England---the head of Cæſar, or a Maid of Honour's thimble? Several lawyers yeſteday delivered it as their opinion that he could; while others ſaid, that this could only be done by the power of an act of Parliament. When James II. threw the Great Seal into the Thames, expedition was uſed in having another made. Another queſtion ariſes---Have we at this inſtant any Lord Chancellor at all? The act ſays, that "*taking away* the Seals deter- "mines the office."---Will the robbery be, in the legal conſtruction, *taking away* the Seal? Muſt he not be again ſworn into office, and the ceremonies be repeated on delivering to him his new Seal? The ceremony that conſtitutes any Seal the Great Seal of England is, that the King delivers the Seal into his hand before certain officers, and he is required to uſe it as the inſtrument of the King's pleaſure. The mere impreſſion cannot make it ſo, for that is in any engraver's power. The ceremony originally uſed in making any other Seal the Great Seal may now be uſed without requiring the particular figure of that which is loſt; but perhaps the Chancellor muſt again be ſworn.

Yeſterday morning the Lord Chancellor went early to Buckingham Houſe, to communicate the ſtrange circumſtance, and a Council was held on the occaſion.

The laſt attempt of this nature was made by the famous Colonel Blood, who, in the year 1671, formed the daring plan of carrying off the Crown from the Tower. Blood went with a woman, whom he called his wife, to ſee the regalia; he was habited like a clergyman, and having by various arts inſinuated himſelf into the good graces of Mr. Edwards, the Keeper, he made propoſals of marrying his nephew to the old man's daughter, and the 9th of March was fixed for an interview. At that time he went with three companions all armed with rapier-blades in their canes, and each with a dagger and a pair of piſtols. The old man was ready to receive his gueſts, and the daughter her gallant---Two of his companions went in with him, and the third ſtaid at the door to watch. As ſoon as they had entered the room where the Crown was kept, and the door, as uſual, ſhut behind them, they threw a cloak over the old man's head, and gagged his mouth. Having ſecured him from crying out, they plainly told him they were determined to have the Crown, Globe, and Sceptre, and if he would ſubmit to it, they would ſpare his life, otherwiſe he might expect no mercy. The old man making what noiſe he could, they knocked him down with a mallet, and as he ſtill ſtruggled, they gave him nine or ten ſtrokes more on the head with the mallet, and ſtabbed him in the belly. Concluding him dead, they omitted to tie his hands behind him; but proceeded immediately to the objects of their robbery. Parret, one of the companions, put the Globe into his pocket, Blood took the Crown under his cloak, and the third was beginning to file the Sceptre in two, when the ſon of Mr. Edwards, that inſtant on his retutn from Flanders, came to the door. Being thus diſturbed, they went off without the Sceptre; and the old man recovering his ſenſes, though dreadfully wounded, got up and called out "trea- "ſon! murder!" The daughter ſeeing him ruſhed out after the plunderers and called out "treaſon! ſtop thief! the Crown is ſtolen!" On this the alarm was given; but the deſperate

men, when they came to the drawbridge, diſcharged a piſtol at the head of one of the Warders, and got over; they then got through the outward gate upon the wharf, and were making haſte to their horſes, calling out themſelves, "Stop the ro-"gues!" But a Captain Beckman came up with them. Blood diſcharged his ſecond piſtol at the Captain's head, but miſſed him. He was then ſeized, and he had the audacity even then to ſtruggle for the Crown; when it was wreſted from him he ſaid, "It "was a gallant attempt, though unſucceſsful---it was for a Crown." The ſubſequent circumſtances were no leſs curious than the foregoing. He was examined by the King, and inſtead of being condemned to die, a penſion of 500l. a year was granted to him for his life.

On Tueſday night the moſt uncommon enormity, ſince the ſtealing of the Crown by Blood, was committed by ſome abandoned deſperadoes. The Lord High Chancellor's houſe in Great Ormond-ſtreet was broke open, and the Great Seal of England ſtolen from the office in which it was depoſited. The peculiar circumſtances of the affair ſhew clearly that it could not have been perpetrated by any common robber. On Thurſday it is univerſally expected that the Parliament will be diſſolved. This, it is well known, can be done only by proclamation; and to this proclamation it is neceſſary that the Great Seal be affixed. When we conſider, that this robbery happened on the eve of a diſſolution,---that a diſſolution muſt be fatal to the hopes of certain gentlemen, who have united themſelves into a party, as it ſhould ſeem, for the expreſs purpoſe of impeding public buſineſs; that the Seal itſelf could afford no temptation to robbers intent on booty alone, and above all, that without ſome particular object, that office could not have been peculiarly deſtined to plunder, we cannot heſitate to impute it to agents of the party alluded to. Their deſign, however, has proved abortive, a new Seal having been ordered to be made, which, it is expected, will be ready by to-morrow *.

A correſpondent aſſures us, that every account which has been given of the burglary in the Lord Chancellor's houſe is erroneous, and that the following ſtatement is minutely exact. The Great Seal of England was depoſited within a drawer, in a lone and unprotected back room upon the ground floor, expoſed to the open fields. No perſon ſlept upon the floor, or near ſo great and valuable a treaſure, although his Lordſhip's private property was cautiouſly lodged with the butler below ſtairs. The villains entered the window without difficulty or interruption, and conveyed away the Great Seal, thirty-five guineas, official fees belonging it, and the hilts of two ſwords, the property of his Lordſhip's officers: fortunately the Mace, which lay in a corner of the room, was concealed by a green cloth, and eſcaped notice.

The Great Seal, which was ſtolen from the Chancellor's back parlour laſt Wedneſday morning, weighed near ſeven pounds weight. If it was *pure* ſilver, it would prove a tolerable booty; but it will be moſt reaſonable to ſuſpect that it contained an alloy of *baſe metal!*

When the Chancellor miſſed the Great Seal, he exclaimed to his confidential officer, Macklin, "By G--d I have long ceaſed to make the *impreſſion* I wiſhed!"

The Great Seal conſiſts of two parts, about the ſize of a ſmall plate, one folding over the other, and the impreſſion made by it is on both ſides of the wax. The matter of which the Seal is compoſed is chiefly ſilver, in value about 30l. but the workmanſhip amounts to a vaſt deal more.

* This ingenious and grave aſſertion made its appearance in that wonderful and immaculate paper the *Morning Poſt*, ſo remarkable for new diſcoveries on every occaſion. We hope, however, the preſent Editor will at laſt *diſcover* that his paper is little read, and ſeldom *credited*. Our preſent little Miniſter, Maſter Billy, will, we fear, be under the neceſſity of taking all the impreſſions himſelf—indeed it might prove no impolitical ſtep. Put *Jack Robinſon* into a *News Walk*, he might diſtribute lies officially every morning wet from the preſs, and gain the Miniſter a few more friends.

The

The following extract from De Lolme, on the "Conſtitution of England," will explain how far the Great Seal is neceſſary in convening a Parliament.---"When the King "has determined to aſſemble a Parliament, he ſends an order for that purpoſe to the "Lord Chancellor, who, after receiving the ſame, ſends a writ under the Great Seal "of England to the Sheriff of every county, directing him to take the neceſſary mea- "ſures for the election of members for the county, and the towns and boroughs con- "tained in it. Three days after the reception of the writ, the Sheriff muſt, in his "turn, ſend his precept to the magiſtrates of the towns and boroughs, to order them "to make their election within eight days after the reception of the precept, giving four "days notice of the ſame. And the Sheriff himſelf muſt proceed to the election for "the county, not ſooner than ten days after the receipt of the writ, nor later than "ſixteen days."

The following, ſays a correſpondent, may be depended upon as an original letter:

"My dear Sir,

"A gang of ſcoundrels broke into my houſe laſt night, robbed me of ſome money, "and ſeveral things of value, amongſt which was the Seal, and be d-----d to them.

"Your's, affectionately,

G---t O------d-ſtreet, T----------W."
March 24, 1784.

The laſt public theft, prior to that of the *Great Seal*, was the ſtealing of the head of Edward the Confeſſor from his monument in Weſtminſter Abbey. The head of the ſtatue was of ſilver, and the body, which they left behind, of braſs. This happened in the time of Oliver Cromwell, and it was generally believed that Oliver *was privy to the matter*.

There are circumſtances attending the outrage of ſtealing the Great Seal, which create a ſuſpicion that it was not committed by common thieves. The critical period at which it happened, is too remarkable to be overlooked; and there being ſo little other damage done, though ſo much more was in the power of the robbers, adds ſtrength to the conjecture, and almoſt amounts to a proof, that there was no other object originally in view. Another corroborating circumſtance is, that, as the plunderers went ſo directly to the place where the Seal was depoſited, they muſt have been perſons well acquainted with the houſe, unleſs their infernal plot was aſſiſted by a connivance within doors; and even admitting this to have been the caſe, the ſame ſuſpicion remains in full force, as a combination with ordinary felons can hardly be ſuppoſed. But time will probably unveil this myſtery of iniquity, and ſhew the world what ſome men are capable of, when a deſperate ambition drives them to the laſt ſhift of revenge. Public diſtreſs is no object with them. If they are diſappointed, and cannot ſucceed in their wild and lawleſs ſchemes, they are determined they ſhall not ſuffer alone; but, as far as they are able, that all ſhall go to ruin along with them *.

When the *theft* of the *Great Seal* was firſt reported, the generality of people gave no credit to the circumſtance, but treated it as an idle ſtory; even the greateſt enemies to Faction, thoſe who have always dreaded the lengths which *deſperate men* will go, could not perſuade themſelves that ſuch an attempt would be made, much leſs would they believe ſuch an act *had been* committed. The fact now being fully eſtabliſhed, with all the aggravating circumſtances attending it, it behoves the people of this country, as they value their freedom, to be on their guard, and to be careful how they truſt legiſla-

* Another political ſpeculation from the Miniſter's *Morning Poſt*. Unfortunately for all theſe aſſertions, it happened the robbers were found out, and ſhocking to relate, it was diſcovered that neither the Duke of Portland nor Mr. Fox were the thieves, but two notorious houſebreakers, who had melted the Seal, and ſold it to a Jew. So, Mr. *Morning Poſt*, "how is it with ye?" But never mind, at it again.

tive

tive *power* in hands of men who do not heſitate to commit the *moſt unwarrantable acts* to gratify their *ambition*, and to infringe on the rights and liberties of their fellow-ſubjects *.

Every exertion is now making, and the whole army of *oppoſition ſcribblers* is in motion, to turn the late *theft* of the *Great Seal* into ridicule, and to perſuade the nation that it was a *deſigned party* affair; but there are too many *ſuſpicious* circumſtances attending it, for thoſe *ingenious* gentlemen to get over, before the leaſt degree of credit can be given to what they wiſh to be believed. The critical time at which it happened, when the Great Seal was ſo eſſentially neceſſary, and its uſe ſo *mal a-propos* to a *certain faction*, is too remarkable to be overlooked; the very little damage done, tho' ſo much was in the power of the robbers, the direct attack upon that very identical ſpot where the ſeal was depoſited, although other rooms in the houſe contained articles to a much greater value; and what is more remarkable, in the place, from whence the ſeal was taken, was caſh and valuables to a great amount, nearly all which they left behind---theſe circumſtances almoſt amount to a proof that no *common robber*, no *plunderer*, intent on the profits *only*, was concerned. Till theſe ſuſpicions can be controverted, men muſt and will judge according to appearances, which at preſent it muſt be acknowledged are very *unfavourable* to certain *well known* characters †.

In addition to the reports ſo *laudably* circulated laſt night among the Weſtminſter Electors, about the loſs of the *Great Seal and Chancellor's Mace*, we beg leave to add, from the ſame *reſpectable* and *unqueſtionablt* authority, that his Grace the Duke of *Portland* and the Right Honourable *Charles James Fox* were met about two o'clock on Tueſday morning in Great Ormond-ſtreet, with a *crow* and *dark lanthorn* in their hands, by *J. Rob----n*, the *Prerogative Rat-catcher*, who is ready to depoſe the ſame whenever he may be called upon for that *honourable purpoſe!*

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

Patents for the excluſive ſale of quack drugs, or the creation of Engliſh Peerages---- Apppointments to the high offices of State---Pardons for all manner of offences againſt the State---Titles---Eſtates---New names---Baronetages---Baronies---and Bankruptcies, ready to be granted, for a valuable conſideration,

Under the *Great Seal of England.*

For particulars apply to *Beetle Brow'd Ned*, Keeper of the *Great Seal*, in Duke's Place.

C------ F--- was obſerving to G--- S---I--n, at Brookes's, upon news of the Great Seal being ſtolen, that the Great Seal ought not to be entruſted to a man that does not know how to ſecure it. " You miſtake the matter, Charles (cries G----- S------) my friend Thurlow is Chancellor, and not Lord *Keeper* of the Great Seal.

The perſon or perſons who ſtole the Great Seal, will no doubt fabricate many royal patents; and among the firſt acts of their power, they will undoubtedly ſeal their own pardon.

It is now ſaid, that the Great Seal of England was taken away by ſome of the playfellows of the preſent Miniſter, who, being actuated by the ſame mad ambition, meant to clap the Great Seal to patents of peerage and penſions for themſelves, afterwards to ſeal their own pardon for the felony, and then return the Seal to *vigilant*, conſtitutional Guardian, deſiring him to take better care of it for the future.

* Stab away! Truth takes ſome murdering! Good Mr. Morning Poſt.

† Morning Poſt again in *full feather!*—We cannot help expreſſing our wiſh, that the public would pay ſome attention to the miniſterial ſtage of proſtitution this paper has attained to. Domeſtic ſcandal and political lies at preſent mark its pre-eminence over every other daily print; and we deem it right to record its *infamy to poſterity!* —" Let the galled jade wince."

The Great Seal, that was ſtolen, is not gold, but ſilver, gilt---is, from its weight, worth from twelve to twenty pounds.

One would imagine, from the robbing of the Chancellor's houſe being the ſole topic of converation amongſt all ranks of people, that the Great Seal had never been loſt before; but a correſpondent informs us (and a very remarkable circumſtance it is) that a ſimilar accident happened in the unfortunate reigns of John, Charles the Firſt, and James the Second.

A N E C D O T E.

Some years ago, a fiſherman between Lambeth and Vauxhall was drawing a net pretty cloſe to the channel, when he found a great weight entangled in it, which with difficulty he and his companion drew to ſhore. Upon examining what it ſhould be, they were utterly at a loſs. But having ſhewn it about, ſome wiſer heads than their own diſcovered it to be the Great Seal of England. This was a thing which occaſioned much ſpeculation. But at laſt it appeared, that King James, the night before he went away, had called for it from Lord Jefferies, who was then Chancellor, under pretence of making a ſecret uſe of it for pardons or grants; but when he determined to fly, he thought either that the bulk or weight of it made it inconvenient to carry, or that it was hereafter to be of no further uſe to him; and therefore that it might a little diſconcert his enemies, he had thrown it into the Thames. The fiſhermen, overjoyed at their good fortune, carried it to court, and received a handſome reward, though no uſe was ever made of it afterwards.

The grand larceny committed on the Great Seal of Great Britain, is, at length, fully come to light. It has, it appears, been perpetrated by ſpecial direction of the French Cabinet, at whoſe diſpoſal every thing in London is as perfectly as at Paris, our new metropolis. The object of the theft was, it ſeems, for the French King to have in his poſſeſſion the Great Seal of this country at hand, to ſet to the grants of the lands and poſſeſſions which he may have made to ſeveral of his French Nobility, who have lately been here, in notable numbers, in order to reconnoitre and to beg them of his moſt Chriſtian Majeſty, who could have no reaſon to doubt of their validity, far above the ridicule of diſpoſing of the Bear's-ſkin. He is but too ſenſible, that our national character has been long totally changed, and that a people who have ſo tamely ſubmitted to the total loſs of their honour, are not to be ſuſpected of having ſpirit enough left to defend their Liberty and Property.

From the LONDON GAZETTE, of Saturday, March 27, 1784.

At the Court at the Queen's Houſe, the 25th of March, 1784,

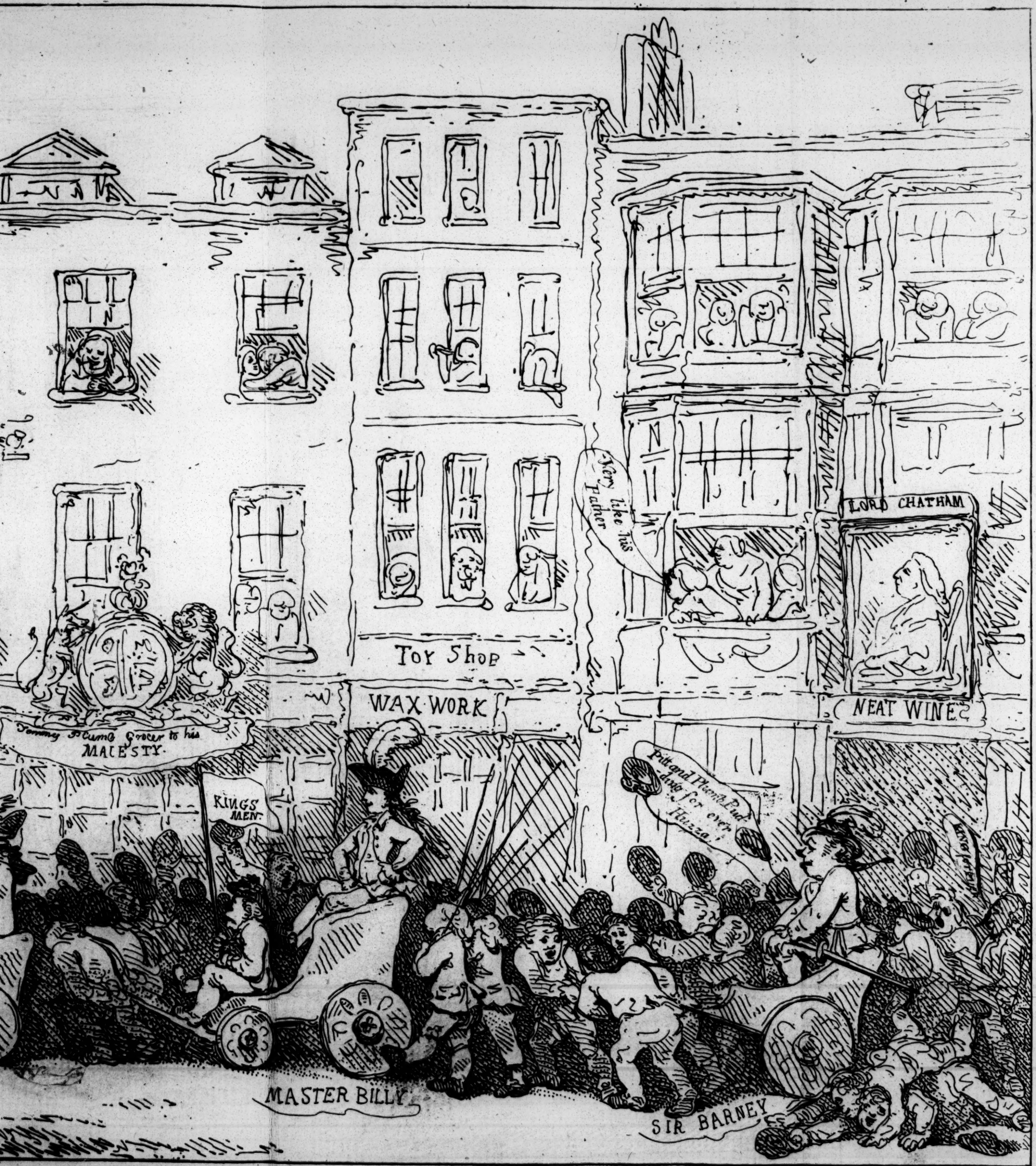
P R E S E N T,

The KING's Moſt Excellent Majeſty in Council.

" A new Great Seal of Great Britain having been prepared by his Majeſty's Chief " Engraver of Seals, in purſuance of a Warrant to him for that purpoſe, under bis Ma- " jeſty's Royal ſignature; and the ſame having been this day preſented to his Majeſty " in Council, and approved; his Majeſty was thereupon graciouſly pleaſed to deliver " the ſaid New Seal to the Right Honourable Edward Lord Thurlow, Lord High " Chancellor of Great Britain, and to direct that the ſame ſhall be made uſe of for ſeal- " ing all things whatſoever which paſs the Great Seal."

Mr.

MASTER BILLY'S PROCESSION



ION TO GROCERS HALL.

Pub. March 8. by W. Humphrey N° 227 Strand 1784

Mr. PITT's public Entry into the City on Saturday, February 28, 1784.

At two o'clock, the Committee of Common Council appointed to preſent the Thanks of the Court and the Freedom of this City to Mr. Pitt, ſet off from Guildhall to Berkeley-ſquare, in the following order:

Two Marſhalmen, with red and white cockades.
Four Conſtables, with ditto.
Two Marſhals, with cockades and ſaſhes.
Mr. Alderman Townſend, Chairman.
Mr. Alderman Wilkes.
Sir Thomas Halifax.
Sir Watkin Lewes.
Mr. Alderman Pickett.
Mr. Alderman Sanderſon.
Sir Barnard Turner.
Mr. Deputy Hilton and Mr. Deputy Young.
Mr. Sealey and Mr. Merry.
Mr. Deputy Percy and Mr. Anderſon.
Mr. Dornford and Mr. Pinhorn.
Mr. Withers and Mr. Dowling.
Mr. Kemble and Mr. Birch.
Mr. Toulmin and Mr. Wayell.
Mr. Town Clerk, and the Clerk of the Chamber.

About three o'clock, they arrived at Mr. Pitt's houſe, where they were very politely received. and Mr. Alderman Townſend preſented the Reſolutions; and at the ſame time addreſſed Mr. Pitt in a very elegant ſpeech, to which Mr. Pitt returned an anſwer couched in the warmeſt terms of reſpect.

The cavalcade then returned, amidſt the acclamation of applauding thouſands, to Grocers Hall, where Mr. Pitt received the freedom of the City, and afterwards was entertained with a moſt ſumptuous dinner, ſerved with the utmoſt elegance and profuſion.

At Temple Bar the proceſſion was formed in the following order:

Two Marſhalmen.
Conſtables, two and two.
Under City Marſhal on horſeback.
Standard Banner.
Six City Pendants, two and two; their trains ſupported by children, decorated with ſcarlet and white ribbons.
City State Banner.
The colours carried by the City Watermen, in ſcarlet jackets, ſilver badges, and ſcarlet and white caps.
Artillery Company's Muſic, two and two.
Committee in their carriages; their ſervants with blue cockades.
A large blue Pendant, with the words PITT AND THE CONSTITUTION.
Upper City Marſhal on horſeback.
Chairman of Committee with Mr. CHANCELLOR PITT*.
Mr. Pitt's friends, among whom were the Marquis of Carmarthen, and the Lords Temple, Chatham, (not the great Chatham! --ſon of him) Sydney, with ſeveral others of the Nobility, cloſed the Proceſſion.

* Our Printer has done well here to put him in capitals;—the *Boy* looks to advantage!

The entertainment at Grocers Hall was conducted with the greateſt regularity, and ſpent with conviviality. The following toaſts, among many others, were drank

" The Royal Family."
" The Conſtitution and Prerogative *."
" Mr. Pitt, Earls Chatham, and Temple."
" The inviolable preſervation of our chartered Rights †."
" The Lord Mayor and Aldermen ‡."

About eleven o'clock Mr. Pitt and friends took leave of the company, and on getting into his carriage was again drawn by the populace in like manner, as he had been from Charing-croſs to the Hall.

The proceſſion to the city on Saturday was conducted with the greateſt regularity: but the proceſſion from the city was moſt injudicious. There is a certain time when men's minds are inflamed beyond the controul of reaſon--it argues a great want of knowledge of mankind, in the conduct of public matters, not to be prepared againſt thoſe unhappy hours. This was the caſe on Saturday. Mr. Pitt returned through Weſtminſter in a triumphant manner, where it was well known there was a divided party. Thoſe oppoſite to his principles, among the multitude, naturally took offence; we ſay *naturally*, becauſe the mob are always guided by the occurrences of the moment, and ever act without properly inveſtigating the *cauſe*, or ſeriouſly conſidering the *effect*. It was, therefore, very improper to run the riſque of a popularity, ſupported by choſen friends, among an indiſcriminate multitude at night, where every man, acted either as his particular intereſt, the fumes of his wine, the ſpirits of his punch, or the mad conſequences of gin, directed. The want of proper advice on this occaſion ſubjected Mr. Pitt's paſſage through St. James's-ſtreet to a moſt indecent outrage againſt the peace. The populace there attacked him about half paſt twelve o'clock, firſt with hiſſes and groans, and then with more miſſile weapons, until the tumult of popular rage at laſt roſe to a complete riot, and the poor men, harneſſed to the carriage, were obliged to quit their traces, and act *ſe defendendo*. The aſſailants being much more numerous than the ſupporters, the carriage remained at the mercy of the people, and was inſtantly demoliſhed. Mr. Pitt eſcaped into the Hotel without receiving any injury, except what the ſurprize of ſo unexpected an attack occaſioned. Had Mr. Pitt retired privately from Grocer's Hall, all this miſchief might have been avoided.

The illuminations on Saturday were tolerably univerſal as to the houſes along the Strand and Fleet-ſtreet, but in reſpect to the lights, they were extremely partial. A mob went about with threats, and conſequently the people put up candles to ſave their windows; but the judgment of being attached to the cauſe was only to be found in the number, and the full illuminations were very few in compariſon to thoſe of a contrary deſcription. This is a fair ſtate of the caſe; and ſuch as comes home to every unbiaſſed perſon's underſtanding.

The following is Mr. Wilkes's ſpeech to the Right Honourable Mr. Pitt, when he received the freedom of the city of London:

" SIR,

" I give you joy, and I congratulate the city of London on the important acquiſition " it has this day made. I reckon it, Sir, among the moſt fortunate events of my life, " that I have the honour of being directed by the unanimous reſolution of the Lord " Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Council, to enroll your name in the archieves of

* A conjunction perfectly agreeable with the ideas of Mr. PREROGATIVE *Pitt*.

† We apprehend the Printers of the day made a miſtake here. The toaſt, as originally put, muſt have been " The *inviſible* preſervation of our Chartered Rights."

‡ *Conſtitution* would have joined well to this toaſt.

" this

" this metropolis among thoſe princes and heroes who have been the benefactors of our " country, and the friends of mankind, with the glorious deliverer of this nation, with " the hero of Culloden, with the illuſtrious Stateſman, from whom you derive your " deſcent. The city of London, Sir, with pride and exultation, now behold revived " in the ſon thoſe ſolid virtues, ſhining talents, and powerful eloquence, which they " long admired in the father; but above all, that generous love of our country, and its " divine Conſtitution, ſuperior to the groveling, ſordid views of private ſelf-intereſt, " or perſonal ambition. You have, Sir, thus early in your miniſterial career, com- " manded the eſteem and admiration of this city and nation, by a noble act of diſin- " tereſtedneſs in favour of the public, for which I believe you ſcarcely could find a pre- " cedent, nor I fear will you be imitated by any future Miniſter.

" We look up, Sir, to that ſuperior ability, and purity of public virtue, which diſ- " tinguiſh you, for the reformation of many abuſes, as well as the ſteady protection of " our chartered rights, property, and freedom. The Adminiſtration of your noble " father gave us ſecurity at home, carried the glory of this nation to the utmoſt height " abroad, and extended the bounds of the empire to countries, where the Roman Eagle " never flew. A late Adminiſtration undertook an unjuſt and wicked war, which diſ- " membered the empire by depriving us of our moſt valuable colonies, and has brought " us almoſt to the brink of bankruptcy. To reſtore this kingdom to any degree of " proſperity and greatneſs, demands the utmoſt exertions of virtue and ability, with " every ſupport both of the Crown and People at large. I hope you will meet with " both, and I know how high you ſtand in the confidence of the public. Such is to " be done, but you have youth, capacity, and firmneſs. It is the characteriſtic of a " true patriot never to deſpair, and we have a well-grounded hope of your making us " again a great, powerful, happy, and united people, by a ſteady, uniform, wiſe, and " diſintereſted conduct. Your noble father, Sir, annihilated party, and I hope you " will in the end beat down and conquer the hydra of faction, which now rears its " hundred heads againſt you. I remember his ſaying, that *for the good of the people, he* " *dared to look the proudeſt connections of this country in the face.* I truſt that the ſame " ſpirit animates his ſon, and as he has the ſame ſupport of the Crown and the People, " I am firmly perſuaded that the ſame ſucceſs will follow *."

Mr. Pitt's anſwer to Mr. Chamberlain Wilkes:

" SIR,

" I beg to return you my beſt thanks for your very obliging expreſſions. Nothing " can be more encouraging to me, in the diſcharge of my public duty, than the coun- " tenance of thoſe, whom, from this day, I have the honour of calling my fellow- " citizens."

The

* As an inſtance of the " Beauties and deformities of John Wilkes, Apoſtate," (to uſe a phraſe of John Stockdale, the Piccadilly publiſher of ridiculous memory) we here ſubjoin, by way of note, Mr. Wilkes's idea of Lord Chatham's character, when Mr. Pitt, and at a time too this truly great man was rendering the higheſt ſervices to his country.

" Of all political adventurers, Mr. Pitt has been the moſt ſucceſsful, according to the venal ideas of modern " ſtateſmen. Pulteney ſold the people only for a barren title. The mercenary Pitt diſpoſed of his popularity " like an Exchange Broker. Beſides the ſame *title* with the other apoſtate, Pitt ſecured from the Crown a large " *family penſion*, and the lucrative *ſinecure of the Privy Seal*, which he held for a few years. His retreat into the " Houſe of Lords was a political demiſe. He *paſſed away*, but is not yet quite forgotten. His treachery to the " cauſe of the people ſtill loads his memory with curſes.

" He raiſed himſelf to the greateſt offices of the ſtate by the rare talent of command in a popular Aſſembly. " He was indeed born an orator, and from nature poſſeſſed every outward requiſite to beſpeak reſpect and " even awe. A manly figure, with the eagle-face of the famous Conde, fixed your attention, and almoſt " commanded reverence the moment he appeared, and the keen lightening of his eye ſpoke his haughty fiery " ſoul, before his lips had pronounced a ſyllable. His *tongue dropp'd venom.* There was a kind of faſcination in " his look, when he eyed any one *aſkance.* Nothing could withſtand the force of that contagion. The fluent " Murray has faultered, and even Fox ſhrunk back apalled from an adverſary *fraught with fire unquenchable*, if

" I may

The following Selection of Advertiſements, Hand-bills, &c. publiſhed and diſtributed a little previous to and during the Election, on the Part of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, we can aſſure our Readers, is moſt faithfully and impartially made. The friends of thoſe two Candidates will find it a complete *Arrangement of every thing of the Kind made public by their Committees, and other temporary Writers, who exerted themſelves in their Cauſe. The like Care and Impartiality will be ſhewn when we come to ſelect for Mr. Fox. This Conduct we hope will ſecure to us the applauſe of* both *Parties.*

ADVERTISEMENT.

To the Worthy and Independent Electors of the City and Liberty of Weſtminſter.

Gentlemen,

The approbation you have expreſſed of the public principles on which I have acted as your Rrepreſentative in Parliament, makes me, with great confidence ſolicit the honour of your ſupport, in caſe a diſſolution takes place.

Should you again honour me with your ſuffrages, the ſame independency and zeal for your ſervice, and for the cauſe of the public, ſhall continue to be my line of conduct.

I have the honour to be,
Gentlemen,
With the greateſt reſpect,
Your moſt grateful and obedient ſervant,

Great George-ſtreet, March 23, 1784. CECIL WRAY.

" I may borrow the expreſſion of our great Milton. He always cultivated the art of ſpeaking with the moſt in-
" tenſe care and application. He has paſſed his life in the culling of words, the arrangement of phraſes, and
" choice of metaphors; yet his theatrical manner did more than all, for his ſpeeches could not be read. There
" was neither ſound reaſoning, nor accuracy of expreſſion, in them. He had not the power of argument, nor
" the correctneſs of language, ſo ſtriking in the great Roman orator, but he had the *verba ardentia*, the bold,
" glowing words. This merit was confined to his ſpeeches; for his writings were always cold, lifeleſs, and
" incorrect, totally void of elegance and energy, ſometimes even offending againſt the plaineſt rules of con-
" ſtruction. In the purſuit of eloquence, he was indefatigable. He dedicated all his powers and faculties, and
" he ſacrificed every pleaſure of ſocial life, even in youth, to the ſingle point of talking well,

" Multa tulit fecitque puer; ſudavit et alſit;
" *Abſtinuit venere et vino.*

" to a greater degree than almoſt any man of this age.

" He acknowledged, that when he was young, he *always* came late into company, and left it early. He af-
" fected at firſt a ſovereign contempt of money, and when he was Paymaſter, made a parade of two or three
" very public acts of diſintereſtedneſs. When he had effectually duped his credulous friends, as well as a timid
" miniſtry, and obtained enormous legacies, penſions, and ſinecure places, the maſk dropped off. Private in-
" tereſt afterwards appeared to be the only idol to which he ſacrificed. The old Duke of Newcaſtle uſed to ſay,
" *That Mr. Pitt's talents would not have got him forty pounds a year in any country but this.*"

" At his entrance into Parliament, he attacked Sir Robert Walpole with indecent acrimony, and continued
" the perſecution to the laſt moment of that Miniſter's life. He afterwards paid ſervile and fulſome compli-
" ments to his memory, not from conviction, as appeared from many other particulars, but to get over a few
" Walpolians. He had no fixed principle, but that of his own advancement. He declared for and againſt conti-
" nental connections, for and againſt German wars, for and againſt Hanoverian ſubſidies, &c. ſtill preſerving an
" unbluſhing, *unembarraſſed* countenance, and was the moſt perfect contradiction of a man to himſelf which the
" world ever ſaw. If his ſpeeches in Parliament had been faithfully publiſhed to the Engliſh, ſoon after they
" were delivered, as thoſe of Demoſthenes and Cicero were to the Greeks and Romans, he would have been
" very early detected, and utterly caſt off by his countrymen. He is ſaid to be ſtill living at *Hayes in Kent.*"

ADVER-

ADVERTISEMENT.

To the Worthy and Independent Electors of the City and Liberty of Weſtminſter.

Gentlemen,

Impreſſed with the deepeſt ſenſe of gratitude for the very diſtinguiſhed honour done me, upon a former occaſion, whilſt I was abroad in the ſervice of my King and country, and having now received the moſt flattering teſtimonies from various quarters, that the worthy Electors at large continue to think very favourably of me, I preſume to offer myſelf a Candidate to repreſent this great and truly reſpectable City in Parliament, whenever a diſſolution ſhall take place; and ſhould I be ſo fortunate, Gentlemen, as to become the object of your choice, I moſt readily pledge myſelf to be vigilant and zealous in my duty, to act in full conformity to your wiſhes, and on all occaſions to endeavour to prove myſelf,

Your very faithful ſervant,

Dover-ſtreet, March 23, 1784. HOOD.

ADVERTISEMENT.

To the Independent Electors of the City and Liberty of Weſtminſter.

Gentlemen,

Having had the honour of being called upon by a very conſiderable body of the worthy and independent Electors of the city of Weſtminſter to offer ourſelves as joint candidates to repreſent this great and reſpectable city in Parliament on the approaching election; we beg leave to ſolicit the honour of your countenance and ſupport; and if we ſhould be ſo fortunate, through your voluntary ſuffrages, to become your Repreſentatives, we ſhall endeavour to acquit ourſelves in the high and important truſt with zeal and fidelity, and we truſt in full conformity to your ſentiments and wiſhes.

We have the honour to be,
Gentlemen,
Your moſt faithful and obedient ſervants,

Cannon Coffee-houſe, March 24, 1784.

HOOD.
CECIL WRAY.

ADVERTISEMENT.

To the Worthy and Independent Electors of Weſtminſter.

Having been groſsly miſrepreſented in what I ſaid relative to Chelſea Hoſpital, I think it neceſſary to inform the public, that I ſaid in the Houſe of Commons, "That I did "not wiſh to ſee the proviſion made for Military Officers annihilated; on the contrary, "I do not think the honourable retreats for ſuch meritorious men ſufficiently nume- "rous; much leſs did I hint at reducing the ſubſiſtence of the hardy veterans. The "whole that I meant to apprize the Houſe of, was, that taking in the expence of the "inſtitution---the ſalaries of men, not military, and the neceſſary repairs of the build-

"ings,

" ings, by dividing that ſum by the number of penſioners, the expenditure per man was
' fifty-one pounds five ſhillings.
" I then thought, and I now think, that if each man in that hoſpital was allowed
" twenty pounds per annum, and to live where his connections and friendſhips led him
" to, that he would live more happily---and an overplus remaining, which would pro-
', vide for one thouſand out-penſioners as letter-men; a charity more extenſive, and
" devoutly to be wiſhed for.

Great George's-ſtreet, CECIL WRAY.
March 29, 1784.

ADVERTISEMENT.

WESTMINSTER ELECTION.

The Committee for conducting the Election of the Right Honourable Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, Bart. will meet this and every evening, preciſely at ſeven o'clock, at Wood's Hotel, Covent Garden.

Wood's Hotel, March 27, 1784.

ADVERTISEMENT.

To the Worthy Electors of the City and Liberty of Weſtminſter.

Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray have the honour to return their moſt grateful thanks to thoſe worthy Electors who have promiſed them their ſupport; and having been very ſucceſsful in their canvaſs, they take the liberty to requeſt that ſuch Electors as have not yet been waited upon perſonally (which is intended to be done as ſoon as poſſible) will kindly impute it to the ſhortneſs of time ſince the diſſolution of Parliament, and the neceſſity they have been under of attending the public meetings.

Wood's Hotel, 27th March, 1784.

ADVERTISEMENT.

WOOD's HOTEL.

At a meeting of the General Committee for conducting the Election of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray.

Reſolved unanimouſly,

" That the miſconſtruction put upon Sir Cecil Wray's declaration in the Houſe of
" Commons reſpecting Chelſea Hoſpital, is malignantly intended and founded in falſe-
" hood and diſhonour."

JOHN CHURCHILL, Chairman.

ADVERTISE-

ADVERTISEMENT.

To the Independent Electors of Weſtminſter.

Gentlemen,

The plan which I juſt hinted at in Parliament, relating to Chelſea Hoſpital, having been ſo totally miſunderſtood, even by ſome of my good friends and Conſtituents, I think it incumbent upon me to aſſure them in particular, and the Electors in general, that a juſt and ſeaſonable œconomy in the ſtate, and the additional comfort and advantage of the brave and deſerving invalids, were the only objects of my wiſhes and intention; and I will venture to pledge my word to the partakers of this great charity,) ſo honourable to themſelves and their fellow-ſubjects, that if ſuch plan ſhould hereafter be adopted, every Penſioner will have reaſon to bleſs that Parliament which ſhall have brought about ſo uſeful and ſo laudable a reformation.

Wood's Hotel, March 29, 1784. CECIL WRAY.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Anſwers to the Queries to Sir Cecil Wray.

March 29, 1784.] Firſt, Sir Cecil Wray, at the requeſt of a great part of his Conſtituents, did propoſe a ſlender tax upon maid ſervants.

2d. Every man is by nature and humanity bound to protect the ſex; but, ſurely, no ſophiſtry can be clearer, no abſurdity can be greater, than to ſuppoſe that a tax of a few ſhillings per annum on female ſervants would border the leaſt upon oppreſſion, would be the leaſt calculated to increaſe proſtitution, or to deſtroy the means of female ſubſiſtence. Men who ſeriouſly think this (if any ſuch there can be) muſt eſtimate female virtue at a very low rate, and be very ſuperficial judges either of the expences or the paſſions of women. But after all, ſuch tax would in reality fall upon the maſter or miſtreſs; wages would not be lowered by it, neither would the number of ſervants be diminiſhed to any degree deſerving of attention.

3d. 4th. 5th. 6th. Sir Cecil Wray did declare it to be his wiſh that Chelſea Hoſpital ſhould be aboliſhed, and that the inſtitution ſhould be regulated.

But no man, perhaps, was leſs ignorant of the wiſe and humane intentions of its founder and ſupporters; and no man more deſirous of ſeeing ſuch intentions fully anſwered than Sir Cecil Wray, whoſe feelings, both as a ſoldier and as a man, do him the greateſt honour in the opinion of all who have his friendſhip or acquaintance. However impolitic, however hard and oppreſſive this plan may appear at firſt ſight, yet the man that can, the man that will reflect but one moment, muſt more than acquit the heart and deſign of Sir Cecil towards the gallant penſioners whom he only wiſhes to ſee ſtill better rewarded, and ſtill more comfortably ſupported.

7th. Sir Cecil was, doubtleſs, indebted to Mr. Fox for his introduction into Weſtminſter; the chief condition of this favour was, that Sir Cecil, in conjunction with his friend, ſhould always adhere to the inſtructions of his Conſtituents. Sir Cecil fulfilled this condition; Mr. Fox broke it. Sir Cecil did indeed deſert Mr. Fox, but it was not till Mr. Fox had deſerted himſelf, and loſt the confidence and good opinion of the far greater part of his conſtituents which a few days will prove beyond all poſſible contradiction.

9th. The party, with whom Sir Cecil has now formed a junction, have no league againſt the juſt power of the Houſe of Commons; for this is too great an abſurdity even to ſuppoſe: This party, with Sir Cecil, only meant to call no one branch of the legiſlature independent of the other two, but wiſely and reſolutely contend, that the dignity of the Crown, and the rights of the people, be ever conſidered as inſeparable by every faithful Member of the Senate.

10th. The laſt query we ſhall beg leave to anſwer in the ſtrongeſt affirmative, and in the interrogator's own words; "that good women, brave men, and virtuous ſtateſmen, "muſt ever eſteem Sir Cecil Wray in a private, and ſupport him in a publick cha- "racter."

QUERIES addreſſed to Mr. FOX.

Whatever may be thought of your abilities, can you aſſume any credit to your-ſelf from your actions, or are not rather your *ſpeeches* the ſole criterion of your merit.

Did you not firſt emerging out of the obſcurity of a college, embrace the deciſive principles of a TORY, and act up to them with ſo much earneſtneſs and violence as aſtoniſhed the *Jacobites* themſelves, till a perſonal difference with Lord North, drove you to ſeek refuge among the whigs?

Did you not during the period above mentioned, ſignalize yourſelf for your ſeverity againſt individuals, who had oppoſed the corrupt meaſures of the Miniſtry, and fallen under the cenſure of parliamentary privilege, by exerting the undoubted rights of a Britiſh ſubject?

Did you not, when you were obliged to abandon all hope of regaining an official ſituation, proclaim yourſelf the friend of the people, and an advocate for *thoſe rights*, which you had been before ſo ſtrenuous to *annihilate?*

Did you not, for the ſpace of about eight years, declare your abhorrence of every act and every principle of Lord North, as a Miniſter and *as a man*, till you found it neceſſary for your mutual intereſt to unite in cajoling and oppreſſing the public?

Did you not expreſs your *terror* at the ſuppoſed idea, of Lord Shelburne's deſign, to bring Lord North again into the Cabinet?

Did you not, while in oppoſition to Lord North, repeatedly manifeſt in the moſt explicit manner your *contempt* for a majority of the Houſe of Commons?

Did you not, in 1778, upbraid Lord North for his indecent neglect of the *ariſtocratic* body?

Were you not a moſt earneſt advocate for aſſociations in 1780, and did you not contend that the ſenſe of the people is to be collected at thoſe aſſemblies?

Have you not ſince declared, that the people are not competent to decide for themſelves, and that the ſenſe of the people is only to be collected through their *pretended* repreſentatives?

Did you not call Lord North a *plunderer* for making ſome little innovation in the Eaſt India Charter; and have you not ſince brought a bill into Parliament, by which that charter was to be totally ANNIHILATED, *for the benefit of the proprietors and the public?*

Did you not, in ſpeaking to the Wiltſhire meeting, lament that you were often obliged to addreſs yourſelf to a corrupt body of men; and have you not ſince, with the moſt nauſeous and diſguſting repetition, deſanted on the *dignity* and *incorruptibility* of the Houſe of Commons?

Have

Have you not uniformly, when a candidate for Weſtminſter, cringed in the moſt wretched manner to the ſcum of the Electors, and made promiſes which you neither *could* nor *would* perform?

Have you not, by ſimilar promiſes, and by preſents to a few, while the means were in your power, ſecured to yourſelf the intereſt of *all the venal ſcribblers* in this metropolis?

Did you not, by a promiſe to divide the ſpoils of the Eaſt India Company, gain over a majority of the Houſe of Commons, no leſs venal and corrupt than thoſe *gentlemen of the quill* above alluded to?

Have you ever *done* any thing for your country? Have you not impeded the deſigns of ſeveral Miniſters, which *might* have been attended with advantage? Has not your political life been a conſtant ſyſtem of *profeſſions* and *promiſes*, which you have obſerved as beſt ſuited the neceſſities of the day? Finally, Do you not laugh among your boſom companions at the *dupes* you have made, as well in the Houſe of Commons, as amidſt the wiſe Electors of the city of Weſtminſter?

Reaſons humbly offered to the worthy Electors of Weſtminſter, ſhewing they ought to elect the Honourable COGDIE SHUFFLECARD REYNARDINE to be their Repreſentative in Parliament.

1ſt. He hopes it will not be forgotten, that the nation has already had a ſpecimen of the integrity of his family in an office of great truſt, on account of which a conſiderable balance ſtill remains undiſcharged.

2dly. When it is conſidered with what admirable œconomy he has conducted his own private finances, his ability to conduct thoſe of the nation cannot be doubted.

3dly. The great eſtates, which he is poſſeſſed of, will prove an undeniable ſecurity for his not loading the landed property with freſh taxes, of which he muſt neceſſarily bear ſo conſiderable a proportion.

4thly. He humbly hopes his conſiſtent behaviour, ever ſince he has been a public character, particularly in the late Parliament, as well as his ſtrenuous attempts to facilitate the public buſineſs, will not be overlooked.

5thly. He flatters himſelf he ſhall not be accuſed of arrogance in requeſting the attention of the electors to his moral character, and particularly his hatred to that prevalent and moſt pernicious vice of gaming.

6thly. Conſcious of his merits with the commercial part of the electors, particularly thoſe concerned with the Eaſt India Company, he hopes not to over-rate his pretenſions in claiming their votes and intereſt.

N. B. If he ſhould enjoy the happineſs of being the object of their choice, he promiſes to be their faithful Repreſentative, by declaring his own opinion freely, and conſulting their ſentiments on the next general election. He pledges himſelf to adhere to his principles, without adding to their number, and invariably to maintain their intereſts, which he conſiders as his own; neither of which he was ever known to overlook, ſo long as they were connected with each other.

REASONS for not chooſing Lord HOOD.

Becauſe he is not, nor ever was, of any party or faction.

Becauſe he has been ſecond in command, in the moſt glorious ſea fight, that ever happened in the annals of England.

Becauſe he preſerved the Britiſh iſlands in the Weſt-Indies, from falling a prey to a ſuperior French fleet.

Becauſe he was in poſſeſſion of the command of a fleet before Lord Keppel was made a Viſcount, and Firſt Lord of the Admiralty, for not fighting the French fleet on the 27th of July, 1778.

REASONS for chooſing Sir CECIL WRAY.

Becauſe Mr. William Pitt refuſed to become a TOOL of the Weſtminſter Committee.

Becauſe Sir Cecil ſerved his country for three years as a Captain of militia.

Becauſe the borough of Retford in Nottinghamſhire refuſed to chooſe any longer a perſon of known republican principles.

Becauſe a *Secretary of State* takes a new method of aboliſhing the influence of the Crown in matters of Election.

Becauſe it is improper that either of the Members for the city of Weſtminſter ſhould have a farthing of property in that city.

ADVERTISEMENT.

To the Worthy Electors of Weſtminſter.

The early appearance of the friends of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray is earneſtly requeſted this morning at the place of Election in Covent Garden.

April 1ſt, 1784.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The worthy Electors of Weſtminſter, in the intereſt of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, are reſpectfully acquainted, that Suffolk's Auction Rooms, (late Barford's) under the Piazza, Covent Garden, and Patterſon's Auction Rooms, in King-ſtreet, are opened for their reception during the Poll.

April 1ſt, 1784.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The libel and forgery contained in an advertiſement of yeſterday, dated Wood's Hotel, in the name of Lord Hood's and Sir Cecil Wray's Committee, and ſigned John Churchill, betray a total want of principle and honour, and fairly come within the reach of the law.

law. But independently of any law proceſs which may hereafter take place, the falſe reaſoning that this advertiſement holds out to the public, really ſhews a want of good ſenſe, as the intention or tendency of it ſhews a want of manly probity. Becauſe the Committee did not hear Sir Cecil Wray deliver his opinion reſpecting Chelſea Hoſpital in the Houſe of Commons, they could not hear him deliver the very ſame words in the Committee Room. And becauſe they could not form a judgment of a ſpeech ſpoken in Parliament where they were not preſent, the Committee could not poſſibly form any juſt judgment of the very ſame ſpeech ſpoken in a room where they were preſent. Fallacious logic ſurely! and muſt be ſeen through by every honeſt mind. This ſpeech was very minutely conſidered by the Committee! and what it may want in elegance, was unanimouſly thought to be fully made up by integrity of deſign, and utility of purpoſe; inſomuch that this circumſtance, which at firſt appeared to injure Sir Cecil Wray in his Election, has moſt juſtly aſſiſted him in it, and made his ſucceſs, from probable, become certain.

April 1.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Part of the Etiquette to be obſerved in Covent Garden this Day.

No Iriſh chairmen are to be ſuffered to come within ſight of the huſtings.

Ten millions of hand-bills are to be diſperſed to miſrepreſent what Sir Cecil Wray ſaid of Chelſea Hoſpital.

Several ſpecimens of a poiſoned bag are to be exhibited, but without any further deſign of mortality than what naturally befals a defeated Candidate.

April 1, 1784.

QUERIES to the late Man of the People.

Were you not intimately connected with the *unfortunate Tyrie* (who was executed at Portſmouth for conveying intelligence to the enemies of this country) and in company with him the greateſt part of the day and night previous to his being apprehended?

Did you not agree with a man who ſtands on the records of the Court of King's-bench, *in ſeveral inſtances*, as the confederate of the ſaid *Tyrie to bring him into Parliament for the ſum of* 2000 *l.*

Did you not, Judas like, receive that ſum, 2000l. the price of your country's blood?

When the Electors of ——— diſcovered that you meant to ſell them to ſuch a character (*out of your great reſpect to an equitable Repreſentation, and the dignity of the Houſe of Commons---your preſent boaſt*) Did they not alike virtuouſly reprobate your preſumption?

Did not Mr. Tyrie's partner oblige you to refund the 2000l. and alſo a conſiderable ſum for expences which you had involved him in, under the pretence of bringing him into Parliament?

Did you not know that the 2000l. paid to you *was the property of Tyrie?*

Who were the two *great men at that time in oppoſition* alluded to in Tyrie's Letter *, wrote by himſelf the night previous *to his execution*, as having amuſed him to the laſt moment with an aſſurance of pardon if he would perſevere in ſecrecy?

* Vide the public prints of that day for Tyrie's letter.

Queſtion

Queſtion and Anſwer.

Why does Charles Fox ſtand ſingly?
Becauſe a WRAY of rectitude diſdains to ſhine on him, and
A HOOD cannot hide his profligacy.

For the Benefit of Carlo Khan's Committee.

This and every day during the Election, will be performed at the Theatre in Covent Garden, by his Majeſty's late Servants, a New Comedy, called

The RESTORATION of OLIVER II. Or, The TRIUMPH of FACTION.

Dictator, the Man of the People, in America, by Mr. Blackbeard;
Charter, by Mr. Jack L---e;
Deſperado, alias Swindling Dick, by Mr. O'Br--n;
Scandal, by the Rev. Mr. B---e;
Marplot, by Mr. B-r-sf--d;
Jack Straw and King Diſmal, by Mr. Sh-r-d-n;
Welch Judge, alias Bully, by Sir W. B-aldw-n (Knight of the Bruſh);
Bribe'em and Break Peace, by Dick Sw-ft (Deputy Conſtable);
Belly, by Counſellor R-n-ingt-on;
Perjury, alias Face, by Mr. Ec-l-s;
Sir Pewter Pot, by Sam Houſe;
Iriſh Chairman, &c. &c. properly armed as uſual, under the command of Captain H-ng-r (in diſguiſe).

Between the Play and Entertainment will be performed, in the neweſt faſhion,

THE COALITION MINUET,

By Sir Jeffery Dunſtan and the Ducheſs of P--tl-nd.

The Muſic will be accompanied with Marrow-bones and Cleavers, aſſiſted by the Shoreditch Company of Volunteers.

To which will be added, a new Farce, in two Acts, called

THE LAST SHIFT.

Count Upſtart, alias Bluſter, by Mr. Cr-wth-r;
Truſs, the Mountebank, by Mr. Br-nd;
Colonel Mouth, the Iriſh Trumpeter, by Colonel F-tzp-tr-ck;
Inſpector, alias Swagger, by Mr. L--wt--n;
Prattle, alias Expectation, by Maſter C--k-r;
Euphorbium, by Mr. H-ll;
Doll Common and Canvaſs, by the Du--heſs of D-------re;
Ladies Maid, by Lady D-nc-nn-n;
Impudence, by the Rev. Mr. O'B-rne.

To conclude with a Solo on the Hurdy-gurdy, by Lord S-r--y, after the manner of Buckhorſe.

The whole under the direction of the D----ſs of D------re, Lady W--dg-ve, L--d D--by, Colonel Boreas, Mr. H. T. W--d, Mr. W-lgie, &c. &c.

ADVER-

BRITISH MUSEUM

BRITTANNIA ROUSED,

OR THE COALITION MONSTERS DESTROYED

ADVERTISEMENT.

To the Independent Electors of Weſtminſter.

You will undoubtedly remember, that Mr. Fox is the man who formed the diſgraceful coalition with Lord North, who was the author of the accurſed American war, and of all your late heavy taxes.

Mr. Fox is the great friend and ſupporter, of the odious and unpopular tax upon receipts.

Mr. Fox was the author and propoſer of the execrable Eaſt India Bill, which would have tended to enſlave the people of England, and to extend the unconſtitutional power of corruption.

Lord Mahon made a motion in the Houſe of Commons to diminiſh the taxes of the people; the conſequence of which would have been the ſubſequent diminution, in ſome degree, of the high price of proviſions: Lord North and Mr. Fox oppoſed that excellent motion of Lord Mahon's, and prevented its being adopted by the Houſe.

Mr. Fox has upheld the Houſe of Commons againſt the Freeholders, Electors, and people of Great Britain, in the caſe of the Middleſex Election, and in all the late important queſtions in Parliament.

No man ought to repreſent the great and truly reſpectable city of Weſtminſter in Parliament, whoſe public conduct is ſubverſive of the deareſt intereſts of the people.

Your early Poll is very earneſtly requeſted in favour of the two worthy and reſpectable characters,

Lord HOOD,
AND
Sir CECIL WRAY.

During the Poll, Suffolk's Auction-room (late Barford's) under the Piazza, and Paterſon's in King's-ſtreet, Covent Garden, will be opened for the reception of the Electors in the intereſt of HOOD and WRAY.

To the Electors of Weſtminſter.

Great numbers of you have turned againſt Sir Cecil Wray, for three reaſons:
1ſt. His ingratitude to Mr. Fox.
2dly. His attack on Chelſea Hoſpital.
3dly. His propoſing a tax on Maid Servants.

The abſurdity of theſe objections will evidently appear by the following conſiderations:

1ſt. If it was kind in Mr. Fox to recommend Sir Cecil Wray to you formerly, can it be leſs ſo in Sir Cecil Wray to recommend Lord Hood to you now?

2dly. Are not all the old ſoldiers in Chelſea Hoſpital penſioners? and can it be wrong to ſtand up in the Houſe of Commons againſt penſioners?

3dly. If Maid Servants are taxed, can't you, all of you, raiſe their wages? and will not that prevent any ill conſequence from the tax, and obviate every objection of inhumanity?

To

To the Worthy and Independent Electors of the City of Weſtminſter.

Reaſons why the Electors *ſhould* vote for Mr. Fox.

1. Becauſe Mr. Fox joined Lord North, after abuſing him for more than ten years, and after ſaying, "that the man who could approach his threſhold would be the moſt "infamous of mankind."

2. Becauſe Mr. Fox brought into Parliament the Receipt Tax, and declared in public company---that, however vexatious it might be, he would force it down the throats of the people.

3. Becauſe Mr. Fox brought into Parliament a bill for deſtroying the Charter of the Eaſt India Company, and ſeizing on their papers and effects.

4. Becauſe Mr. Fox has never acted according to the wiſhes of his conſtituents; but treated them with every mark of contempt.

5. Becauſe Mr. Fox, when in office, hates the people; and is mean enough, when out of office, to offer them his ſervices.

6. Becauſe Mr. Fox is a member of the club at Brooks's, and is ſupported by the following great and reſpectable characters, equally eminent for the purity of their principles, and the independence of their fortune; Mr. Sheridan, Mr. Hare, Mr. Hanger, Mr. Fitzpatrick, Mr. Townſhend, Captain O'Bierne, Mr. Stanhope, Mr. North, Sir Charles Bampfylde, Mr. O'Bryen, and Mr. Samuel Houſe.

7. Becauſe Mr. Fox's family have never robbed the public of Three Hundred and Seventy Thouſand Pounds, as is maliciouſly aſſerted.

8. Becauſe Mr. Fox never ſcreened Mr. Powell and Mr. Bembridge, the Defaulters of the Pay-office, as is erroneouſly ſtated.

9. Becauſe Mr. Fox has never penſioned placemen to make way for his friends, and did not give Mr. Hanway, of the Victualling Office, a penſion of 500l. to introduce Captain Towry.

10. Becauſe Mr. Fox did not penſion out Mr. Royer of the Treaſury, to bring in one of his friends.

11. Becauſe Mr. Fox is ſupported by all the great clubs, and particularly the club of the Iriſh Chairmen.

12. Becauſe Mr. Fox, by his India Bill, did not mean to render himſelf independent of the Crown, and to ſet himſelf up above the laws of his country, like Oliver Cromwell.

13. Becauſe Mr. Fox, when he came into office, did not hire the public papers, by giving each of the printers drafts on the Treaſury for five hundred pounds.

14. Becauſe Mr. Fox, had he continued in office, agreed to pay off only fifty thouſand pounds of his debts in the courſe of the year.

15. Becauſe Mr. Fox had no hand in cauſing the Lord Chancellor to be robbed of the Great Seal, in order to prevent the iſſuing the writs for a general election.

16. Becauſe Mr. Fox did not, the day after he was re-elected (his ſeat having been vacated by his being made one of his Majeſty's Secretaries of State) drive Mrs. Robinſon in a phaeton through the public ſtreets, by way of inſulting his Electors.

17. Becauſe Mr. Fox, in order to carry his India bill, and keep himſelf in power, did not promiſe peerages to Mr. Pelham, Mr. Plummer, Mr. Crewe, Mr. Liſter, Mr. Coke, Mr. Charteris, Mr. Jervoiſe, Mr. Powys, Mr. Marſham, Sir Matthew White Ridley, Sir John Thorold, Sir W. G. Vanneck, Mr. Vyner, and others.

18. Becauſe,

18. Becauſe, though Mr. Fox ſaid, he ſhould be the moſt infamous of mankind, who ſhould join Lord North, he is, nevertheleſs, a very honeſt man, in having acted with him.

19. Becauſe, in caſe Mr. Fox ſhould be elected, he will not attempt to bring in his India Bill again; nor provide for his needy friends and hungry dependants; nor diſtribute honours, penſions and contracts, to thoſe who ſupport him; nor fly in the face of his conſtituents, and call the people---a mob!

Reaſons why the Electors *ſhould not* vote for Lord HOOD and Sir CECIL WRAY.

1. Becauſe Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray are gentlemen of independent fortune and principles.

2. Becauſe Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray have never rendered themſelves infamous as gameſters and ſwindlers.

3. Becauſe Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray have each of them a houſe in the city of Weſtminſter.

4. Becauſe Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray have always had the aſſurance to pay their debts, and have not had their goods ſold more than a dozen times by virtue of a warrant of execution.

5. Becauſe Lord Hood has ſerved his ſovereign and the public, as a brave and gallant naval officer, no leſs to the admiration of his enemies, than the honour of his country.

6. Becauſe Sir Cecil Wray has uniformly acted as his Conſtituents have deſired him.

7. Becauſe Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray have neither of them any private views to gratify.

8. Becauſe Sir Cecil Wray has oppoſed the Receipt Tax in every ſtage of it.

9. Becauſe Sir Cecil Wray is the known advocate of a Parliamentary Reform.

10. Becauſe Sir Cecil Wray, from the moſt laudable principles, declared in the Houſe of Commons, that if the money laviſhed away in the extravagant eſtabliſhment of Chelſea Hoſpital was given to the penſioners, they might be allowed twenty pounds a year, and be permitted to live where their connections and friendſhips led them to, and a large overplus left to provide for one thouſand out penſioners.

11. Becauſe Sir Cecil Wray, when Mr. Fox betrayed the public cauſe, and leagued himſelf with Lord North, a man he had pledged himſelf to bring to the ſcaffold, refuſed any longer to give him his ſupport.

12. Becauſe Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray have neither of them any hangers on to provide for, nor any place, penſion, or contract, to influence their conduct.

13. Becauſe Sir Cecil Wray declared in the Houſe of Commons, that even a tax on Maid Servants would be better than a Tax on Receipts.

14. Becauſe Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, when elected, will ſerve you faithfully and diſintereſtedly, and make your honour and intereſt the rule of their conduct.

To the Worthy and Independent Electors of the City and Liberties of Weſtminſter.

Gentlemen,

Will you chooſe, for your Repreſentative in Parliament, a man who ſets a corrupt and intereſted majority of the late Houſe of Commons above the other branches of the

legiſlature?

legiſlature; And who would have bullied his Sovereign to have continued that majority, to the ruin of public credit?

Will you elect a man who ſets at defiance the voice of the people, after you have preſented an Addreſs of Thanks to his Majeſty, for diſmiſſing the late infamous and unpopular Adminiſtration?

Will the Electors of the very reſpectable city and liberties of Weſtminſter ſhew leſs public virtue than the little borough of Banbury, who have ſo nobly ſtruggled for independence, and thrown out the preſent boſom friend and aſſociate of Fox; although Volpone himſelf (before the diabolical coalition) could not find language ſufficiently bad, to expreſs his deteſtation of Lord North.

Surely Gentlemen, you will ſcorn ſo much to undervalue your judgment, as to elect ſuch a man as Mr. Fox to be your Repreſentative, when you have two honeſt, conſiſtent, and truly patriotic Candidates, who are entitled to your votes by every tie of honour.

An OLD ELECTOR.

ADVERTISEMENT.

To the Independent Electors of Weſtminſter.

Gentlemen,

Your votes, intereſt, and Poll, are earneſtly required for

OLIVER CROMWELL,

To be elected one of your Repreſentatives, being a perſon zealouſly attached to the Conſtitution of his times, a firm friend to anarchy and confuſion, a promoter of long Parliaments, and in religion profeſſes (if any) the Popiſh tenets: he will hold inviolate all charters till in power, and promiſes, if returned, to prevent all ſupplies even to the endangering the funded intereſt.

The LATE MAN of the PEOPLE.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The worthy Electors of the city and liberty of Weſtminſter, in the intereſt of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, are deſired to meet at the following places this day and every morning during the preſent Election in order to proceed to the place of polling, viz.

The inhabitants reſiding in the pariſhes of St. Paul, Covent Garden, St. Martin's Le Grand, and St. Martin's in the Fields, at Patterſon's Auction Room, King-ſtreet, Covent Garden.

Saint Clement Danes, Saint Mary-le-Strand, and Dutchy Liberty at Suffolks (late Barford's) under the Piazza, Covent Garden.

Saint Margaret's and St. John's, at the Guildhall, Weſtminſter.

Saint James and Saint George, Hanover-ſquare, at Mr. Chriſtie's Great Room, Pall Mall, oppoſite Saint Alban's-ſtreet.

Saint Ann's pariſh, at the Standard Tavern, Leiceſter-fields.

State of yeſterday's Poll.

Lord Hood	264
Sir Cecil Wray	238
Mr. Fox	302

WEST-

WESTMINSTER.

To be hired for the day,

Several PAIR of RUBY POUTING LIPS, of the FIRST QUALITY,

To be kiſſed by rum Dukes, queer Dukes, Butchers, Dray-men, Duſt-men, and Chimney-ſweepers,

Pleaſe to enquire at Devon and Co's Crimſon Pouting Warehouſe, Piccadilly.

*** Should the unſucceſsful Candidate keep behind on this day's poll---Bulks in different markets may be made to tremble!

I had rather kiſs my Moll than ſhe;
With all her paint *and finery;*
What's a Ducheſs more than woman?
We've ſounder fleſh *on Portſmouth Common:*
So drink about to HOOD and WRAY-----
Their health!---and may they *gain the day!*
Then fill out Nectar in a glaſs,
As for kiſſing---kiſs my a---.

No Ducheſs for me, but my ſweet Ducheſs at Portſmouth.

A SAILOR.

Huzza! Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray for ever!

To the Supporters of a good Cauſe.

The friends of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray are not to be intimidated by the inſults offered to the Electors in their intereſt, by the hired mob of the oppoſite party; and are convinced that the unbiaſſed will ſee with what an inſidious deſign the Committee of Mr. Fox have talked of forbidding men who have nobly ſerved their couutry during the late war, from ſhewing their face in Covent Garden, where they have ſurely as much right as Iriſh chairmen, or pick-pockets (the friends of a certain Candidate) who moſt groſsly inſulted and maimed ſeveral gentlemen who attempted to vote againſt their favourite.

*** Senſible of the decided majority of the independent Electors in favour of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, the partizans of Mr. Fox have, within the laſt twenty-four hours, circulated an inſidious report of an union between the three Candidate. The public may reſt aſſured, that there is not the leaſt foundation or colour for the report, and that the pure conſtitutional principles of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray do not admit of ſo infamous a coalition.

To Parents and Guardians of Youth, Electors of Weſtminſter.

Can you, as honeſt, rational men, conſiſtent with the examples you ſhould hold out to your families, give your fupport to the high prieſt of drunkenneſs, gaming, and every ſpecies of debauchery that can *contaminate the principles you would early wiſh to inculcate in your offspring*, in order to bring them forth in the comelineſs and vigour of virtue? Open your eyes, and by the ever to be lamented princely *ſacrifice before you, and for*

which already whole nations weep, learn to feel another's woe. Conſult your feelings on the tender occaſion, and participating the Royal Pangs, *ſpurn the* Regicide.

Shall the man who has led our young Nobility for the laſt eighteen years into every labyrinth of diſſipation, *from whence it was impoſſible to extricate them*, otherwiſe than by leaving their country, to the prejudice of the unfortunate trader, or by reſorting to uſurers, thoſe other worſe reſources, exterminating their eſtates and family honours; nay, *the very portraits of their* illuſtrious anceſtors.

Shall ſuch a character repreſent Weſtminſter, the ſecond city in the kingdom? *God forbid!* Come forward, and by a *decided* majority ſhew that vice, and every deformity that diſgraces man, ſhall ever be indignantly rejected by the independent and worthy Electors of Weſtminſter.

A FATHER.

Speech of the Right Honourable Charles James Fox, in the Houſe of Commons, on January 22d, 1779.

" The noble Lord (North) after owning that we had no foreign alliances, had tri-
" umphantly ſpoken of unanimity, and congratulated gentlemen on that ſide of the
" houſe upon having allied themſelves with thoſe that ſat on the other. This was an
" aſſertion for which there was not the ſmalleſt foundation; and it was impoſſible for
" him to ſtate, in any phraſe that language would admit of, the ſhock he felt, when he
" ventured to ſuggeſt what was moſt exceedingly grating to his ears, and he doubted
" not to thoſe of every gentleman who ſat near him. What! *enter into an alliance*
" with thoſe very *Miniſters* who had betrayed their country, who had proſtituted the
" public ſtrength, who had proſtituted the public wealth, who had proſtituted what was
" yet more valuable, the glory, the honour, and the credit of the nation! *Who deſerved*
" *an axe more than any of the bloody tyrants* that had ever yet exiſted! *The idea of a* Coali-
" tion *with ſuch a monſter was too horrid to be admitted for a moment!* Gentlemen muſt
" have foregone *their principles, and have given up their honour, before they could have*
" *approached the* threſhold *of an alliance ſo abominable, ſo ſcandalous, ſo diſgraceful, and*
" *ſo everlaſtingly to be curſed by Engliſhmen!*"

Let the Right *Honourable* Charles James Fox (if it is poſſible for him to have impudence enough) explain away this ſpeech if he dare.

ADVERTISEMENT.

WOOD'S HOTEL.

April 5.] The Committee for conducting the Election of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, preſent their compliments to ſuch of the worthy independent Electors of Weſtminſter, that were prevented from giving their ſuffrages on the firſt and ſecond days of the poll (by the violent outrages of a deſperate banditti of Iriſh Chairmen and Pick-pockets), and reſpectfully acquaint them, that through the great vigilance of the High Bailiff, the avenues leading to the Huſtings are now ſufficiently protected by the peace officers,

officers, that they may give their votes with eaſe and ſafety to themſelves, and that your early attendance for that purpoſe is moſt humbly ſolicited.

The falſe and inſidious charge made by our opponents againſt the friends of our two worthy Candidates, of having been diſturbers of the peace, in preventing the Electors from approaching the Huſtings, cannot be more evinced than by the great majority gained by you on Saturday, ſolely owing to the good order then kept. And this Committee moſt ardently ſolicit every aid of their good friends in this noble ſtruggle, to ſupport ſuch peace and good order as much in reſpect to thoſe of the oppoſite party, to any other; for on this, and this alone, depends the ſucceſs of your worthy Candidates, and in the end cannot fail to produce them a very great majority.

ADVERTISEMENT.

To the Free and Independent Electors of Weſtminſter.

As many falſe reports have been hitherto ſpread, by people inimical to the Electors of Weſtminſter, and their independent Candidates, Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, reſpecting the unfortunate tumults, which have hitherto happened. A gentleman who was perſonally preſent at the riot which happened yeſterday evening at Covent Garden, and on account of which, a Magiſtrate thought it neceſſary to call in a military aid to his aſſiſtance, in order to ſuppreſs the ſame, thinks it neceſſary to ſtate the following facts, which we and many more gentlemen, alſo preſent, are willing to make oath of, if called upon, that a number of armed perſons with bludgeons, proceeded from that corner of the Piazza next the Shakeſpeare, attacked and knocked down indiſcriminately every perſon that came in their way, until they arrived oppoſite Wood's Hotel, when unfortunately meeting a ſoldier of the guards, and a ſailor, unarmed, they knocked them down, and when down, repeated their blows, and, to appearance, thoſe poor people were carried away lifeleſs: this mob ſtill continued rioting all over the Garden, hallooing "Fox for ever!" until that Magiſtrate and guards came and prevented any further miſchief.

April 5.

ADVERTISEMENT.

To the Worthy Independent Electors of Weſtminſter, in the Intereſt of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray.

The Committee for conducting the Election, beg leave to recommend your early attendance during the remainder of the poll, at Suffolk's Auction Rooms, under the Piazza, and at Paterſon's Rooms, King-ſtreet, Covent-garden, where ſeveral gentlemen of the pariſhes will attend from nine o'clock in the morning till three o'clock in the afternoon, to conduct you without delay, or any other inconvenience, to the Huſtings.

Wood's Hotel, April 6, 1784. JOHN CHURCHILL, Chairman.

ADVER-

ADVERTISEMENT.

NOW, OR NEVER!

The free and independent Electors of the City of Weſtminſter, that have not yet voted in the preſent glorious conteſt between Mr. Fox and the Conſtitution, are earneſtly requeſted to come forward, and poll immediately in favour of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, in order to render their victory at once complete; and thereby follow the noble and laudable example of the very opulent and populous city of York, the Electors of which have, with a juſt indignation, turned out the framer of the Receipt Tax, Lord John Cavendiſh, the chief ſupporter of Carlo Khan.

April 9, 1784.

GOING! GOING! GOING!

(Sixth Day.)

To be diſpoſed of, ninety-five per cent. under the original value, the Hopes and Intereſt of that unfortunate Candidate Carlo Khan; who, finding the preſent buſineſs drawing towards a loſing game, intends in a few days to ſet off to France for the recovery of his health and ſpirits.

For particulars pleaſe to inquire at Reynard's Committee-office, now known by the name of the *Iriſh Bludgeon Warehouſe*, under the *P-h-h's, Comical Garden.*

N. B. The above unſucceſsful Candidate, upon his return from France, intends to offer himſelf for the antient borough of Garrat, and to oppoſe your preſent worthy Member Sir Jeffery Dunſtan.

Gentlemen are deſired not to engage their votes; as *Colliflower Bob*, of *Wandſworth*, intends to propoſe *Sir Richard Sprout*, of *Batterſea*, as a Gentleman in every reſpect more worthy of your favours than *Carlo Khan.*

Sir Jeffery and *Sir Richard* for ever!

CARD.

The late Man of the People preſents his compliments to the worthy Electors of Weſtminſter, and truſts that his perſonal application to them will be diſpenſed with, as he will unfortunately be under the neceſſity of attending to take his trial, at the aſſizes for the county of Somerſet, upon an indictment found againſt him for bribery and corruption, in the borough of Bridgewater. He hopes, however, that he ſhall not be long detained there, as the evidence to ſupport the proſecution conſiſts only of two letters under the hand of the accuſed party, which were unhappily diſcovered amongſt the papers of a perſon who died a few days ago.

Shakeſpeare Tavern,
Covent Garden.

*** The great oil-man in Pall-mall is endeavouring to find bail for this worthy friend in Duke's-Place.

ADVERTISEMENT.

In anſwer to the advertiſement, dated Ireland's, Bow-ſtreet, Covent Garden, the Committee for conducting the Election of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray think it neceſſary to inform the Electors of Weſtminſter, that the ſeveral Pariſh Committees in the intereſt of thoſe Candidates have taken the utmoſt pains to prevent any illegal votes being polled for them, and are well aſſured, from the inſpection of the Poll Books, that ſhould a Scrutiny take place, the majority of legal votes for the above mentioned Candidates will be found to be much larger than it now ſtands on the books.

This Committee are not only ready to meet, but earneſtly deſire an immediate publication of the threatened "authenticated ſtate of ſome extraordinary caſes of flagrant "impoſition, ſaid to be practiſed by them on this occaſion," being anxious to convince the Electors of Weſtminſter of the rectitude of their conduct, and the falſity of the aſperſions made uſe of by their opponents.

Wood's Hotel, April 12.

ADVERTISEMENT.

To the ſteadfaſt Friends of the late Man of the People.

Worthy Gentlemen!

The great majority obtained by my opponents (though great majorities can by no means be deciſive) is ſuch as to render your utmoſt exertion neceſſary.

Your intereſt in this conteſt is much more deeply concerned than mine. If the cauſe of you, my brother ſufferers, ſhould in this inſtance be overborne, it is next to impoſſible that any man, like myſelf, ſhould venture to ſtand again for this city, in oppoſition to that merit which my opponents aſſume, becauſe they have bravely and honeſtly ſerved their King and Country, or may have calumniated my virtuous Coalition with that juſt and able Miniſter in the American war, the noble Lord Boreas.

The queſtion now is not, Who ſhall be the elected? but, Who ſhall elect? It is not between the oppoſite Candidate and me, but between the influence of an injured S--v---gn, and the rights of the real and independent Electors.

The number of unpolled Voters, conſiſting of Hibernian Chairmen, and many others, my aſſured friends, with all the Germans in the intereſt of Mr. W-l-gie, the ſugar-plumb maker, as alſo many that have polled but once, is yet ſo great, that there is little doubt of ſucceſs, if proper exertions are made.

Nothing ſhall be wanting on my part; I will ſpare no pains; I will ſubmit to every inconvenience, rather than be acceſſary in delivering you over to that ſtate of ſubjection which would prevent you ſo honourably doing as you pleaſe at a General Election.

SOLUS CUM SOLO.

April 12, 1784.

ADVERTISEMENT.

To all Canvaſſing Ducheſſes and Ladies.

To Cover this Seaſon (at any price) that *in*-famous Stallion, called CARLO KHAN, well known among the *deep* ones of King's and Duke's Places, &c.

He won, by hard running, one City Plate, and walked over the courſe for a ſecond; but, in attempting a *third*, is ſo ſtrained and broke down, that it is hourly expected he *muſt give it in*. He will never be able to *enter* again, unleſs for the *private* amuſement of

of all canvaſſing wives, who are determined to make the *moſt* of him whenever he is *entered* for the future..

Carlo Khan was got by *Public Defaulter*, out of *Unaccounted Millions*, whoſe dam, great dam, and great, great, great, great, great, great, great dam, ought to be *d----d* till the national debt is paid off.

A CARD.

Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray preſent their moſt reſpectful compliments to ſuch of their numerous friends as have intentionally reſerved their votes, and beg leave to inform them, that however deſirous they may be to avoid giving their friends trouble, yet as there is the greateſt reaſon to believe that the artifices of their opponents, in polling illegal votes, may render the appearance of every Elector in the intereſt of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray ultimately neceſſary, their immediate poll will be deemed a very particular favour.---This only will be the the means of defeating the inſidious attempts adopted to procraſtinate the Election; and thoſe perjuries which are daily committed by wretches, influenced by ſiniſter motives, will be avoided; which muſt afford the greateſt ſatisfaction to ever benevolent mind, as the prevention of crimes is a much more deſireable object than the puniſhment of them when detected.

Wood's Hotel, April 12, 1784.

ADVERTISEMENT.

WESTMINSTER ELECTION.

A CAUTION.

Whereas authentic information has been received, that numbers of perſons, who are neither Electors nor inhabitants of Weſtminſter, have had the audacity to vote for Mr. Fox; and whereas it appears evident, that particularly on Tueſday and Wedneſday, the majority of thoſe who voted for Mr. Fox were lodgers, and conſequently not legally authoriſed to give their votes: This is to give notice, that whoever, on a ſcrutiny, ſhall appear to have been guilty of perjury, or miſdemeanor, by receiving money for his vote, or by falſely declaring himſelf to be a houſekeeper, the names of ſuch perſons will be publiſhed, and they will be proſecuted to the utmoſt rigour of the law.

Wood's Hotel, April 15, 1784.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The Committee for conducting the Election of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, take the liberty of informing the friends of thoſe Candidates, that notwithſtanding the wicked arts practiſed to procure votes for Mr. Fox, there is every reaſon to believe, that by an immediate and vigorous effort, their cauſe will be finally crowned with ſucceſs; but ſhould the various manœuvres of Mr. Fox's party ſo far prevail as to gain him

him a majority at the close of the Poll, the Committee hereby pledge themselves, in justice to the injured Electors, that not only a Scrutiny shall be demanded, but supported throughout with every possible exertion.

JOHN CHURCHILL, Chairman.

Wood's Hotel, April 15.

ADVERTISEMENT.

In answer to the invidious paragraph in yesterday's paper, endeavouring to pluck from Lord Hood's brow the well-earned laurels of the 12th of April, it will be sufficient to observe, that the writer must have been as ignorant as he is illiberal, and can be contradicted by every man in the whole fleet, it being an absolute fact, that the Ville de Paris struck her colours to the Barfleur, and two of her Lieutenants were sent on board, who brought the French Captain and other officers on board Lord Hood's ship, before Lord Cranston, from the Formidable, reached the prize; and indeed the writer is particularly unfortunate in mentioning the Formidable and Namur, as they were at least three miles distant when Count de Grasse struck his flag to the Rear Admiral.

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

To all Abettors of Confusion,

Who wish to disturb and perplex orderly Government,
By fabricating Rumours to spread "*alarming* Reports,"
In order to excite Jealousies
And create Variance
Between the *three* distinct Estates
United in One glorious Constitution.
Gentlemen, Chairmen, and Others,
YOUR Votes, long Poles, and Interest, are commanded
By the Sugar-Plumb Steward,
and
"By the Union of *three* great and powerful Noblemen."
That delegate their
FEMALE INFLUENCE
To support
OLIVER CROMWELL,
Who promises
To null Charters, invade Rights, and seize on Property;
To wrest *executive* Power from the *constitutional* Head, and to vest it, *for a while*, in those of *your* Representatives, who consider themselves *independent* of You, *after* their Election;
To abolish Aristocracy, called vulgarly the House of Peers, "over whom You have no immediate Controul;"
And to revive and establish *our* old Form of Government,
"*Independent of the Crown*,"
Called
ARBITRARY POWER,
Otherwise
PROTECTORSHIP.
Love and Liberty! Freedom and Cromwell!

To the Real Electors of Weſtminſter.

Gentlemen,

The unpolled voters are moſt earneſtly requeſted to ſupport the election of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, firm friends to the conſtitution of our country, and avowed oppoſers to the "aſſumed man of the people," and notorious violator of the chartered and common rights of the people at large, inſtanced and proved by his late daring attack in the Houſe of Commons, on that great commercial body, the Eaſt India Company, which is, confeſſedly from its ſituation, the grand foundation and ſupport of the great channel of trade, that makes this country ſo eminently diſtinguiſhed in its commercial capacity. He has alſo violated the rights of the Electors of Weſtminſter, by polling of more than three hundred Spitalfields weavers.

N. B. As Carlo Khan deſpairs of being chaired in Covent Garden, we are informed that he means to make his triumphal entry into Spitalfields.

The Lye of the Day.

In a hand-bill, dated yeſterday, the 16th of April, and circulated by Mr. Fox's Committee, Lord Mountmorres was ſtated to be a Lodger at an Hotel in the vicinity of St. James's, and not a houſekeeper in Weſtminſter. In this capacity, the noble Peer was ſtated to have attempted an impoſition.

The anſwer to all ſuch ſcurrility is the plain matter of fact, which is, *That Lord Mountmorres polled this morning for Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, having a legal vote.*

Wood's Hotel, April 17, 1784.

Submitted to the Friends of Mr. FOX.

Who is violently attached to Mr. Fox? - -	Geo. Byng.
Whoſe counſels put Admiral Byng to death? - -	Mr. H. Fox.
Who introduced ſecret influence? - -	Lord Bute.
Who, by acting under ſecret influence, firſt gave it weight in Adminiſtration? - - -	H. Fox.
Whoſe counſels brought about the infamous peace of Paris, 1763?	H. Fox.
Who took lead in the Houſe of Commons when the peace was approved? - - - -	H. Fox.
Who was in the Cabinet when the name of the late Duke of Devonſhire was ſtruck out of the liſt of Privy Counſellors?	Lord Bute and H. Fox afterwards created Lord Holland.
Who are at this time the great ſupporters of Mr. Fox, Lord Holland's ſon? - -	Lord Bute. Duke of Devonſhire.
By whoſe proſtitution does the Duke effect his purpoſe?	His Ducheſs.
Who ſtopt parliamentary ſupplies? - -	Mr. Fox.
Who affected to deny it, finding the meaſures univerſally obnoxious? - - -	Mr. Fox.

Who

Who afterwards changed ground, and inſtead of avowedly ſtopping ſupplies, did it as effectually by throwing difficulties in the way of the Committee of Supplies? - Mr. Fox.
Who, by ſuch conduct, drew government into the neceſſity of diſſolving parliament? - - Mr. Fox.
Who then merits the contempt of every ſenſible and honeſt man? Mr. Fox.

HOOD and WRAY for Ever!

ADVERTISEMENT.

The Freedom of Election Violated.

Whereas a moſt daring and outrageous attack was this day committed towards the cloſe of the Poll on the Peace Officers, ſeveral of whom were dangerouſly wounded by perſons armed with cleavers, bludgeons, and other offenſive weapons. Whoever will give information of any of the above offenders, ſo that they may be brought to puniſhment, ſhall, on their conviction, receive twenty pounds, to be paid by me,

J. P. ATKINSON,
Secretary to the Sub-committee for conducting the Election of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray.

Wood's Hotel,
April 17, 1784.

ADVERTISEMENT.

WESTMINSTER ELECTION.

It appearing beyond all doubt that there are many very reſpectable inhabitants of of this city, ſincere and hearty in the intereſt of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, who have hitherto, by the moſt illiberal threats, and every ſpecies of undue influence, been diſſuaded from voting for them. The Committee engaged to conduct the Election of the above worthy Candidates, beg leave moſt humbly to ſubmit to all ſuch friends, as have not yet appeared in their favour, whether in conſequence of the many baſe and illegal means practiſed by their opponents to a force a Member upon the real inhabitants, contrary to their avowed inclination, the time is not come, in which it is abſolutely neceſſary for all well-wiſhers to their country to determine to ſacrifice every private conſideration to public principle boldly, as men and as Engliſhmen, to aſſert their own independent opinions; and to ſtand forth in defence of that moſt vabluable of all privileges---the freedom of Election.

Wood's Hotel, April 19, 1784.

ADVERTISEMENT.

WESTMINSTER ELECTION.

The Committee for conducting the Election of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, think proper, from motives of humanity, to give notice to thoſe poor unfortunate men, who are liable to be ſeduced, that every one who accepts money to vote is liable to a penalty of 500l. that every one who takes a falſe oath on the poll, is liable to be tranſported for ſeven years; and that the Members of the Committee are determined, as a duty they owe to the public, to proſecute every one who receives or gives a bribe, or promiſe, or even lays a wager, or gives more for any thing, under pretence of purchaſe, than it is really worth, thoſe being devices contrary to the ſtatutes againſt bribery and corruption.

N. B. Even the perſon who gives the bribe, may be a witneſs againſt the man who has been bribed.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The friends of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, who are willing to dine together to-morrow at Wood's Hotel, Covent Garden, may have Tickets at five ſhillings each of Mr. Atkinſon, Secretary to the Committee at the above Hotel, or at either of the Parochial Committees. Dinner on table at four o'clock preciſely.

Mr. CHURCHILL, in the Chair.

Wood's Hotel, Tueſday, April 20, 1784.

ADVERTISEMENT.

WESTMINSTER ELECTION.

The Electors of Weſtminſter are hereby informed, that in conſequence of the exertions made by the friends of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, to detect falſe votes, and the parochial books being produced on the Huſtings, ſuch a check has been given to the infamous practices of Mr. Fox's party, as to have occaſioned the rejection of great numbers of illegal voters, who yeſterday attempted to poll for Mr. Fox, from Spitalfields, and the adjacent neighbourhood.

To theſe exertions may be aſcribed the very ſmall majority gained yeſterday by Mr. Fox; and as the rate-books of the reſpective pariſhes will be daily produced on the Huſtings, during the continuance of the Election, there is reaſon to believe that every attempt to poll Spitalfields weavers, as legal Electors of Weſtminſter, will in future be fruſtrated.

ADVERTISEMENT.

WESTMINSTER ELECTION.

The friends of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, who were deſired to aſſemble at Wood's Hotel, on a very ſhort notice, were ſo numerous, that a great number could not

not be accommodated for want of room. It is therefore propoſed that another meeting be held at the ſame place, on Friday, the 23d inſtant, and the Committee beg leave to acquaint their friends, that they may, as before, be ſupplied with Tickets, at five ſhillings each, on application to Mr. Atkinſon, Secretary to the Sub-Committee, or at any of the Parochial Committees. Dinner to be on the table at four o'clock preciſely.

Wood's Hotel, April 21, 1784. Mr. CHURCHILL, Chairman.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The Committee for conducting the Election of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, take the liberty of informing the friends of thoſe Candidates, that notwithſtanding the wicked arts practiſed to procure votes for Mr. Fox, there is every reaſon to believe, that, by an immediate and vigorous effort, their cauſe will be finally crowned with ſucceſs; but ſhould the various manœuvres of Mr. Fox's party ſo far prevail as to gain him a majority at the cloſe of the poll, the Committee hereby pledge themſelves, in juſtice to the injured Electors, that not only a ſcrutiny ſhall be demanded, but ſupported with every poſſible exertion.

Wood's Hotel, April 23, 1784. JOHN CHURCHILL, Chairman.

King's Bench, April 27, 1784.

Fellow Priſoners,

" I underſtand there are *twenty-three* belonging to this College, who are offered a " *day rule* to go out and vote (no matter for whom). You now look up to Parliament " ---(and have long done ſo) for an *Act of Inſolvency*.

" Let your own ſenſe dictate to you, whether you ſhould ſuffer *any priſoner to go out* " *to-morrow*, for the ſake of one *holiday*, till you have obliged him to promiſe he will " not vote on either ſide. Exert yourſelves, Gentlemen, and do not let a few individuals " be the means (by their impudence) of confining in this priſon many worthy characters, whoſe wives and families are diſtreſſed by their abſence."

The Friends of Lord HOOD, Sir CECIL WRAY, and the CONSTITUTION,

Are entreated not to deſpond, becauſe a profligate faction has gained a corrupt and fallacious majority within two days.

Her Grace has canvaſſed high and low, rich and poor, but her influence is now exhauſted.

The outlying voters ſtill remain, and the independent friends of Hood and Wray may rely upon a great majority of theſe, as a much diſtinguiſhed Lady has found a way of conveying them from any diſtance, her rival cannot reach, and by a method her Grace cannot

cannot execute, and which does not depend on ſtage coaches, flies, dillies and turnpikes.

This friend to the Conſtitutional Candidates will deſcend upon the public huſtings, between one and three, in an Air Balloon, with ſucceſſive parties of outlying voters, for the remainder of the poll, to the no ſmall admiration of the public, as well as confuſion of all Foxites.

KATTERFELTO, junior.

Piccadilly, April 28. And One who ſcorns to impoſe on the Public.

ADVERTISEMENT.

To the Independent Electors of Weſtminſter.

Gentlemen,

Notwithſtanding the ſeveral Committees for conducting the Election of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, have determined to ſupport a ſcrutiny with the utmoſt vigour, in caſe it ſhould ultimately become neceſſary; yet knowing that there remains of unpolled Electors (acknowledged friends to the Conſtitution) a number ſufficient to ſecure a majority in favour of thoſe patriotic Candidates, greater than has appeared during the poll, they moſt earneſtly entreat ſuch voters to give their immediate ſuffrage, which cannot fail of putting an end to the many inconveniencies which have attended this City during the preſent Election.

Wood's Hotel, April 28. JOHN CHURCHILL, Chairman.

ADVERTISEMENT.

WESTMINSTER ELECTION.

The Committee for conducting the Election of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, acquaint their friends, that there will be a General Dinner at Wood's Hotel, this day, the 29th inſtant.

Tickets 5s. each, may be had at the bar of the Hotel, or at either of the Parochial Committees.

Dinner on table at four o'clock preciſely.

Mr. JOHN CHURCHILL in the Chair.

ADVERTISEMENT.

WOOD's HOTEL.

May 3, 1784.] The Committee for conducting the Scrutiny in favour of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray (unanimouſly appointed by the General Committee) hereby inform the public, that ſhould the various manœuvres practiſed by their opponents render it neceſſary

neceſſary, they will without delay acquaint them when a general ſubſcription will be opened, with the names of the Bankers appointed to receive the ſame. This Committee, determined as they are, in juſtice to the injured rights of the Electors, to proſecute the Scrutiny with every exertion, moſt earneſtly entreat the friends of the Conſtitution, who have not yet polled, and are ſufficiently numerous to give a decided majority in favour of thoſe patriotic Candidates, to come forward with their ſuffrages, which alone can prevent a Scrutiny taking place, and will be the means of immediately conveying the genuine ſenſe of the independent Electors of Weſtminſter to the Commons Houſe of Parliament.

JOHN CHURCHILL, Chairman.

ADVERTISEMENT.

A very falſe and erroneous account of the ſeveral riots and attacks made on Wood's Hotel on Saturday night laſt [*May* 1], having appeared in ſeveral papers, the public are earneſtly requeſted to ſuſpend their opinions on the ſubject, as well as on the extraordinary releaſement of the priſoners on Sunday, until an authentic narrative thereof ſhall be laid before them, which will be as ſoon as poſſible.

ADVERTISEMENT.

To the Electors of Weſtminſter.

Gentlemen,

We beg leave to return our moſt grateful thanks to thoſe worthy and independent Electors, who have honoured us with their generous ſupport; and take the liberty of requeſting ſuch as are in our intereſt, and have not yet polled, to do us the honour of their ſuffrages as early as poſſible, not doubting but by their immediate exertions, we ſhall be able to obtain a decided majority.

We are, Gentlemen,
With the greateſt reſpect,
Your moſt obliged, and
Moſt humble ſervants,

Wood's Hotel, May 3, 1784.

HOOD.
CECIL WRAY.

ADVERTISEMENT.

To the Unpolled Electors of the City and Liberty of Weſtminſter.

Gentlemen,

Is it not moſt highly deſerving your moſt ſerious re-conſideration, how, in the preſent conteſt for your Repreſentatives in Parliament, you can poſſibly reconcile the neutrality you ſo tenaciouſly perſevere in, and thereby ſuffer your rights and privileges to be invaded, and your wiſhes and inclinations defeated by hired and diſqualified voters; and

and whether you will not feel yourſelves moſt exceedingly hurt, ſhould the great Cauſe now at ſtake, and the intereſt of thoſe Candidates, whoſe general conduct you have ſo repeatedly approved, be ſacrificed by your unaccountable ſupineneſs and inactivity?

Why not immediately ſtep forward, and by giving your ſuffrages to Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, do juſtice to thoſe patriotic Candidates, and put an end to the riots and diſorders which have ſo long interrupted the peace of the City of Weſtminſter?

Why will you loſe ſight of that truly laudable line of conduct, which has hitherto ever diſtinguiſhed, and been the pride and characteriſtic of the free and independent Electors of Weſtminſter?

AN INDEPENDENT ELECTOR.

ELECTION RIOT.

Wood's Hotel, May 4, 1784.

A moſt fallacious account of the riot which happened on Saturday evening, having appeared in ſeveral of the papers, the public may depend on the authenticity of the ſubſequent relation.

About a quarter paſt ten o'clock on Saturday evening, ſeveral fellows, with marrow bones and cleavers, aſſembled before the door of Wood's Hotel, apparently with a deſign of giving riſe to thoſe outrages which afterwards enſued. Theſe gentry were very ſoon joined by a conſiderable number of ruffians, armed with bludgeons, who violently aſſaulted every perſon quitting the Hotel. Apprehenſive that this hired mob would force their way up ſtairs, Mr. Wood and his ſervants endeavoured to guard the paſſage, and prevent an entrance. This repulſion was the very thing which the aſſailants deſired; for no ſooner was the attempt made to defend the Hotel, than the ruffians, with that peculiar ſavageneſs which diſtinguiſhes the partizans of Mr. Fox, exerciſed their bludgeons on the heads of every opponent. With extreme difficulty the door was at laſt ſhut, which ſo exaſperated the ruffians, that they attempted, with cleavers and other weapons, to break it open; but failing in their efforts, they demoliſhed ſeveral of the windows, and pretended to diſperſe. Conceiving their vengeance to have been ſatiated, and every thing appearing tolerably quiet, Mr. Wood and his ſervants ventured into the Piazza, with an intention of putting up the window-ſhutters, when on a ſudden *a whiſtle* was given, and repeated at ſeveral parts of Covent Garden; and before it was poſſible to ſhut the door of the Hotel, a banditti formed themſelves into a body, and knocked down all perſons whom they met. Every effort to keep them out being now found to be impoſſible, Mr. Wood, his ſervants, and ſeveral of the clerks, endeavoured, as well as they could, to defend their lives, which were conceived to be in imminent danger, as the ruffians frequently made uſe of this expreſſion:- -"*Puſh in upon the "ſcoundrels, and knock them on the head.*" In this dreadful affray ſeveral perſons were moſt terribly maimed, the principal of whom were Thomas Smith, who was rendered ſenſeleſs by a violent blow which he was ſtruck by one of the ruffians, with a piece of a coach-wheel; John Taylor, a conſtable, who was wounded on the head, and narrowly eſcaped a blow aimed at him with a cleaver; Chriſtian Hennings, who from a contuſion he received loſt a conſiderable quantity of blood; Timothy Murphy, who was knocked down by one of the ruffians, and beaten by others while he lay on the ground; John Whelden was ſeveral times knocked down, and dragged by the ruffians along the Piazza, while he continued in a ſenſeleſs ſtate. Still not content with wreaking their vengeance on this unfortunate man, when he was brought back to the Hotel the ruffians again attacked him

him by repeated blows on his head, wounded his right hand, and ſtruck him in ſeveral parts of his body; a large ſtone thrown into the houſe and hitting him on the ſtomach occaſioned a prodigious vomiting of blood, which continued for a conſiderable time. To the preceding inſtances the following names of perſons who were ſeverely wounded in different parts of their bodies may be added, viz. *Edward Watkins*, *Thomas Renniſon*, *John York*, *Robert Nichols*, and *John Johnſton*.

By this detail it appears, that the ſuffering parties were not, as falſely ſtated in the publiſhed account, the *innocent* adherents of Mr. Fox; nor is it true, that "*a body of* "*ruffians iſſued from Wood's Hotel, armed with cutlaſſes and piſtols.*" The ruffians were engaged on the other ſide of the queſtion; that jewel of a bruiſer, *Peter Cockran*, was their leader, and he is confeſſedly too much of a Swiſs to fight for any thing but *pay*.

The ruffians having thus ſignalized themſelves in the cauſe of Mr. Fox, and proceeding ſtill in the commiſſion of greater outrages, it was judged neceſſary to ſend for a party of the guards, and they reached the Hotel with Sir Sampſon Wright. The mob had diſperſed previous to their arrival; and it being propoſed to viſit the houſes of their reſort, ſeveral of the ringleaders were taken into cuſtody, among whom was *Peter Cockran*. The fellows thus ſecured, had all bludgeons, and it appeared they had been uſed to ſome purpoſe, as they were in general ſtained with blood.

The next day (Sunday) a gentleman belonging to the Sub-committee of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, received a meſſage from Sir Sampſon Wright to attend an examination of the ruffians in cuſtody.

At the public Office he found Mr. Sheridan, and ſeveral other Gentlemen, who benevolently offered to bail the culprits at the bar. The Gentleman was aſked, "Whe-"ther a proſecution of the offenders was ſeriouſly intended?" And having replied in the affirmative, it was intimated, "That the waiters of Mr. Wood muſt expect a ſimilar treatment." The Gentleman on this declared, "*That if any of the Waiters could be* "*proved guilty of offences equal to thoſe committed by the men at the bar, it would be per-*"*fectly right to proſecute them.*" Mr. Wood heartily concurred in this opinion; and "the Gentleman added, "*That the ruffians now in cuſtody ought to be puniſhed, as from* "*the frequent liberation of ſuch men they had only become more daringly outrageous.*" The Magiſtrate propoſed, that the fellows ſhould be ſeverely reprimanded and diſcharged, as a ſerious proſecution might only create ill blood, and widen differences. The gentleman proteſted againſt the meaſure; alledging, That he was not authorized by his Committee to conſent to any ſuch compromiſe; and he concluded by ſaying, "That "could he have conceived that an examination of the kind would have been entered "on that day, being Sunday, the witneſſes againſt the priſoners ſhould have attended." In conformity, therefore, to the plan recommended by Sir Sampſon Wright, theſe deſperadoes were reprimanded, and turned, as before, looſe on ſociety, to the ſingular honour of the police of this country.

Theſe are the facts; and they will be atteſted, if neceſſary, by ſeveral Gentlemen of unimpeachable veracity. On ſuch facts the Public will make their own comments; while every man of honour and of feeling who hears of the perpetration of bloody minded villainy by a ſet of miſcreants, whoſe exiſtence diſgraces human nature, will wiſh, in the language of the late Serjeant Glynn, "*That the puniſhment may be brought home to* "*the* hirers *and the* hired."

AN ELECTOR.

ADVERTISEMENT.

WOOD's HOTEL,

May 5, 1784.] The Committee for conducting the intended ſcrutiny in favour of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, take this opportunity of informing the public, that the undermentioned banking houſes are opened to receive ſubſcriptions for ſupporting the ſaid ſcrutiny:

Meſſ. Drummonds, Charing-croſs;
Meſſ. Couts and Co. in the Strand;
Meſſ. Crofts and Co. Pall-mall;
Meſſ. Hodſoll and Michell, in the Strand;
Meſſ. Pybus and Co. Bond-ſtreet;
Meſſ. Ranſom, Morland, and Hammerſley, Pall-mall;
Meſſ. Biddulph and Cocks, Charing-croſs.

The Committee wiſh to recommend, in the ſtrongeſt manner, to thoſe Gentlemen who have not yet polled, the neceſſity of coming forward immediately, and giving their ſuffrages to Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray; and this Committee once more declare their determination not only to demand a ſcrutiny, but to ſupport it throughout with a ſpirit becoming Engliſhmen, feeling themſelves eſſentially injured in their franchiſe.

JOHN CHURCHILL, Chairman.

ADVERTISEMENT.

To the Worthy and Independent Electors of the City of Weſtminſter.

Gentlemen,

The preſent ſtate of the Poll exhibits a mournful example of the ſucceſs with which the exertions of the worſt men in the worſt cauſe may be temporarily attended.

But in order to render their intereſted malice vain, to blaſt their imaginary triumphs, and to cover them with the infamy they deſerve, the real friends to virtue, to the conſtitution, and to their country, are requeſted to unite in one laſt effort, which cannot fail to be attended with ſucceſs.

The preſent conteſt is an awful appeal to the underſtanding and generoſity of the Electors of Weſtminſter: they muſt determine whether they will ſupport the cauſe of thoſe who have uniformly aſſerted the public rights and intereſt, or whether they will transfer the rewards which are due to their integrity, to the profeſſed enemies of the country and conſtitution. Whatever, therefore, may be the perſonal feelings of Sir Cecil Wray, ſhould he be ultimately diſappointed, they will be little, in compariſon with the more weighty concern which he will *feel* for the degraded ſtate of one of the nobleſt, and hitherto the moſt independent cities in the world.

Mr. Fox, indeed, ſhelters himſelf under general names and general profeſſions; but theſe profeſſions, however graceful they might formerly have been, are now ridiculous; ſince they afford a glaring inſtance, that no name is ſo revered, no cauſe ſo ſacred, as not to be proſtituted to the vileſt purpoſes of intereſt and party.

But

But theſe pretexts have now no longer power to impoſe, even upon the meaneſt underſtanding. The glorious agents in the Revolution fixed their oppoſition upon the firm baſis of private right and public liberty. One King was brought to public execution for invading the property of his ſubjects, even in the moſt trifling article; another was driven from his throne for arbitrary purpoſes, and ill-concealed ambition. Our great deliverer is immortal in the memory of this nation, for fixing public right and private property upon a firm and laſting baſis; and for taking up arms to ſecure both from the proud attempts of foreign enemies.

But theſe modern Revolutioniſts have turned the irreſiſtible force of Britiſh arms upon Britiſh boſoms: their triumphs are recorded at Saratoga, York Town, and every diſaſtrous ſpot which is marked by our misfortunes and diſgrace. Does Mr. Fox deny the imputation? Let him firſt deny his infamous coalition with the author of all theſe calamities, who comes into power reeking with the blood of millions, profeſſedly unchanged in any of his principles, and ready to light up new wars, the inſtant the guardian genius of Britain ſhall ſlumber over his charge.

In reſpect to private property, theſe genuine Revolutioniſts have ſufficiently explained their principles. Their daring and unprecedented attempts upon all the property of the Eaſt India Company, may convince every diſcerning mind, that nothing was ſufficiently fenced againſt their rapacity; and puts every man, that has any thing to loſe, under the neceſſity of voting againſt them, upon the ſame ſimple principle that he would oppoſe a thief or a houſebreaker.

As to the interference of the Court, the friends of Sir Cecil Wray will make no retort. They give Mr. Fox leave to blazon all their diſcoveries in the moſt pompous ſtrains of his energetic eloquence; nor will they even condeſcend to retaliate upon that ariſtocracy which have wiſhed to lead in chains both Sovereign and people, and to divide their ſpoils. There are ſome tranſactions ſo offenſive to public decency, that even the violence of an Election may paſs them over in ſilence, and rather wiſh, for the public honour, to have them forgotten than puniſhed.

But as to the odious name of "Secret Influence," the Electors are reminded, that the foremoſt figure in Mr. Fox's phalanx, is the open and avowed patron of all its exceſſes; nor can the Sovereign himſelf give a proof more unequivocal, how totally he abjures it, than by diſſolving a corrupt and venal Parliament, to appeal to the unbiaſſed ſuffrages of a free and generous people.

Rouſe then, ye independent Electors of this ancient and reſpected city! Shew yourſelves to be equal in virtue, equal in diſcernment, to the reſt of your countrymen, whoſe almoſt unanimous voice has driven theſe public robbers from the ſpoils which they have graſped, and has conſigned them to ſcorn and infamy. Remember, that any King may become a tyrant, who will ſhare the plunder of his people with an intereſted ariſtocracy; but that a Sovereign who appeals to a free people, for the defence of their common privileges, cannot be deſerted, without involving public liberty in the ruin which is meditated againſt himſelf.

A WARNING VOICE.

ADVERTISEMENT.

WOOD's HOTEL.

May 8.] This Committee moſt earneſtly requeſt the independent Electors of Weſtminſter to reſt aſſured that the ſcrutiny will not be demanded on weak or chimerical

 grounds,

grounds, nor profecuted on vexatious or vindictive principles, but will owe its exiſtence to information obtained by the unremitting activity of the Parochial Committees, who daily inveſtigate the votes in their reſpective diſtricts.

This Committee are no leſs anxious to have the ſcrutiny conducted with temper and candour, in order to reſtore peace to this divided city, than they are determined to ſupport it throughout with alacrity and firmneſs, in juſtice to the injured Electors.

JOHN CHURCHILL, Chairman.

ADVERTISEMENT.

WOOD's HOTEL.

May 10.] The daring outrage committed this day in Covent Garden by a banditti of ruffians, who, there is every reaſon to believe, were hired for the purpoſe by ſome of Mr. Fox's party, may poſſibly be miſrepreſented in the newſpapers devoted to his intereſt, the public are therefore cautioned not to pay any regard to accounts that may be fabricated for the purpoſe of impoſition, as an authentic detail of the whole proceedings will be immediately ſubmitted to their impartial judgment.

ADVERTISEMENT.

WOOD's HOTEL.

Tueſday Evening, Eleven o'Clock, May 11..

The Coroner's Inqueſt being yet ſitting on the body of the unfortunate conſtable, who died this morning in conſequence of the wounds he received in the riot that happened yeſterday in Covent Garden; and to avoid prejudicing the public in their opinion of that extraordinary affair, it is thought proper to poſtpone the promiſed account of it for the preſent.

ADVERTISEMENT.

A MURDER!

Whereas, on Monday laſt, between the hours of three and four o'clock, a moſt violent aſſault was made in Covent Garden, at the cloſe of the poll, on ſeveral perſons, by men armed with bludgeons, cleavers, and other offenſive weapons; in conſequence of which Nicholas Caſſon, a peace officer, received ſeveral wounds on his head and other parts of his body, which occaſioned his *death*, and the Coroner's Inqueſt have ſince found, that the ſaid Nicholas Caſſon was *wilfully murdered*, by ſome perſon or perſons unknown.

And whereas there is the ſtrongeſt reaſon to believe, that the ruffians, ſo armed with bludgeons and cleavers, who committed this daring outrage, have been daily hired from the commencement of the Election, to the preſent period.

The

The Committee appointed to conduct the Election of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, thinking it a duty which they owe to the Public in general, and to the Electors of Weſtminſter in particular, to bring every offender to juſtice, who have been concerned in this inhuman and bloody tranſaction, do hereby offer a reward of Fifty Pounds to any perſon or perſons, who ſhall diſcover the Murderers, or the Parties *who hired or employed them*. The reward to be paid, on conviction, by Mr. Samuel Wood, of the Piazza, Covent Garden.

J. P. ATKINSON, Secretary.

Woods Hotel, Covent Garden, 12th May, 1784.

CHARLEY's CONFESSION.

C. F--x's compliments to the worthy and independent Electors of the City and Liberties of Weſtminſter: having nothing to ſay for himſelf, he hopes they will excuſe the many groſs invectives that have been thrown out againſt Sir Cecil Wray; and he is the more encouraged to expect their forgiveneſs, as he is now convinced, that however malevolent the deſign may have been, the effect has been totally harmleſs; his opponent, Sir Cecil Wray, gaining more of the public eſteem, in proportion as Mr. Charles Fox attempts to depreciate his character.

Aſſaſſination and *Murder* by a *hired* Mob.

Engliſhmen,

If you were not witneſſes, you now may have authentic teſtimony *(from the Coroner's Inqueſt)* of a Murder, committed in Covent Garden, on Monday the 10th inſtant. The perſon murdered was Nicholas Caſſon, a peace-officer, and in obedience to legal ſummons attending his duty. Obſerve, the *military* were *not preſent*, not a ſoldier *near*; the peace-officers alone were endeavouring, at the hazard of their lives, to preſerve inviolate the Freedom of Election. Mr. *F.'s* Committee are called upon to deny theſe facts:--- they dare not; they know they cannot. Infamous, therefore, are the declarations of thoſe who attempt to inſult your underſtanding, by aſſerting that the peace-officers, acting under legal authority, were like thoſe *hired ruffians* who produced the riot, and by whom the murder was committed.

NO MURDER!

No Club Law, no Butchers Law, no Petticoat Government!

The worthy Electors of Weſtminſter, who are neither intimidated by marrow-bones and cleavers, nor influenced by Peers or Peereſſes, are called upon to exert their native privileges as Britons and citizens. It is yet in their power to vindicate their liberties, and by a ſpeedy and earneſt ſupport of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, to pour contempt upon the baſeſt exertion of open bribery, that ever diſgraced the Engliſh nation.

May 12, 1784.

Proceedings in conſequence of the Riot and Murder.

Wood's Hotel, May 13, 1784.

As the friends of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray mean not to inflame the minds, or impoſe on the underſtandings of the people, they are not ſo forward as their adverſaries in obtruding publications on the town, calculated only to miſlead the judgment. The riot which happened on Monday having been attended, however, by the moſt ſerious conſequences, it is conceived to be a duty to ſubmit the following facts to general conſideration, leaving every man of candour and honour to deduce ſuch inferences as the truth will juſtify.

In conſequence of the wounds which Nicholas Caſſon, a peace-officer, received during the riot on Monday, he expired, as hath been ſtated, about half an hour paſt one o'clock on Tueſday morning. At five o'clock in the afternoon of that day the Coroner's Inqueſt were ſummoned to ſit on the body of this unfortunate man. The ſurgeons who attended were Mr. John Hunter and Mr. Sheldon; and it had been previouſly ſtipulated by the Committees of the contending Candidates, that thoſe two ſhould be the only gentlemen of the faculty preſent at the opening of the body. Two friends of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, and the ſame number on the part of Mr. Fox, were alſo to be admitted. This agreement, reduced to writing, ſhould have been conſidered ſo binding, as not to admit for a moment the idea of deviation. Mr. Brand, the ſurgeon, expreſſed, however, a more than ordinary curioſity to be preſent at the melancholy ſcene. The Rev. Mr. Jackſon ſtrenuouſly objected to the admiſſion of Mr. Brand, as it would be an abſolute violation of the original agreement. The Rev. Mr. Bate declared, "That he would not conſent to break through the agreement; if that were "done in one inſtance, it might in others, and a departure from the rule laid down "being admitted, confuſion only could enſue." Mr. Smith, another gentleman in the intereſt of Mr. Fox, perfectly concurred in the ſame opinion, and Mr. Brand was ſilenced, but not ſatisfied.

The ſurgeons having retired to examine the body, and the reſpective friends of the Candidates being required to attend, the chirurgical operation commenced, and the deceaſed appeared to have received a moſt violent contuſion on one ſide of his head, a quantity of extravaſated blood was diſcovered on the other, three of his ribs were broken, and there were various marks of violence, which the ſurgeons pronounced to be the cauſes of his death. The Coroner's Inqueſt being prepared to hear evidence, it was contended by a moſt numerous party of Mr. Fox's friends, that the Coroner ought to enter into a diſcuſſion reſpecting the *commencement* of the riot, which they were prepared to prove originated from the peace-officers. This was deemed by ſeveral gentlemen, perfectly competent to the queſtion, irrelative to the buſineſs before the Coroner. After tedious harangues, and a great deal of fruitleſs altercation, it was agreed, that the Coroner ſhould be waited on to enquire and report his determination, which turned out to be, not to admit any evidence as to the commencement of the riot; but ſimply to enquire as to the murder or manſlaughter of the deceaſed. The teſtimonies of the fact being numerous, and the inveſtigation rendered as complicated as the machinations of party could make it, the Coroner's Inqueſt continued ſitting from five in the afternoon of Tueſday, until near one o'clock on Wedneſday morning, when they found the fact to be Wilful Murder *againſt ſome perſon or perſons unknown.*

It will appear incredible that ſuch a verdict being given, and *fifteen* of the hired rioters being then actually in cuſtody, any *magiſtrate* ſhould be ſuſpected as the primary cauſe of the murder; yet, abſurd as the poſition may appear, it was maintained by a gentleman of the name of Kelly, who is himſelf in the commiſſion of the peace. About two o'clock

o'clock yeſterday morning Mr. Kelly, attended by ſeveral of Mr. Fox's friends, entered Wood's Hotel, and Mr. Kelly publicly declared, "That he had a charge of the moſt "ſerious nature to make, and which he meant to ſubſtantiate againſt Mr. Wilmot.---- "This charge was, he ſaid, of *no leſs* a nature than that of Mr. Wilmot's being an "*acceſſary before the fact to the murder committed.*" The ſingularity of this aſſertion very naturally occaſioned a general ſurprize; and Mr. Kelly perſiſting in the charge, Mr. Wilmot was committed to the cuſtody of a peace officer.

Mr. Kelly having retired to an adjacent room, the following words were repeatedly vociferated by various gentlemen: "*Mr. Kelly! Mr. Kelly! come forward, and make* "*good your charge!*" Mr. Kelly declining to appear, *Mr. Hood* inquired for him, and "being ſhewn the room where he was, Mr. Hood entered, and found a number of "Mr. Fox's friends, whom he thus addreſſed:-- "*I beg that Mr. Kelly, if he hath* "*any charge to make againſt Mr. Wilmot, may come forward, and do it immediately, as the* "*accuſation is of that heinous nature to admit of no delay. I can poſitively aſſure the* "*friends of Mr. Fox, that it is the particular wiſh of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, as* "*well as of thoſe concerned for them, to have the perſons who were acceſſary to the murder of* "*the unfortunate man brought to puniſhment; and that a fair and candid inveſtigation may be* "*entered on immediately.*" Mr. Kelly replied, that he was ready to make the charge and ſwear to it; but it was objected to by the friends of Mr. Fox for the following reaſons: The lateneſs of the hour; that it was impoſſible to carry on a civil proceſs whilſt the military were called in; and that Wood's Hotel could not be a proper place to have the depoſition taken, it being a *party houſe*, and the magiſtrate a *partial man!*

Mr. Hood perceiving that his ſtaying longer would not anſwer any good purpoſe, as the friends of Mr. Fox appeared unanimous in preventing Mr. Kelly from giving his depoſition, wiſhed the gentlemen a good night, and retired to a party of his own friends, in an adjacent room, to whom he reported what had happened.

In about a quarter of an hour *Juſtice Kelly*, accompanied by Mr. *Sheridan*, ſallied forth, for the purpoſe of ſubſtantiating the charge againſt Mr. Wilmot; and Juſtice Hale, a very reſpectable magiſtrate, happening to be in the houſe, the following depoſition was ſworn before him:

"Mr. Edmund Kelly maketh oath, and ſaith, That he believes *Mr. Wilmot was an* "*acceſſary before the fact*, of the murder of the man in Covent Garden on the 10th "of May inſtant, by *cauſing the riot*, by *keeping a parcel of conſtables*, againſt the "opinion of the Magiſtrates that met at Weſtminſter, at the Guildhall, yeſterday.

E. KELLY."

Sworn before me this 12th day of May, 1784.

JOHN HALE.

(C O P Y.)

This depoſition is ſo ſingularly characteriſtic as to render it impoſſible to peruſe it and retain a gravity of features. That a Magiſtrate ſhould be acceſſary to *a murder*, by retaining a parcel of conſtables *to keep the peace*, is ſuch an Hibernian ſoleciſm as will ſcarcely admit a parallel. The light in which it appeared to Juſtice Hale is moſt evident; for perceiving the futility as well as the malevolence of the accuſation, he atteſted his opinion in the ſubſequent words:

"I do conceive that the above information *is not, in any wiſe, ſufficient whereby to* "*ground any charge againſt the abovenamed Mr. Wilmot*; I therefore do hereby diſ- "charge him."

Dated the 12th day of May, 1784. JOHN HALE."

(COPY.)

(C O P Y)

The accuſations of Mr. Wilmot being thus diſpoſed of, an attempt of a very different, but equally atrocious nature, was happily defeated. About half an hour paſt three o'clock yeſterday morning, Mr. Hood, Mr. Nucella, and John Weildon, got into a coach with Mr. Wilmot, with an intention of conveying him ſafely home. Soon after leaving Wood's Hotel, Mr. Hood perceived a coach following that in which he was, having two fellows behind, and two were running on the pavement with ſticks in their hands. On reaching Chancery-lane, Mr. Hood called to the coachman to return to the Hotel, imagining that this would occaſion the perſons in the other coach to deſiſt from any further purſuit. Finding, however, his miſtake, he gave orders to the driver to proceed directly to Bethnal-green, the reſidence of Mr. Wilmot. The other carriage ſtill following, Mr. Hood ſtopped his own coach, alighted, and addreſſing himſelf to the fellows who had ran along the pavement, he aſked, "*Whether they were friends or* "*foes?*" They anſwered, that they did not intend to inſult him. Mr. Hood then approached the carriage which had followed him, to diſcover, if poſſible, the perſons who were in it. After waiting a ſhort time, *a Mr. O'Brien* let down the window, and Mr. Hood ſaid, "He thought his conduct very ſtrange and unbecoming, and that "he had not a right to follow him." Mr. O'Brien replied, "He had a right to go "where he pleaſed." Mr. Hood then returned to his carriage, and it was driven to Mr. Whitbread's brewhouſe, where all the parties alighted, and Mr. O'Brien again appearing, Mr. Hood told him, "That he was aſtoniſhed at his conduct, and he aſked if "he meant to *aſſaſſinate* him?" Mr. O'Brien anſwered in the negative, ſaying, "That "he need not be under any apprehenſions." Mr. Hood returned this anſwer, "I "never received ſuch treatment, and your actions are ſo ſuſpicious, that the worſt "conſtruction may be put on them." By this time, the number of perſons who had followed Mr. Hood's carriage were diſcovered to be *ſix*; Colonel North, and Mr. Shove, Barriſter at Law, being of the number. After walking for a few minutes in Mr. Whitbread's yard, and procuring a broomſtick, as the only inſtrument of defence which could be procured, Mr. Hood and Mr. Wilmot returned to the carriage, and the coachman driving as faſt as poſſible, the purſuers loſt ground, but on looking out of the window, *Colonel North, Mr. O'Brien*, and ſeveral other perſons, were obſerved running after the carriage.

On reaching the houſe of Mr. Wilmot, Mr. Hood received information that the coach, which contained Colonel North and his companions, had broke down, and the parties had croſſed the fields towards Whitechapel, apparently for the purpoſe of overtaking Mr. Hood's carriage. Colonel North and his party meeting ſome labourers, told them, "That the perſons in the carriage which had paſſed, were *raſcals* who had "endeavoured to ſwear away the lives of ſeveral innocent men, who were committed to "Newgate, and that Juſtice Wilmot was ſent there himſelf."

Thus providentially eſcaping whatever might have been intended, and having quieted the apprehenſions of his family, Mr. Wilmot returned with his protector, to Wood's Hotel, which they reached about ſix, Mr. Wilmot continuing there during the remainder of yeſterday. About four o'clock in the afternoon the Reverend Mr. *Bate*, Sir *Godfrey Webſter* and Sir *William Milner*, waited on him to tender bail for the rioters in Newgate. They were informed that a copy of the commitment would be neceſſary, and when that ſhould be procured, the magiſtrate would finally decide the buſineſs. The gentlemen accorded with his propoſition, and they announced their intentions of returning in the afternoon. About ſeven o'clock they came, and Mr. Wilmot being in the Sub-Commitee Room, it was found impracticable to obtain that immediate acceſs to him of which the parties were deſirons. Their attendance was announced,

and

and they were requeſted to ſtay *ten minutes*, at the expiration of which Mr. Wilmot would wait on them. The time elapſing, and the gentlemen declaring that they had a moſt preſſing engagement to attend, the clerk of Mr. Crowder, an attorney, was inſtructed to contrive the delivery of a notice to Mr. Wilmot, and the parties who came to tender bail left the houſe. On inſpecting the notice, it was diſcovered to contain information that the priſoners were to be brought before the Juſtices Haines, Forſter, Parker, Kelly, and Wiggins. This was rather conſidered as a manœuvre than a regular proceeding agreeable to a juſticiary form: and there being poſitive charges againſt three of the priſoners, warrants of detainers were ſent to the office of Mr. Haines, and they were remanded to Newgate, the remaining twelve being bailed by the interfering Magiſtrates.

In anſwer to a paragraph that appeared in the Morning Herald of Thurſday laſt, in which is the following paſſage: "It is, however, to be regretted, that Mr. Sheldon, "the gentleman that was ſent by Mr. Fox's Committee to viſit the deceaſed before "his death, on Monday night, was not allowed to ſee him." The following facts are ſubmitted to the impartial public: late in the evening of the day that the unfortunate Mr. Caſſon loſt his life, Mr. Adair, Colonel Byron, Mr. Clarkſon, and ſeveral other friends of Mr. Fox, together with Mr. Sheldon, Surgeon, in Great Queen-ſtreet came to Wood's Hotel for the purpoſe of viſiting the deceaſed: Mr. Sheldon then underſtanding that no gentleman of the faculty had been ſent for, but Mr. Jackſon and Mr. Atkinſon meeting thoſe gentlemen in the Coffee-room, and informing them, that Mr. John Hunter had ſeen the deceaſed, and declared that he was in imminent danger, and had given particular orders that he ſhould be kept quiet, and that no perſon ſhould be admitted to ſee him, Mr. Sheldon declined viſiting him, and ſaid he was perfectly ſatisfied. Mr. Jackſon inſiſted, that Mr. Sheldon ſhould ſee the deceaſed; but he again declined, ſaying he did ſo in delicacy to Mr. Hunter: Mr. Sheldon was then anſwered, that Mr. Hunter ſhould not again viſit Caſſon without Mr. Sheldon being preſent, and that Mr. Hunter ſhould be immediately waited upon, to fix a time for that purpoſe: Mr. Sheldon and other gentlemen were pleaſed to compliment Mr. Jackſon and Mr. Atkinſon, on their candour, and left Wood's Hotel perfectly ſatisfied. Mr. Jackſon and Mr. Atkinſon immediately went to the houſe of Mr. Hunter, to fix a time for his meeting Mr. Sheldon the next morning, and not finding him at home, left a note to inform him of the purport of their viſit: ſome little time after their return, word was brought by Mr. Wood, that he feared the deceaſed lay at the point of death, and a meſſenger was immediately diſpatched to Mr. Hunter, to requeſt his attendance, and Mr. Jackſon and Mr. Meyer went to the Shakeſpeare, to deſire Mr. Sheldon alſo to attend; Mr. Louton was the only gentleman they found there, who was informed of their errand, and requeſted to ſend for Mr. Sheldon, as Caſſon was ſuppoſed to be near expiring, to which Mr. Louton anſwered, I ſuppoſe you killed him, and then went away: ſurpriſed at this extraordinary behaviour, one of the waiters was ſent in all poſſible haſte to Mr. Sheldon's houſe, who ſoon after came to Wood's Hotel, but Caſſon had expired a few minutes before his arrival.

WOOD's HOTEL.

Caption and Diſcharge of a RIOTER.

May 17.] On Friday evening Patrick Kenny was taken into cuſtody, for aſſaulting and violently ſtriking a Conſtable in the diſcharge of his duty, on the ſame day when the Peace Officer was murdered. Kenny was apprehended in Saint James's ſtreet; and his caption was no ſooner announced, than the conſtable who took him was ſurrounded by a numerous party of Mr. Fox's friends, ſome of whom dexterouſly picked the conſtable's pocket of the warrant which authorized him to detain the priſoner. When Kenny reached the watch-houſe, the peace officer having thus loſt the warrant, was of courſe deprived of the rule which would have been his guide in making a proper entry in the night-book; and, not having read the warrant, he preſumed the charge againſt the priſoner to be that of felony, and as ſuch he entered it in his book. The ſucceeding morning (Saturday) Kenny was brought to Litchfield-ſtreet for examination before the ſitting magiſtrates. Colonel North, being ſomehow or other intereſted in the fate of *his friend at the bar*, contended, that the priſoner ſhould only be queſtioned as to the accuſation alledged againſt him in the watch-houſe night-book; and not a ſyllable of the aſſault on the conſtable being found in that book, the Colonel affirmed it would be an extraneous matter to hear any evidence on the ſubject. Sir Robert Taylor, as impartially as juſtificially, coincided in ſentiment with Colonel North. Mr. Hale, however, was not ſo eaſily converted to an opinion founded on abſurdity. He ſaid, that the warrant for the apprehenſion of the priſoner had been iſſued by him: that the charge was that of beating and maiming a peace officer in the execution of his duty. Mr. Hale added, that he had with his own hand delivered the warrant to the conſtable who took Kenny into cuſtody; and was it becauſe ſome of *the party* had conveyed away the inſtrument of caption, that juſtice ſhould be as groſsly evaded as common honeſty had been notoriouſly violated? The warrant had been ſtolen; perhaps by a confederate. The trick was ingenious, and it ſhewed to what lengths perſons of a certain deſcription were capable of carrying their nefarious proceedings. Mr. Hale concluded by deſiring, that the conſtable might be permitted to depoſe upon oath to the loſs of the warrant. This was granted, and the priſoner was committed to Tothill-fields Bridewell, where he remained until yeſterday morning, when he was brought a ſecond time to Litchfield-ſtreet, for a final examination.

At twelve o'clock yeſterday, Kenny was put to the bar of the Rotation-office, Litchfield-ſtreet; and Mr. Morgan attended as counſel for the Crown, charging the priſoner, not only with the aſſault on the conſtable, but as one of the rioters on the day when Nicholas Caſſon was murdered; and having been therefore guilty of conſtructive murder, preciſely on the ſame grounds which occaſioned the conviction of Balfe and M'Quirke, Mr. Morgan fairly apprized the bench of his intentions, informing them, that the evidence he meant to adduce, would, in his opinion, go to prove, that the priſoner had attended from day to day, armed, with the other rioters, with a bludgeon, which he had unmercifully exerciſed ou the head of a peace-officer; and that, having been a party in the riot which occaſioned the murder of a fellow-citizen, the priſoner was as guilty of that murder as if he had ſtruck the fatal blow. Sir Robert Taylor was quite of a different opinion. The priſoner was charged with an aſſault. To that charge the evidence ſhould be ſpecifically confined; and as it was ſubſtantiated, the priſoner ſhould be called on to give bail for his appearance.

Several evidences were called in proof of the aſſault on the conſtable; and indeed the wounded condition of his head diſplayed the barbarous treatment which he had experienced.

rienced. No ſooner, however, did Mr. Morgan put any queſtion relative to the riot, or to the time and circumſtances when and by which Ntcholas Caſſon loſt his life, than he was interrupted *with extreme rudeneſs and indelicacy*. A ſprig of the law, who exactly anſwered Charles Churchill's deſcription of a

Pert, prim prater of the Northern rate,

had the preſumption to ſtake his *profeſſional experience* againſt that of Mr. Morgan, although he was but the other day called to the bar! This frothy declaimer ventured to affirm, that the queſtions put to the witneſſes by the Counſel for the Crown would *not be permitted at the Old Bailey*.. Mr. Dyſon, Solicitor to the Admiralty, and one of the ſitting magiſtrates, contradicted this aſſertion. And Mr. Morgan, preſſing his hand to his boſom, pledged his honour, his character, and his profeſſional credit, that every queſtion he had propounded would have been perfectly orderly at the Old Bailey.

After repeated cavils, and reiterated attempts made by Mr. Morgan to bring the riot and murder into conſideration, which were as repeatedly defeated, the point was given up, to the entire ſatisfaction of *Lord Robert Spencer*, and ſeveral other *diſtinguiſhed* friends of Mr. Fox, who attended in the cuſtomary ſtile, thus favouring the preſumption, that they felt themſelves *deeply intereſted in the fate of an* IRISH CHAIRMAN.

When Sir Robert Taylor propoſed that the priſoner ſhould be diſcharged as to the murder, and give bail for the aſſault, *Mr. Dyſon* deſired "that it might not be conſi-"dered as the *unanimous* determination of the Bench, becauſe he for one *objected to the* "*meaſure in the ſtrongeſt and moſt poſitive terms.*" To this mark of diſapprobation Mr. Morgan adduced his teſtimony; for, when bail was propoſing for the priſoner, Mr. Morgan ſaid in the heariug of the Bench, "You had better ſave trouble, and determine "*that the man has not committed any aſſault.*" Mr. Morgan ſubjoined this opinion:---"The expence of Counſel in behalf of a priſoner may be ſaved, when a majority of "Juſtices preſent follow that excellent maxim, that the Judge ſhould be Counſel for "the priſoner, althongh it is merely the duty of a magiſtrate *to hear and determine im-*"*partially* AFTER *he hath heard.*"

This opinion is too judicious to require ſupport; and every obſervation on a ſelf-evident propoſition is impertinent.

AN ELECTOR.

Wood's Hotel, May 15, 1784.

Interment of the Murdered Conſtable.

On Thurſday afternoon, about five o'clock, the unhappy widow of Nicholas Caſſon, the conſtable, who was murdered on Monday by a party of hired ruffians, came to Wood's Hotel, and requeſted to be informed, "where the parties reſided to whom ſhe "ſhould make application reſpecting the interment of her huſband, as ſhe deſigned to "have his body buried the enſuing day in the church-yard of Covent Garden." Being directed to the ſexton, and by him accompanied to ſome of the church-wardens, ſhe was aſked, "at what hour ſhe was deſirous of having the funeral rites performed?" and replying, "that as her place of reſidence was ſituated at a conſiderable diſtance, and ſhe "would wiſh to return home as early as poſſible, ſhe intended having the body brought "to the church at *three o'clock*." The hour was objected to, and ſhe was requeſted to return to Wood's Hotel, where, if ſhe waited about *a quarter of an hour*, ſhe ſhould receive a final anſwer as to the propriety or impropriety of admitting her requeſt. Relying on the validity of this aſſurance, ſhe returned to the Hotel, and waited *two hours*

without receiving the final anſwer which had been promiſed; until, exhauſted of her ſtock of patience, which, owing to her affliction, and to a natural warmth of temper, might not be very conſiderable, ſhe obtained an interview with the *ſexton*, who very graciouſly informed her, " that the church-wardens conceived *three* o'clock would be an improper hour to bury her huſband, as the funeral proceſſion might collect a mob, which might end in a breach of the peace, or the demolition of ſome of the pews *where the quality ſat*." The widow replied, " that the mangled body of her huſband was now " grown ſo offenſive as to render an early interment abſolutely neceſſary; and all ſhe " requeſted was, a definitive anſwer, whether ſhe could or could not be permitted to " have the funeral ſervice read over the corpſe in the church, and have it afterwards " buried in the church-yard of Covent Garden." The ſexton could not ſay. Three o'clock was a diſagreeable hour; and it was not becoming him to appoint another. He muſt conſult the church-wardens: they were honeſt gentlemen; very honeſt gentlemen indeed!---" Where were they to be found?" That he did not know; but he dared to ſay he could meet with them in a very few minutes. For the preſent, however, he would juſt *take a ſtep home with the widow in her coach, ſee the ſtate of the body, and when they returned to Covent Garden, the church-wardens would give their anſwer in a moment.*" This was agreed to. He accompanied the woman; returned to the Hotel, where he quitted her to go in ſearch of the church-wardens. Some of them were met with, from whoſe diſcourſe it was evident, that an evaſion of the buſineſs was the object intended; for, under the ſpecious pretext of *three* o'clock being an *improper* hour (which might be the caſe) a general refuſal was implied, although not expreſſed. The widow now clearly perceiving herſelf to be trifled with, became more determined to carry her purpoſe into execution. She tendered the fees for opening the ground, and offered the depoſit of any ſum which might be required to defray the cuſtomary douceurs which *the clergy* have ſo diſintereſtedly taken care ſhall fall to their lot. Theſe offers were rejected; but let not the ſacred order take fire at the rejection! for their ſpirits may be pacified when they are aſſured, that *not a parſon was preſent when the offers were made.*

Several friends of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, hearing by this time of the obſtructions given to the propoſed interment, endeavoured to perſuade the widow to change the place of burial. Her anſwer was, " That having the body of a near relation depoſited in the church-yard of Covent Garden, and intending that her own remains " ſhould reſt there, thoſe of her huſband ſhould not be carried to any other place." She was then intreated to alter the hour from *three* to *four* o'clock; to which ſhe finally aſſented. The original objection being thus removed, the ſexton was informed of the circumſtance, and deſired to prepare the grave. But he ſtill could not act without the permiſſion of the church-wardens; and they, as before, were to be found in ten minutes, although whither they were gone it was impoſſile for him to ſay. After engaging to return immediately with their anſwer, the poor inſulted woman waited until near *twelve o'clock yeſterday morning*, without being able to obtain any poſitive information, whether the remains of her unfortunate huſband would be allowed interment in the church-yard of Covent Garden. The Coroner's warrant, and five guineas to defray certain fees, were left at the houſe of the ſexton with a notice, that the body would be brought to the church at *four o'clock* in the afternoon of the next day; and if the rites of burial were then denied, a legal proceſs would be inſtituted.

The poll being yeſterday cloſed at two o'clock, by the deſire of the Candidates, exactly at four o'clock in the afternoon, the remains of the murdered peace officer were brought to Covent Garden in a hearſe, drawn by four horſes, and followed by ſix coaches, containg the relations and friends of the deceaſed. The hearſe ſtopped a ſhort period oppoſite the Shakeſpeare Tavern, and the widow burſt into tears on caſting a look at the houſe. The hearſe then turned about, and paſſing along Taviſtock-row, ſtopped a

ſecond

ſecond time oppoſite the houſe of Mr. Jennings, from whoſe ſide of the Garden the *hired ruffians* iſſued, who began the attack on the peace officers, in which Nicholas Caſſon was ſo barbarouſly *murdered*. The proceſſion afterwards advanced to the church, and the preſcribed forms being ended, the body was interred; the wretched widow frequently uttering the moſt paſſionate exclamations, and appealing to the *God of Juſtice* to inflict a puniſhment on the *murderers!* When the proceſſion quitted the church, a ſtop was made at Wood's Hotel; and Mrs. Caſſon, after gratefully acknowledging the extreme humanity and tenderneſs with which ſhe had been treated by *Mr. Wood and his family*, returned to her houſe, now bereft of conjugal comfort by the loſs of a huſband, to whom ſhe had been married *thirty years*.

This melancholy recital, and the turn which hath been given to the riot and murder by the friends of Mr. Fox, will juſtify the following reſtrictions:

In the firſt place, *a murder having been committed*, the friends of each party *appear* deſirous of diſcovering the perpetrators, and bringing them to juſtice. The friends of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray have procured the detention of thoſe rioters whom there are ſtrong reaſons to believe were *acceſſaries to the murder*. The friends of Mr. Fox, on the contrary, have obtained the liberation of *twelve* of the ruffians, and they were very near obtaining the releaſe of the remaing three. Yet theſe very friends of Mr. Fox offer a reward of One Hundred Guineas for the diſcovery of the perſons who committed the murder, at the very inſtant when they were moving Heaven and Earth to get the three ruffians *bailed*, who are now in Newgate charged with the commiſſion of the crime! In what light muſt ſuch a conduct appear to candid minds? Have the Committee of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, or any of their friends, offered bail for a ſingle man who hath been taken into cuſtody ſince the commencement of the election? Have they ſtood forth the champions of Iriſh chairmen, and the protectors of deſperadoes with marrow-bones and cleavers? Is there a Nobleman, a Commoner, or a Baronet, connected with Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, who hath extended any particular marks of favour to fellows whom money would prompt to the fouleſt practices? On the other ſide of the queſtion, no ſooner are fifteen vagabonds committed to Newgate for a riot and a murder, than the jail is viſited by men of rank, and *Peers* and *Baronets* by dozens offer bail for their friends the *Marrow-bones and Cleavers* in diſtreſs!---This conduct explains itſelf.---A commentary would only obſcure it.---They muſt be wonderfully anxious to bring murders to puniſhment, who wiſh thoſe ſuſpected of the crime releaſed from priſon! And it is an exceeding ſtrong proof that the riot on Monday laſt was *not* begun by any ruffians hired by the friends of Mr. Fox, when the whole party of that gentleman avow their connections with the rioters, by having bailed ſome, and wiſhing to ſet the others at liberty! This is ſo very like charging a magiſtrate with employing *peace officers* to break *the peace*, that *Mr. Sheridan* muſt be concerned in the buſineſs, and the abſurdity of the conduct is imputable to the common blunders of his country.

AN ELECTOR.*

ADVERTISEMENT.

It being generally underſtood that the poll for electing Members to ſerve in Parliament for the city of Weſtminſter, will be finally cloſed on Monday next at three o'clock,

* The above very partial detail appeared in every paper of the day particularly attached to the intereſt of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray. We give it to poſterity in its full force. But we may be forgiven the record, when it is known that in our work we likewiſe give the trial at large of thoſe committed for the riot; by which it appears, that the riot was actually begun by a magiſtrate, who came to Covent Garden to defend the conſtables particularly attached to Hood and Wray. Not a tittle of evidence did the *ingenious* Mr. Morgan, ſo often mentioned in the foregoing paper, adduce to prove the guilt of the priſoners, who were fully acquitted.—The reader is referred to the trial.

Lord Hood, Sir Cecil Wray, and their ſeveral Committees, take this opportunity of thanking their friends for their active and unremitting ſupport, at the ſame time moſt earneſtly entreating them to add to the obligations they have already conferred, by uſing every effort in their power to preſerve the peace of the city, and the ſafety of its inhabitants.

Wood's Hotel, April 23, 1784. JOHN CHURCHILL, Chairman.

ADVERTISEMENT.

WESTMINSTER ELECTION.

The Committee for conducting the Election of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, acquaint their friends, that there will be a general dinner at Wood's Hotel, after the final cloſe of the poll this day, when the company of every friend to thoſe worthy Candidates is particular ly requeſted.

Tickets (five ſhillings each) to be had at the bar of the Hotel, or at either of the Parochial Committees. Dinner on table at four o'clock preciſely.

Wood's Hotel, May 17, 1784. Mr. CHURCHILL, in the Chair.

N. B. The Scrutiny Committee will meet on Tueſday next, at ſix o'clock preciſely, at Wood's Hotel.

ADVERTISEMENT.

WOOD's HOTEL,

May 17, 1784.] The Committee for conducting the intended ſcrutiny in favour of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, take this opportunity of informing the public, that the undermentioned banking houſes are opened to receive ſubſcriptions for ſupporting the ſaid ſcrutiny:

Meſſ. Drummonds, Charing-croſs;
Meſſ. Couts and Co. in the Strand;
Meſſ. Crofts and Co. Pall-mall;
Meſſ. Hodſoll and Michell, in the Strand;
Meſſ. Pybus and Co. Bond-ſtreet;
Meſſ. Ranſom, Morland, and Hammerſley, Pall-mall;
Meſſ. Biddulph and Cocks, Charing-croſs.
Meſſ. Thercey, Birch, and Hobbs, Bond-ſtreet.

The Committee wiſh to recommend, in the ſtrongeſt manner, to thoſe Gentlemen who have not yet polled, the neceſſity of coming forward, and giving their ſuffrages to Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, this day, as the poll will finally cloſe.

JOHN CHURCHILL, Chairman.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The audacious and unwarrantable attempts that have been made, by ſcandalous advertiſements and hand bills, in order to induce the public to attribute to the friends of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, the cauſe of the ſeveral riots and acts of cruelty which have been committed during the Election for Weſtminſter; and particularly the unprovoked

riot

riot and cruel murder, perpetrated on Monday laſt, are too groſs; and the contrary of ſuch aſperſions too well known to ſtand in need of contradiction. The curious reſolutions of Fox's Committee at the Shakeſpeare, and the hand bills ſtuck up and liberally diſtributed about the town on Tueſday, bringing back to recollection the affair of St. George's Fields, appear on the face of them to be calculated for the purpoſe of inflaming the minds of the people, and of creating riot and confuſion. Their pretended offers of rewards, and advertiſing for evidence, are perfectly burleſque, unleſs they intend by it, to buy off and ſuppreſs any evidence that may be offered againſt their hireling butchers.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Rotation Office, Litchfield-ſtreet.

Saturday morning about twelve o'clock, Patrick Kenney, who was apprehended the preceding evening, on a charge of riot in Covent Garden, was brought for examination before Sir Robert Taylor, and other magiſtrates.

When a point of a ſingular nature was argued, touching the charge exhibited againſt the priſoner, whether they could conſider him ſtanding on the ground of his apprehenſion, or on a charge made after in the night book of the watch houſe.

It was contended, with much clearneſs and good argument, by Mr. Morgan, on the part of the Crown, that the priſoner ſtood there on the ground of his apprehenſion, which was, (on a warrant granted by John Hale, Eſq.) that the priſoner had moſt violently aſſaulted a peace officer; which charge he came prepared with evidence fully to ſubſtantiate. It was ſaid by a Mr. Claridge, that the priſoner ſtood on the charge of felony, it having been ſo ſtated on the charge book of the watch-houſe.

The conſtable who apprehended the priſoner was then examined, who ſwore, that he was knocked down, and his pocket picked of the warrant as he was conducting the priſoner to the watch-honſe, and that he knew not any part of the contents of the warrant; but underſtanding his priſoner being one of the rioters, charged him in cuſtody as a felon. Juſtice Hale aſſured Sir Robert Taylor, that the charge contained in the warrant he had iſſued againſt the priſoner at their bar, and which he himſelf delivered to the conſtable, contained no other charge than that of violently aſſaulting Benjamin Naſh, a peace officer, in the execution of his duty. However, Sir Robert Taylor inſiſted on their going on the charge exhibited in the watch book, which, though they then had not brought all their evidence to ſupport, yet, in the examination of two perſons, ſuch evidence appeared, as obliged the Bench to commit the priſoner at the bar for further examination, on Monday morning, to anſwer the charge of a ſuſpicion of wilful murder exhibited againſt him.

ADVERTISEMENT.

To the Free and Independent Electors of the City and Liberty of Weſtminſter.

Gentlemen,

Impreſſed with the deepeſt ſenſe of the many obligations I am under to the inhabitants of this great city, and particularly to the unremitting ardour of the ſeveral Committees, through

through this long and unparalleled Election, permit me to offer my unfeigned thanks to thoſe Gentlemen who have honoured me with their ſuffrages, and to aſſure them that nothing will obliterate the warmth of gratitude I feel for the many favours conferred on me; at the ſame time they may reſt aſſured, that it will be my greateſt pride to ſupport their rights both in and out of Parliament.

I am, Gentleman,
With the greateſt reſpect,
Your moſt obliged and obedient humble ſervant,

Dover-ſtreet,
May 17, 1784.

HOOD.

ADVERTISEMENT.

To the Free and Independent Electors of the City and Liberties of Weſtminſter.

Gentlemen,

Words cannot expreſs the ſenſe I entertain of the many obligations I am under to thoſe who have ſo zealouſly ſtood forth the champions of the deareſt rights of Engliſhmen.

I can with the greateſt confidence aſſert, that when the buſineſs of this Election ſhall be fully inveſtigated by a Scrutiny, your ſuffrages will be found to have ſeated me in conjunction with my worthy colleague, Lord Hood, the legal Repreſentative of this great and reſpectable city.

I am, Gentlemen,
With the greateſt reſpect,
Your obliged and obedient humble ſervant,

Great George-ſtreet,
May 17, 1784.

CECIL WRAY.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Wood's Hotel, Covent Garden.

A Monthly Meeting of the Independent Electors of the City and and Liberty of Weſtminſter, in the intereſt of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, Bart. will be held this day, (May 20,) at ſeven o'clock in the evening, at Wood's Hotel, Covent Garden.

Lord HOOD and Sir Cecil WRAY, in the Chair.

STEWARDS.

Mr. Glanville	Mr. Duffin
Mr. Schwanch,	Mr. Rainforth
Mr. Ideſon	Mr. John Jackſon
Mr. Palmer	Mr. Allinſon.
Mr. Hadley	

J. P. ATKINSON, Secretary.

ADVER-

ADVERTISEMENT.

Wood's Hotel, May 18, 1784.

Yeſterday at three o'clock, on the proclamation being finally read for cloſing the poll, and there not appearing any Electors to give their votes for either of the Candidates, the High Bailiff was about to put an end to the Election, by declaring the numbers, when Sir Cecil Wray addreſſed him in the following terms:

SIR,

"Being perfectly convinced that in the courſe of this Election many illegal votes have "been admitted, *I do demand a ſcrutiny.*

"If, Sir, it ſhall appear from a fair inveſtigation of the votes, that a majority of "*legal* Electors have polled for Mr. Fox, I ſhall be very happy that this city will be "repreſented by the man of their choice; if, on the contrary, that a majority ſhall be "in my favour, *I ſhall demand the right given me by the city of Weſtminſter.*"

In conſequence of this requiſition, the ſeveral Candidates, accompanied by their reſpective counſel and friends, adjourned from the Huſtings to the Veſtry-room, where Mr. Fox opened the buſineſs, by ſtating the extreme impropriety there would be in the High Bailiff granting a ſcrutiny, as he was a miniſterial, and not a judicial officer; in which capacity he could only be bound to make his return conformable to the *oſtenſible* ſtate of the poll. Independent of this ſituation, even the preſſing exigency of the occaſion required, that an immediate return ſhould be made, for the date of the precept was within a day of expiring.

In addition to this argument, founded on the *profeſſional* character of the High Bailiff, Mr. Fox ſhewed himſelf learned in the law, by adducing ſeveral ſtatutes, which pointed out the duty of the Returning Officer in controverſial caſes. Theſe ſtatutes, Mr. Fox contended, applied ſo preciſely to the buſineſs of the day, as not to be evaded by any force of reaſoning.

But the Right Honourable Candidate further contended, that there were *penal ſtatutes* which reſtricted the High Bailiff from granting a ſcrutiny in circumſtances like the preſent; the mulct inflicted by thoſe ſtatutes was conſiderable; and beſides the fine, in the Coventry caſe, where the High Bailiff being called before the Houſe of Commons, for not making a return within the ſpecified time, he received a very ſevere reprimand.

There were other caſes in which the High Bailiff had been ſent to Newgate; and Mr. Fox *very decently* obſerved, "that he hoped a ſimilar fate would attend the High Bailiff, "ſhould he not diſcharge his duty in the preſent caſe, by *returning him to Parliament.*"

Beſides theſe intimidations, Mr. Fox deſcanted on the nature and operation of actions at law; he ſhewed in how many caſes they had been inſtituted againſt a returning officer; and that the damages recovered had amounted to *ten thouſand pounds*; a friendly hint was at the ſame time given, that the High Bailiff might have every reaſon to apprehend the commencement and proſecution of actions of this nature.

Mr. Fox having thus by every terrific argument in the power of his eloquence, endeavoured to perſuade the High Bailiff *not to grant a ſcrutiny*, Mr. Recorder Adair, exchanging the ſeat of juſtice for the bar of pleading, went over the ſame ground that Mr. Fox had done, and ſeemed to leave as faint an impreſſion on the minds of the auditors. Mr. Fowler Walker then combated every argument of Mr. Fox, which bore the leaſt relation to legal knowledge; and he more particularly demonſtrated, that the High Bailiff was not merely a *miniſterial* officer, becauſe he was ſworn to make ſuch a return to Parliament as his judgment ſhould direct, the exerciſe therefore of his judgment conſtituted him to all intents and purpoſes a judicial officer; and as ſuch, granting a ſcrutiny agreeable to the requiſition, was a matter to which he was perfectly competent.

Mr. Fox made a reply to Mr. Walker, adducing the caſes of Buckinghamſhire and Bedfordſhire, in which counties the High Sheriff had refuſed the demand of a ſcrutiny. The caſe of Middleſex he choſe to forget, for that would not have been in point.

Mr. Fox by this time loſing that temper and moderation, which are conſtituent parts of oratory, and for which his friends ſo exceedingly admired him, concluded by abuſing the High Bailiff, for his improper behaviour, alledging, that his conduct on the preſent occaſion had been *infamouſly corrupt and partial.*

Mr. Morgan entered on the buſineſs with that confidence, which always actuates an honeſt man in a good cauſe. He ſaid, there could be no more doubt of the propriety of granting a ſcrutiny, than there was of the neceſſity of demanding it. Illegal votes had been polled in great numbers at the preſent Election. Thoſe votes had been procured by the moſt illegal and corrupt means; and to argue, that the High Bailiff was not competent to give the injured Candidate an opportunity of redreſs, was as abſurd as it was contemptible, to threaten him with *pains and penalties for diſcharging his duty.*

The arguments being concluded, the High Bailiff, with decided firmneſs, declared, "That he had made up his mind; that he was neither to be intimidated or brow-"beaten; threats he deſpiſed; for having always acted conſcientiouſly and impartially, "he courted no other favour than that which his conduct merited; and he held every "menace in contempt of which his heart informed him he was undeſerving.

"Having fully conſidered the matter, he ſaid, *he would grant a ſcrutiny*; expreſſing "a wiſh, that preliminaries might be adjuſted by the Candidates for carrying it on."

Mr. Fox ſaid, he would not agree to any preliminaries, *nor would he be at any expence to carry on the ſcrutiny.*

The High Bailiff deſired to know if that was his final determination? and being anſwered in the *affirmative*, the commencement of the ſcrutiny was fixed for Friday the 28th inſtant, in the Veſtry-room of St. Ann's, Soho. The High Bailiff concluded, "That Mr. Fox was at perfect liberty to call for his attendance before the Houſe of "Commons when and in what manner he pleaſed."

Thus ended a buſineſs of infinite importance to the Electors of Weſtminſter; and it is not the exaggeration of party-ſpirit to ſay, that it ended as much to the diſappointment of Mr. Fox, as to the entire ſatisfaction of Sir Cecil Wray and his friends.

We shall resume
our situation here
at pleasure
LEO REX.

DIEU ET MO

Prithee Billy dismount before ye get a fall —
and let some abler Jockey take your Seat

PRE-RO-RO-RO-RO-RO-RO-ROGATIVE.

If this Horse is not tamed he will soon be Absolute
King of our Forest —

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE HANOVERIAN HORSE AND

A Scene in a New Play lately acted in Westminster with dist

Strayed

MON DROIT

Bravo – Go it again – I love to ride a metal Steed
Send the Vagaboads packing –

My Faithful Commons

be Absolute

FOREST –

Magna Charta

BILL OF RIGHTS

CONSTITUTION

AND BRITISH LION.

with distinguished applause. Act 2d Tune last.

Pub. March 31. 1784 by W. Humphrey 227 Strand

We are now come to the Selection of Advertiſements and Hand-bills for Mr. Fox. Strict Impartiality obliges us to give them as we have already done thoſe of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, with all their unmutilated Periods. More Writers having voluntarily entered the Liſts for Mr. Fox's Side of the Queſtion, than for the other Candidates, of Courſe greater Variety of Matter appears collected for him. The Merit of the reſpective Productions we are now entering upon, we leave to be determined by a diſcerning Public. We ſhall on our Part only obſerve, that many of the firſt literary Characters have handled their Pens in Behalf of their favourite Candidate.

ADVERTISEMENT.

To the Worthy and Independent Electors of the City and Liberty of Weſtminſter.

Gentlemen,

His Majeſty's Miniſters having thought fit, in contradiction to their own declarations, in defiance of the ſenſe of the Houſe of Commons, and without any public pretence whatever, to ſubject the nation to all the inconveniences which muſt infallibly attend a Diſſolution of Parliament at the preſent Moment, I humbly beg leave once more to ſolicit the favour of your votes and intereſt, to repreſent this great and reſpectable city.

To ſecure to the People of this country the weight which belongs to them in the ſcale of the Conſtitution, has ever been the principle of my political conduct.

Conſcious that in every ſituation (whether in or out of office) I have invariably adhered to this ſyſtem, I cannot but flatter myſelf that you will again give your ſanction to thoſe principles which firſt recommended me to your notice, and which induced you, at two ſubſequent periods, to honour me with your ſuffrages.

I have the honour to be,
Gentlemen,
Your moſt devoted, and
grateful humble ſervant,
C. J. FOX.

St. James's-ſtreet,
March 24.

N. B. The Committee meet every evening at eight o'clock, at the Shakeſpeare Tavern, Covent Garden.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The worthy and independent Electors of the City and Liberty of Weſtminſter, in the intereſt of the Right Honourable Charles James Fox, are requeſted to meet this day, at twelve o'clock at noon, at Suffolk's Auction Room, late Barford's, Covent Garden, to conſult on the proper means for conducting the Re-election of that tried friend and able ſupporter of the rights, liberties, and privileges of his fellow-citizens.

ADVERTISEMENT.

At a very numerous and reſpectable meeting of the Electors of the City and Liberty of Weſtminſter at the Shakeſpeare Tavern, Covent Garden, this day, it was unanimouſly reſolved, That a General Meeting of the reſpective Parochial Committees, appointed to conduct the Re-election of the Right Honourable Charles James Fox, be held at the Shakeſpeare Tavern to-morrow (Thurſday) at eight o'clock in the evening preciſely, to report the ſtate of the canvaſs.

By order of the Committee,

24th March, 1784. JOHN ROB. COCKER, Sec.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Mr. Fox begs leave to return his moſt grateful thanks to the worthy and independent Electors of the City and Liberty of Weſtminſter, for the very flattering and generous aſſurances of ſupport he has received on his canvaſs, a continuance of which cannot fail to enſure ſucceſs; and as, on account of the ſhortneſs of the time ſince the Diſſolution of Parliament took place, he has not yet been able perſonally to wait on all the Electors, he hopes thoſe gentlemen to whom he has been thus prevented from paying his reſpects, will impute it to the real cauſe, and not to any want of attention on his part, as he propoſes to have the honour of waiting on them as early as poſſible.

St. James's-ſtreet, March 30, 1784.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The Committee for conducting the Re-election of the Right Honourable Charles James Fox, are requeſted to meet at the Shakeſpeare this evening, at eight o'clock.

ADVERTISEMENT.

If Sir Cecil Wray entertained ſo contemptible an opinion of the Electors of Weſtminſter, to think they would again chooſe him for their Repreſentative, could he find no other way of offering himſelf, but through the medium of the moſt fruitleſs ingratitude that ever diſgraced a man, or ever inſulted a reſpectable city?

I ſay, I would not inſiſt upon Sir Cecil Wray's wiſhing to ſtand again with Mr. Fox. I do not know that Mr. Fox would have agreed to it. But Sir Cecil Wray, if he did not ſtand with Mr. Fox, ought certainly to have ſtood alone, and not with any other Candidate whatſoever in oppoſition to Mr. Fox, who certainly brought him in. I do maintain, that Sir Cecil Wray has forfeited all pretenſions to reſpect and confidence, unleſs ingratitude and a palpable want of underſtanding can now be eſteemed the beſt recommendations of a member to repreſent the city of Weſtminſter in Parliament.

Of the mockery of offering Lord Hood as a Candidate for Weſtminſter, I ſhall only at preſent obſerve, that independent of the objections that lie againſt him for accepting the countenance of ſuch a man, I have no knowledge of what pretenſions Admiral Lord Hood

Hood ſtands poſſeſſed of, to expect that one of the principal and moſt independent cities in Great Britain ſhould rely upon his abilities to ſupport the cauſe of the people in the Houſe of Commons.

So ſays one, who was once the friend, but now the oppoſer of

Sir CECIL WRAY.

To the Printer of the General Advertiſer.

SIR,

The termination of the preſent Election muſt decide the honour of the city of Weſtminſter, and perhaps our exiſtence as a free people.

Weſtminſter has ever been diſtinguiſhed for its ſpirit and independence; and that ſpirit and independence were never more ſtrongly confirmed than by ſending Mr. Fox as its Repreſentative into Parliament; and he was the firſt member who ever ſtood diſtinguiſhed by the moſt honourable of all diſtinctions, "The Man of the People."

When Admiral Rodney was called up to the Houſe of Lords, Mr. Fox recommended Sir Cecil Wray to be elected in his ſtead. He was *then* a reſpectable character, and believing him to be alſo the friend of the people, ſupported his Election even at the loſs of ſome of his firmeſt friends; but thoſe gentlemen who oppoſed Mr. Fox in his choice of Sir Cecil Wray as his colleague, appear now to have known Sir Cecil Wray's real character better than Mr. Fox did; but it is no reproach againſt the wiſeſt man to be deceived.

I have no intention of laying any blame againſt Sir Cecil Wray for differing with Mr. Fox in the Houſe of Commons: on the contrary, I hold it a maxim that every man has a right to vote according to his conſcience, and if Sir Cecil Wray differed with Mr. Fox upon that ground, he would be entitled to the ſupport of every honeſt man. A man acting from an honeſt heart may find ſome allowances for the weakneſs of his underſtanding. Of Sir Cecil Wray's goodneſs of heart, we need no ſtronger proof than his patriotic wiſh of demoliſhing the only aſylum of a very few, out of the great numbers who have been neceſſitated to become the objects, by having been the defenders of their country. A wounded ſoldier wants comfort; nay, has a right to demand it, and ill befal the man who would wiſh to diſturb the little repoſe that men worn out in their country's cauſe have been accuſtomed to look up to as their laſt, their only right; but Sir Cecil Wray's laſt effort, was to wiſh "Chelſea Hoſpital razed to the ground."

What opinion muſt Sir Cecil Wray entertain of the humanity and juſtice of the city of Weſtminſter, to think ſuch conduct a recommendation to their future ſuffrages?

I have already ſtated, that Sir Cecil Wray, though certainly brought in for Weſtminſter by Mr. Fox's recommendation, was not therefore bound to vote with Mr. Fox, if he did not agree with his politics; neither was he bound even to join Mr. Fox again in the new canvaſs. It is impoſſible to give a greater latitude to a man who owes his having been a member for Weſtminſter to Mr. Fox's popularity alone, than I allow to Sir Cecil Wray. I am too great a friend to the free exerciſe and noble independence of the mind, to ſee it ſhackled even under pretence of gratitude.

But what ſhall we ſay to Sir Cecil Wray's now joining another candidate in oppoſition to that very man to whom he owes whatever footing he ever poſſeſſed in the city of Weſtminſter? Lo! where he comes in full poſſeſſion of the blackeſt vice of the human mind,

INGRATITUDE.

To

To the Independent Electors of the City of Weſtminſter.

Who can deny that Sir Cecil Wray is the fitteſt man to repreſent this city in Parliament?

Sir Cecil is a firm friend to the revenue. He propoſed the tax upon houſemaids, which cannot fail of being productive. Many taxes are liable to be evaded, but every houſeholder in Weſtminſter, male or female, rich or poor, would contribute his or her ſhare to this tax. Sir Cecil is a good oeconomiſt of the public money.

He propoſed the demolition of that expenſive eſtabliſhment Chelſea Hoſpital. Can any thing be more abſurd than ſquandering the national treaſure in maintaining a parcel of old, decrepid, uſeleſs ſoldiers, whoſe age, infirmities, and wounds make them abſolutely unfit for ſervice, and conſequently only a burthen upon the public?

If it were only for theſe two admirable projects Sir Cecil Wray is entitled to the ſupport of every Elector who wiſhes to ſee the revenue effectually increaſed by ſtrong taxes, and the public money not laviſhed under the miſtaken idea of national generoſity.

If Lord Hood (who has joined Sir Cecil) and is himſelf a ſeaman, would propoſe in like manner to deſtroy Greenwich Hoſpital, a ſtill greater ſaving would be made to the public, and they would deſerve univerſal ſupport.

A FRIEND TO PUBLIC ŒCONOMY.

To the Independent Electors of Weſtminſter.

Gentlemen,

A junction between Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray is now proclaimed, between that man whom you formerly choſe *upon Mr. Fox's recommendation*, and a noble Lord, who has declared he would not join any man *not approved by the Court*.

You are to determine whether to elect theſe two *Court Candidates*, or THAT MAN, whoſe utter ruin is the leading object of the Court, becauſe *He* is the chief obſtacle to the great, original, well known aim of the ſecret Syſtem, viz. *The deſtruction of your freedom*.

Who oppoſed Mr. Fox in the year 1780?---The Court. Who oppoſes him now?---The Court. The principle which then ſupported him, is the bottom upon which he now ſtands. His enemies and their aims are preciſely the ſame.

Examine the pretences of theſe two *Courtiers*. Lord Hood may be a judicious man in his profeſſion, but military officers were never eſteemed the beſt guardians of Civil Liberty. Sir Cecil Wray might *poſſibly mean well*, but good men have ſome difficulty to reconcile honeſty with conſummate ingratitude; and wiſe men cannot eaſily believe that any true Whig would be a devoted inſtrument to the Back Stairs Syſtem.

If there exiſted no doubt whatever of the profeſſional merit of the firſt, or the probity of the latter, do you really think that ſuch men as either Lord Hood or Sir Cecil Wray are more proper objects of your choice than Charles James Fox? I do not ſay he is faultleſs, for no human being is ſo; nor will I aſſert that, in ſome inſtances, he might not have diſpleaſed ſome of his Conſtituents (to pleaſe all men is, in any ſituation, difficult; in his, impoſſible.) But this, I aſk you, can you find a fitter man to repreſent you, take him for all in all, in England, in Europe, or in the Univerſe? This queſtion, if I am not deceived, carries its anſwers along with it.

Why have the Miniſtry done this laſt deſperate act? They had no public pretence whatever for the diſſolution. The Oppoſition called out to them for the buſineſs of the nation,

nation, and pledged themſelves to forward it. Why have they not? Evidently becauſe they thought the country was now deluged with ignorance; becauſe they knew this deluſion was wearing away every hour; becauſe they feared that by the end of the ſeſſion the true caſe in diſpute would be ſo well underſtood, and men's eyes ſo opened to their attrocious attempts, that inſtead of being ſupported, they would be curſed and reprobated by the people.

Such a ſyſtem of baſe bribery and infamous corruption as the preſent Miniſtry have practiſed upon the Houſe of Commons, cannot be matched in the hiſtory of the world. Unable to purchaſe that Houſe, they now bring the public money to the public market; and at this moment are actually bribing the people with their own money to ſurrender their own rights.

You, they cannot *buy*, although they may *ſell* you. I therefore call upon you to employ your good ſenſe, your diſcernment, and your ſpirit; ſhow yourſelves ſuperior to the ſhallow arts and miſerable deceptions of this vile junto.

What was the City of Weſtminſter before you choſe Mr. Fox? A mere Court Borough! Deſert him, and you ſink into the ſame ſervility and contempt again! Stick by him, and you ſtill preſerve that independence which you have redeemed through his former ſtruggles againſt the ſame confederacy! Support him, and you ſupport yourſelves! for believe me, your cauſe is one and the ſame.

A FREE CITIZEN.

WOOD's HOTEL.

At a meeting of the General Committee for conducting the Election of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray.

Reſolved unanimouſly,

" That as not one man of us were in the Houſe of Commons at the time Sir Cecil " Wray pronounced his *elegant* harrangue upon the ſubject of Chelſea Hoſpital, we are " the beſt judges of its meaning and import.

Reſolved,

" That whoſoever ſhall deny our right to explain words that we never heard, is " a malignant perſon, and is guilty of *falehood* and *diſhonour*.

J--- C-- -----, Chairman.

Queries to Sir Cecil Wray.

1. Did or did you not propoſe a tax upon Maid Servants?

2. Could this tax be attended with any other effect, than that of oppreſſing that ſex, whom every man is, by nature and humanity, bound to protect?----On the contrary, was it not calculated to increaſe proſtitution, by deſtroying the means of female ſubſiſtence?

3. Did you or did you not declare it as your wiſh, in the Houſe of Commons, that Chelſea Hoſpital ſhould be demoliſhed?

4. Are you ſo ignorant as not to know that Chelſea Hoſpital was founded as an aſſylum for thoſe brave fellows who have grown grey, or have been diſabled in the ſervice of their country, and as the incitement to military emulation?

5. Are

5. Are you ſo little of a politician as not to know, that the nation, by this act o inhuman œconomy, would loſe more by the deſtruction of ſo noble a ſpur to brave actions, than it could poſſibly gain by the wretched ſavings of ſuch deſpicable parſimony?

6. Is this ſyſtem of military oppreſſion to receive a final accompliſhment, by your *gallant* colleague's propoſing the ſame plan, with reſpect to the diſabled ſeamen of Greenwich Hoſpital, that you have had the *honour* of ſuggeſting concerning your fellow-ſoldiers of Chelſea?

7. Was not Mr. Fox the firſt perſon that brought you into notice as a public man? And was it not to his interpoſition that you were originally indebted for any connection with the City of Weſtminſter?

8. Did you not baſely deſert him on the firſt public occaſion, and are you not, at this moment, endeavouring to requite him for the generoſity of your election, by attempting to deprive him of his?

9. Was not your pretence for this ingratitude, that he had formed a junction with a party, with the major and more obnoxious part of whom you are at this time actually connected, in a league againſt the independence of the Houſe of Commons, and the natural rights of the people?

10. Can you, under this complication of diſgraceful circumſtances, expect, that either good women, brave men, or virtuous ſtateſmen, can eſteem you in private, or ſupport you in public?

AN ELECTOR

The free and independent Electors of Weſtminſter, in the intereſt of Mr. Fox, are apprized, that their adverſaries, in order that the inferiority of their numbers may not be viſible at the beginning of the poll, have had recourſe to the pitiful ſtratagem of aſſuming the ſame cockades as have been always worn by the friends of Mr. Fox and the Cauſe.

Another Chapter from the loſt Book of Chronicles, which was found by Nehemiah, the ſon of Hachaliah, under the broken Walls of Jeruſalem, after the Captivity.

CHAP. III.

1. *There are men of Belial about the King.* 2. 3. *A roll is brought forward, like the roll of John, ſweet in the mouth, but bitter in the belly. The preſent John is an apoſtate.* 4. *The Hibernian volunteers ſtand to their arms.* Honeſt *Mordecai wreſtles with Haman the vain young man, and Judas the falſe-hearted.* 10. *Much is to be found in a future book.*

1. And lo! it came to paſs, that the men of Belial, who are about the Throne of our Lord the King, led on by Haman the vain *young* man, ſent out an edict, unto the land of Hibernia, threatening the cunning men, who know how to work cunningly with types, and with ink, and with paper, to make impreſſions thereon; with heavy pains and penalties.

2. And

2. And now it ſo happened, that one of the ſcribes named Foſter, a Phariſee by ſect, but a Saducee by nature, brought forward a parchment roll, into the Houſe of the Elders, there; for five thouſand, five hundred, fifty and five ſhekels, did he bring forward the ſame, ſaying, "We mean hereby to preſerve for ye, your ancient liberties; to ſecure "to ye, the freedom of your letter-preſs."

3. Howbeit, nevertheleſs, the roll ſo brought forward, like the roll of John, was ſweet in the mouth but bitter in the belly; always remembering, that the preſent John is John the *apoſtate*.

4. Furthermore the volunteers, comprehending not only thoſe of Dublin, but all the ſtout hearted young men of Hibernia, aroſe, and turned out like one man; they ſtood to their arms, and lifted up their voices, ſaying, nay, nay, why ſeek ye to load our letter-preſs with weights, and to bind our wiſe men, and their works with ſhackles of iron?

5. Wot we not, that the antient cuſtoms and ſtatutes of our forefathers, made in their days, and in the old time before them, alter not; but are ſtrong enough already to puniſh evil doers, thoſe who ſhall indite bad matters, and publiſh through the land untruths, concerning our Lord the King and his ſervants.

6. Wherefore then, bring ye forward this roll, but to beguile and deſtroy us, and in like manner, afterwards, to beguile and deſtroy our brethren in the neighbouring iſland: Wherefore do ye this, but to cover the land with darkneſs, with more than Egyptian darkneſs, inſomuch that your evil deeds may not be ſeen or talked of?

7. But verily, verily, we ſay unto yon, that as our brethren in America would not crouch like aſſes of Iſſachar, under their burthens, and the oppreſſive yokes of the taſk maſter, neither will we; we will gird up our loins, we will make uſe of the arm of fleſh, we will call for the ſword of the Lord, and of Gideon, and will drive ye hence, even unto the uttermoſt parts of the earth; and, if needful, we will ſeal the covenant of *Freedom* with our blood.

8. And the volunteers of Hibernia, ſpoke further, and cried out, Behold! alſo; *is not honeſt Mordecai, at this inſtant, wreſtling with Haman the vain young man, and with Judas Iſcariot, the falſe-hearted, who betrayed his friend, for the favour of the men of Weſtminſter, and finally in favour of us all?*

9. And the young men of Hibernia went forth with great ſhouts, and the ſound of their trumpets, the beating of their drums, and the neighing of their ſteeds, were heard afar off.

10. But as to the reſt of the acts of the Volunteers of Hibernia, their wars, their traffic, and their improvements in the fine arts, and in the works of the cunning workmen,---Lo! are they not to be found in --a future book?

N. B. The firſt and ſecond Chapters were publiſhed at the commencement of the American war.

SHAKESPEARE, COVENT GARDEN.

March 31, 1784.] The enemies of Mr. Fox, the miſerable tools of the Court Junto, finding it impoſſible to gain over free Electors, by fair means, have recourſe to ſtratagem and falſehood.

The Committee for conducting his Election have received the fulleſt information that the friends of Sir Cecil Wray, in the courſe of the canvaſs of yeſterday, and this day, told many Electors that Mr. Fox had joined that unpopular Candidate, and accordingly requeſted their votes for Fox and Wray.

The Committee take the earlieſt opportunity of cautioning the independent Electors againſt this pitiful device, and aſſure them that the whole is neither more nor leſs than a direct lie.

By order of the Committee,

J. R. COCKER, Secretary.

By Command of their Majeſties.

At Covent Garden, this day will be preſented, (not acted theſe three years)

F R E E E L E C T I O N: A F A R C E.

Old Obſtinate, by Mr. King.
Admiral Broadſide, (firſt Court Candidate) Lord Hood.
Judas, (ſecond Court Candidate) Sir Cecil Wray.
Champion of Liberty, Mr. Fox.
Champion of Prerogative, Mr. Wilkes.

The parts of Voters for the firſt Candidate will be performed by a ſelect Company from the Land and Sea Forces.

Voters for the ſecond Court Candidate, by the Tallow-chandlers, Bug-deſtroyers, Meſſengers, Scullions, and other reſpectable Officers of his Majeſty's Houſehold, being their firſt appearance in theſe characters.

Genius of Beauty, Ducheſs of Devonſhire.

Female Patriots, Ducheſs of Portland, Lady Duncannon, Hon. Mrs. Bouverie, and others.

After Act I. will be introduced,

A M A S Q U E R A D E S C E N E.

Principal Maſques, Lord Chancellor, Lord Bute, Charles Jenkinſon, Mr. Pitt, and SOMEBODY behind the Curtain.

End of Act II. a DUET, called

T H E N E W C O A L I T I O N,

By Mr. King and Mr. Wilkes.

No money to be returned after the oaths have been taken.

By their Majeſties command, no perſons can be admitted behind the ſcenes.

To prevent difficulties in ſetting down and taking up, proper officers are employed to knock down every friend of the Champion of the People.

C H A P. I.

Of the Chronicles of the Kings of Gotham.

1. Now it came to paſs, that when Solomon (nicknamed) the *Wiſe*, had reigned over the Gothamites twenty and four years, that there aroſe a man named Carlo Khan.

2. The ſame was a powerful man, and a great ſpeaker, and he waxed exceedingly ſtrong, and on account of his great wiſdom, the King made him one of the *Chief Rulers*, for he had been one of the Elders of the people even from his youth.

3. And

3. And his heart yearned to ſerve the people if that it in him lay, and to relieve them where it might be done.

4. The ſame went in unto the inner chambers of the King, and he lifted up his voice, and ſaid, O King, live for ever! Doth not my Lord the King behold the iniquities of the Gothamites, and the cruelties which they daily practiſe upon the innocent inhabitants of Aſia, and along the coaſts of the ſame, even unto the Red Sea?

5. How they bow their necks unto the yoke, and make them paſs through the brick kiln; how they bind their Princes with bonds of iron, and deſpoil them of their wives and concubines, and rob them of their marriage ſettlements; and alſo deflower their virgins, and take the jewels from their ears, and the bracelets from their arms, their gold, their ſilver, and diamonds, and precious ſtones, and *ſmite them ſo grievouſly, that it penetrates even unto the bone.*

6. And the famines they have cauſed among theſe people, by with-holding from them *rice*, which was their daily food, on account of their inſatiable thirſt after riches? Know now, O King! that the blood of *millions* of theſe *ſtarved* and *ſlaughtered* inhabitants, like the blood of Abel, cry aloud from the earth for vengeance upon them for theſe their evil deeds.

7. And the miſcreants who have done theſe evil deeds, inſtead of puniſhment, and making retribution, and repenting in ſackcloth and aſhes, have clothed in gold and in ſcarlet, and have taken their ſeats in the *high places*, and made *Princes* in the land of Gotham.

8. Suffer, then, thou thy ſervant to frame a ſtrong law, that theſe things be done no more; ſo ſhall thy name acquire honour among the Princes of the earth, and nations unknown ſhall bleſs thy name. And theſe words which they ſpake ſeemed good in the eyes of the King, and in the eyes of the Counſellors of the *Sanctum, Sanctorum!* and the King ſaid, *Let this thing be ſo*; and the chief rulers ſaid, *Let it be ſo.*

9. Then went Carlo Khan to the *Sanhedrim*, where the Elders of the People were wont to aſſemble to debate upon weighty things, and ſaid unto them the words he had uttered to the King and the chief rulers in the Sanctum Sanctorum. And he ſaid unto them, "If now this thing ſeemeth good in the eyes of the Elders, let it, I beſeech thee, "be made a law."

10. Now it ſeemed unto the Elders a wiſe meaſure, and they rejoiced exceedingly, and were glad, and they ſaid, Aye, aye; but ſome few (who were of a faction) ſaid, No, no: but the ayes had it by a great abundance.

11. Then aroſe Hurlo Thrumbo (who had been heretofore Chief Scribe) a moroſe man and ſurly, a *great winebibber*, and he curſed Carlo Khan with a grievous curſe. And he conſpired with the Chief Prieſts and the Scribes, and the Princes of the land of *Eden Brough*, and thoſe who dwelt upon the coaſts of the North Sea;

12. And with the Princes who ſlept in the King's chamber; and they laid their heads together in deep conſultation, how they might thwart the wiſe meaſures which Carlo Khan had meditated, and ſaid, Let not this *fellow* bring theſe things to paſs; for ſhould it be done, there will be left no plunder of the Eaſt for *our ſons*, and the *ſons* of our *concubines*, and they will be poor as the multitude, even as the ſcum of the earth.

13. Some therefore went unto the King up the *back ſtairs*, at the *dead hour* of *midnight*, with *dark lanterns* in their hands, and they *whiſpered* falſe tidings into the ears of the King, and ſet up falſe prophets to utter things that were not. And the King took *privately* a part againſt Carlo Khan, and gave orders to the Princes who ſlept in the King's chambers, and the ſixteen Princes from the land of *Eden Brough*, and the Scribes, and the Chief Prieſts, not to ſuffer this thing to be made a law; and the law was not made.

14. Then the *Merchants* who *traded* to the *Eaſt*, and thoſe who held dominion over the *national treaſure*, and the *Miteites*, and the *Dippites*, and the *Tartites*, raiſed great

tumults againſt Carlo Khan, becauſe he was the friend of the people, and had deviſed great things.

15. But Charlo Khan grew in the eſteem of every *wiſe* and good man in Gotham.

16. At this Solomon the King grew wroth, and his ſpirit was ſorely troubled within him, and he rolled his eyes in anguiſh, and gnaſhed his teeth, and ſaid, Of a truth this man ſhall not prevail, for I will ſend him from my councils, and hide my face from him, and *he did ſo*, and if peradventure my people ſhould be on his ſide, I will croſs over the great water, and ſojourn in the houſe of my forefathers, even in the land of turnips.

17. Howbeit Hurlo Thrumbo ſet up a youth, who was juſt come from the breaſt of his mother, (he was *vain* and *arrogant*, as is the cuſtom with *young men)* and he reviled the wiſe men of the nation, and laughed at the People and at the Elders, and held them in ſcorn: As it befel in the days of Rehoboam the King.

18. Then ſaid the King, I will rule this people with a rod of iron, and I will ſcourge them with ſcorpions, and I will lay upon them heavy tributes grievous to be borne, (now at this time there was a great dearth in the land of Gotham, by reaſon of a great froſt) that it might be fulfilled which was written by the Prophet, "A wiſe King is the "joy of his ſubjects, but a fooliſh King is the heavineſs of his People."

19. And he diſmiſſed the Elders of the People, and ſaid, *Get ye home about your buſineſs*, and let me have *other Elders choſen* who will follow my *will* and obey my *orders*, and let not the Sanhedrim be the Houſe of *Privileges*, but let it be the Houſe of *Prerogatives*. And this deed of the King's coſt Gotham many thouſand ſheckles of fine gold.

20. Nevertheleſs the People departed not from Carlo Khan, but they ſaid, We will chuſe *him* for our *Elder*, for he has *wiſdom*, and he takes our part and ſupports our cauſe; and they cauſed the inſtruments to ſound, and clapped their hands, and ſhouted aloud, Carlo Khan for ever! and they held feaſts and drank wine, and ſang, Carlo Khan is the man, Carlo Khan is the man for me.

21. Now the reſt of the acts of Solomon the King, are they not written in the book of the Chronicles of the Kings of Gotham?

ADVERTISEMENT.

To the Worthy and Independent Electors of the City and Liberties of Weſtminſter.

Gentlemen,

When the popular deluſion in favour of the preſent Miniſtry was ſuppoſed to be moſt prevalent, I was confident that the good ſenſe and ſteadineſs of the Electors of Weſtminſter would be proof againſt every art and every temptation.

The unparalleled ſucceſs which I have experienced upon my canvaſs fully juſtifies this confidence, and I have the greateſt reaſon to expect, that your partiality towards me will appear to have increaſed in proportion to the perſecution of my enemies.

As I have ever ſtood forth, and am always reſolved to continue firm in the cauſe of the people, ſo it is not to be wondered at that I ſhould at all times be the object of the enmity of that pernicious faction, whoſe principles are as adverſe to the Conſtitution as the dark and ſecret manner in which they have endeavoured to enforce them.

It would have been my moſt earneſt wiſh to have paid my reſpects in perſon to every individual Elector, if the extent of the city had not made it impoſſible. The very flattering

tering reception I have met with among thoſe whom I have had the opportunity of ſeeing, cannot but add to my regret on this account.

My public conduct is too well known to you to make any profeſſions neceſſary. Upon that ground I firſt experienced your partiality; upon that alone I can expect to retain it. To you who have approved it I need ſay no more; and I will not be guilty of the unbecoming flattery to thoſe who have differed from me, as to pretend that I ſhall in any degree deviate from that line of political conduct which firſt recommended me to your notice.

Upon theſe tried principles I once more beg leave to ſolicit your votes, intereſt, and poll at the enſuing Election; and I do aſſure you that no expreſſions can do juſtice to the ſentiments of gratitude and eſteem with which I am,

Gentlemen,

Your moſt obedient and devoted ſervant,

C. J. FOX.

To the Electors of Weſtminſter.

QUESTION.

Why does Mr. Fox now ſtand alone for the city of Weſtminſter?

ANSWER.

1. Becauſe he had once before joined with a man who deſerted HIM and betrayed YOU.

2. Becauſe he offended ſo many of you by his laſt recommendation, that he is fearful of venturing upon a ſecond.

To the Electors of Weſtminſter.

The agents of Sir Cecil Wray have been endeavouring to circulate a deceitful notion with ſome of the Electors for Weſtminſter, that becauſe they ſigned the Addreſs propoſed by Sir Cecil Wray, they are therefore bound to vote againſt Mr. Fox. Surely nothing can be more weak than this. May not a man think very highly of another on the whole, although he does not approve ſome particular action of his life? Admitting Mr. Fox, for the ſake of argument, to have been wrong in ſome ſingle inſtance, does it therefore follow that you ſhould ſet one act againſt the conſtant uniform conduct of years? This is a point too obvious to require argument; and the good ſenſe of the Electors will undoubtedly ſuggeſt to them that they never can be bound by a ſignature to an Addreſs to withhold their approbation to the general conduct of a tried favourite.

An INHABITANT of WESTMINSTER.

WOOD's HOTE.

The attention of the ſober and independent Electors of Weſtminſter is earneſtly requeſted to ſome of the late proceedings that took place at the Committee aſſembled at this houſe. They publiſh an advertiſement, ſtating that the words uſed in the Houſe of Commons by Sir Cecil Wray, on the ſubject of Chelſea Hoſpital, had been malignantly miſrepreſented. When it is ſuggeſted in reply to this, that not one of thoſe perſons who took it upon themſelves to explain the Baronet's words upon this occaſion were preſent when he uſed them, they come out with a violent and angry defence of their conduct ſtating, that although they were not preſent in the Houſe of Commons, yet they heard Sir Cecil ſay ſo and ſo in the Committee. No perſon ever doubted that he would uſe qualifying expreſſions concerning this infamous propoſal, during the time of the Election. But what is that to the purpoſe? Is it any proof that he did not uſe the words imputed to him in the Houſe of Commons, becauſe he did not afterwards repeat them in an Election Committee? If Sir Cecil's friends can contrive no better defence for him than ſuch a one as this, they had much better be entirely ſilent. The fact is, humanity is a quality that every plain man underſtands, and the violation of it is what every honeſt man abhors; even the ingenuity of John Churchill, therefore, could neither explain nor juſtify this oppreſſive, ſcandalous, and barbarous propoſal of his friend.

An ELECTOR.

Queries addreſſed to Sir Cecil Wray.

Did you ever conceive the idea of ſeceding from your firſt friends, till you were taught to diſlike them by the back-ſtairs cabal, with whom you had formed a confederacy?

Was it not to curry favour with the Court, that you broke with a man who from nobody raiſed you into the conſequence of ſomebody?

Will your trite repetition of a few vulgar ſarcaſms reconcile the people of Weſtminſter to ſuch an inſtance of foul ingratitude and treachery as marks your conduct to the man of their choice, and the champion of their rights?

Do not cruelty to the veteran defenders of their country, and humanity to the fair, ſuit ſuch habits of perfidy and duplicity as are only to be found in the worſt characters?

What are your pretenſions to be a Member of Parliament? Are you intitled by a ſingle action of your life to the confidence of your fellow citizens? By what exertion, or in what capacity, have you done any material ſervice to your country, or your late conſtituents, either with advantage to them, or credit to yourſelf?

Is there not ſome degree of effrontery in preſuming to expect, from the independent Electors of Weſtminſter, a preference, in competition with one of the greateſt men that ever vindicated the franchiſes of freemen?

Have you any arguments in your favour not founded in the blackeſt ingratitude to Mr. Fox? Your nibbling at him in private, and your impertinence to him in public, as if an empty parade of public duty ought to obliterate the moſt ſacred of all private obligations?

Are you ſilly enough to imagine a mere ſemblance of ſimplicity, honeſty, and principle, ſufficient to hide from the common ſenſe of Electors ſuch a craftineſs and ſubtilty as are only to be found in the weakeſt and moſt worthleſs minds?

Will

Will the Electors of Weſtminſter think you a better man than you were for your anxious endeavours to make Mr. Fox appear ſo much worſe?

Are you not a dupe to the artifice of that virulent and vindictive faction, who, by inſpiring you with a ludicrous conceit of political conſiſtency, load you with deriſion, and give you a temporary conſequence, which can only cover the whole of your public conduct with ignominy and contempt?

Can even you, Sir, be ſo weak as to flatter yourſelf with the hopes of raiſing a name at the expence of Mr. Fox in the city of Weſtminſter, or are a few cant words artfully bandied about among your creatures, and the various abettors of ſecret influence, capable of producing the ſame effect on the independent Electors at the Poll, as on the tools of power in the vicinity of St. James's?

Queſtion and Anſwer.

QUEST. What makes CHARLES FOX ſtand ſingly?

ANSW. For fear a Second JUDAS ſhould pull down CHELSEA HOSPITAL.

FOX for ever, and no JUDAS.

To the Electors of Weſtminſter.

I am a man of no party; I have concerned myſelf little in politics, and am totally unacquainted with any of the individuals who take the lead in them. I have juſt ſeen enough, however, of the world, to be convinced of this, that a man who is capable of a deliberate falſehood is not a perſon to be truſted in either public or private life. An inſtance of this contemptible quality has appeared lately in one public man, from whoſe age of ingenuouſneſs and ſituation in life, better conduct might have been expected. I mean Mr. Pitt. It appears, by a letter, which has been inſerted in all the papers, and has not been hitherto contradicted from any quarter, that three days previous to the diſſolution of Parliament, this young gentleman wrote a letter to an Elector for the Univerſity of Cambridge: ſtating that as that event had actually taken place---as Parliament was at that time diſſolved, he would be obliged to him for his vote and intereſt. Was there ever a falſehood of ſo baſe and deliberate a kind? Was there ever a falſehood of ſo dangerous and unconſtitutional a tendency? Such a practice evidently perverts the freedom of Election, and ſuch a daring violation of truth could proceed from no mind, in my poor opinion, capable of one generous, or amiable feeling. This has made me a politician for the firſt time in my life, and induced me to give every countenancee and ſupport (which I aſſure you is not very inconſiderable) to Mr. Fox, for Weſtminſter. I recollect no falſehoods of Mr. Fox's. I recollect no fraudulent artifices for ſtealing a march upon his Electors. Whatever faults he may have, he appears at leaſt to advantage from the compariſon, and therefore ſhall have the friendſhip of

An Independent ELECTOR of WESTMINTER.

CAUTION.

To the End the great Duties and Powers given to Government may not be employed for the influencing of Elections of Members to ſerve in Parliament, which Elections, by the Conſtitution of this Country, ought to be free and uncorrupt, it is enacted by divers Statutes, as follows:

"That no officer or perſon whatſoever concerned or employed in any branch or part "of the Exciſe, or in the Cuſtoms, or duties upon Salt; in the Poſt Office, or any "branch thereof; or in any of the duties upon Hides, Skins, Vellum, and Parchment; "or in the Stamp Office, or diſtriſtuting Stamps; or in the duties upon Hackney Coaches "and Chairs, Cards or Dice, ſhall by word, meſſage, or writing, or in any other man-"ner whatſoever, endeavour to perſuade any Elector to give or diſſuade any Elector from "giving his vote for the choice of any perſon to ſerve in Parliament: and every officer "or perſon offending therein, ſhall forfeit the ſum of One Hundred Pounds, one-half to "the informer, the other to the poor of the pariſh where ſuch offence ſhall be committed, "to be recovered by any perſon that will ſue for the ſame: And every perſon convicted "on any ſuch ſuit of the ſaid offence, ſhall thereby become diſabled and incapable of "ever bearing or executing any office or place of truſt whatſoever under his Majeſty, "his heirs and ſucceſſors."

And by another Statute it is enacted as follows:

"That no officer or perſon concerned or employed in the duties of the Exciſe, or any "part or branch thereof, or in the Cuſtoms, or in any of the duties on ſtamped Vellum, "Parchment, and Paper, or for diſtributing of Stamps, or in any of the duties on Salt, "or in the duties on Windows or Houſes, or in the Poſt Office, or any part thereof, ſhall "be capable of giving his vote for the elections of any perſons to ſerve in Parliament: "And if any perſon ſo incapacitated ſhall preſume to vote during the time he ſhall hold, "or within twelve months after he ſhall ceaſe to hold any of the offices aforeſaid, ſuch "vote ſo given ſhall be deemed null and void, and every perſon ſo offending ſhall forfeit "the ſum of One hundred Pounds, one half to the informer, &c. to be recovered "by any perſon that will ſue for the ſame: And the perſon convicted on any ſuch ſuit "ſhall hereby become diſabled and incapable of ever bearing or executing any office or "place of truſt whatſoever under his Majeſty, his heirs, and ſucceſſors."

And whereas there is great reaſon to apprehend that divers perſons in the afore-mentioned offices, well knowing of the above *ſtatutes*, and of the penalties, forfeitures, and diſabilities therein-mentioned, and that divers other perſons ignorant thereof may interfere, or be induced to interfere in behalf of, or to vote for the Court Candidates, Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, in the preſent Election for Weſtminſter. This is to give notice, That a Committee of Gentlemen (friends to the Freedom of Election, and anxious for the independency of the Houſe of Commons, that great and only bulwark of the rights and liberties of the people) is formed for the purpoſe of inveſtigating the conduct of the above perſons, and of proſecuting ſuch of them as ſhall interfere, or preſume to vote in the preſent conteſt for Weſtminſter, to the utmoſt rigour of the law.

N. B. All perſons who can give information or proof of any interference of ſuch officers or perſons, are deſired to give the ſame to Mr. Cocker, junior, Attorney at Law, Stanhope-ſtreet, St. Clements, in order that the parties offending may be ſpeedily proſecuted.

ADVER-

ADVERTISEMENT.

The humble Petition of the Old Soldiers, Penſioners in Chelſea Hoſpital, to the Worſhipful Sir Cecil Wray, Bart.

It having been reported to us by two of our *Sargeants*, and ſome other of our corps that can read, that your honour has come to a reſolution to demoliſh our Hoſpital, and ſend us poor crippled and aged ſouls helpleſs into the wide world again, we were drawn out on our parade yeſterday, and came to the reſolution of calling upon your Worſhip at your houſe, humbly and dutifully to petition your Worſhip, and to ſtate to you---

That moſt of us have neither friend nor relation in the world that can help us.

That if we are driven out of our quiet ſnug cabins in Chelſea Hoſpital, we ſhall be miſerably off both for food and raiment.

That out of 800 amongſt us, there are 200 without legs, 89 without arms, and moſt of the reſt are 60 years of age and upwards.

That moſt of us have been preſent at ſome very hard blows with the enemies of Old England, and have either loſt our precious limbs, or grown grey-headed in the ſervice of our country.

That when we were very young lads, and firſt entered into the *ſarvice*, we looked forward to a good ſafe home, in caſe of the worſt, in Chelſea Hoſpital.

That 35 of our beſt officers, viz. 20 *Sargeants*, and 15 Corporals, loſt their legs at the noble battle of Minden, and ſwear by God, they never would have ſtirred an inch, if they had not thought as how they were *cartain* of all neceſſaries in the Hoſpital.

That as we are all old ſoldiers, and like to talk about nothing but battles, and how we loſt our precious limbs, and what we did, and all that, we would not value life at a cartridge box, if we could not ſee one another, and compare old ſquares.

That all our ſons and grandſons (God bleſs them, hoping your Honour won't be too hard on them, becauſe they were moſtly got on Maid Servants) ſwears they will never liſt if your Honour goes on with your reſolution.

That we cannot bear the thoughts of begging, after having been forty years gentlemen ſoldiers.

That if your Honour goes on, there can be no other way for us but to *ax* relief from all good Chriſtians in the ſtreets, and to pray to God to help us, which to be ſure will be *damn'd hard* after all our ſufferings.

Hoping that as your Honour is partly a ſoldier, and may ſome time or other ſee *ſarvice* yourſelf, your Honour won't take the bread out of our mouths, but leave us a houſe and belly-full for our ſhattered carcaſes at ſixty. And as in duty bound we ſhall ever pray for your Worſhip.

(Signed) JAMES ROBERTS, *Sargeant.*
THOMAS DAVIES, ditto.
RALPH JENKINS, ditto, &c.
JOHN GREEN, Corporal.
RICHARD GAMMON, ditto.
HENRY BACON, his ⋈ Mark, &c.
GEORGE LIDDLE, *Private, with Seven Hundred and Sixty Marks.*

A Living Monſter.

The admiration and deteſtation of all mankind, to be ſeen every day, during the Poll, upon the Huſtings, at Covent Garden, grinning a ghaſtly ſmile!

The peculiar virtue of this beaſt lies in ſtriking with horror every beholder, as ſoon as he makes his appearance.

He liſtens - - -	*only to deceive*
And ſpeaks - - -	*but to betray*
Promiſes much - - -	*and performs little*
He is laviſh - - -	*only of ſmall beer*
Expert - - -	*at projecting taxes*
To bring miſery - -	*on the female creation*
When he opens his mouth - -	*beware of your head*
When his mob are aſſembled - -	*take care of your pockets*
His name is - - -	*JUDAS*
And like Judas he no doubt - -	*will die in his ſhoes.*

ADVERTISEMENT.

Mr. FOX begs leave to return his moſt ſincere and grateful thanks to the worthy and independent Electors of the city and liberty of Weſtminſter, as well for the very generous ſupport he received throughout his canvaſs, as by their very numerous ſuffrages this day in his favour; and as the ſureſt means to ſecure his re-election, and end the preſent conteſt, he takes the liberty to requeſt the Electors, in his intereſt, will do him the favour to poll as early as poſſible.

St. James's-ſtreet, April 1, 1784.

To the Worthy and Independent Electors of the City and Liberty of Weſtminſter.

Gentlemen, April 2, 1784.

Your votes, intereſt, and Poll, are earneſtly requeſted for
The Right Hon. CHARLES JAMES FOX,

The Champion of the Conſtitution and the People, to be your Repreſentative in Parliament.

At the cloſe of the Poll yeſterday the numbers were,

For the Right Honourable Charles James Fox -	302	
The Right Honourable Lord Hood -	264	
Sir Cecil Wray - - -	238	
Majority for Mr. Fox over Sir Cecil Wray - -		64
- - - Lord Hood - -		38

The Poll opens again this morning at nine o'clock, when your early attendance is requeſted at the Shakeſpeare Tavern, Covent Garden, or at Willis's Rooms (late Almack's), in King-ſtreet, St. James's, to proceed from thence in bodies to the Huſtings.

SHAKESPEARE

SHAKESPEARE TAVERN,

April 2, 1784.] The worthy and independent Electors of the city of Weſtminſter are earneſtly requeſted to aſſemble as early as poſſible, this morning, at nine o'clock, at the ſeveral following places, in order to proceed in bodies to the Huſtings, to poll for Mr. Fox.

St. Martin in the Fields, at the Golden-croſs, Charing-croſs.

St. Paul, Covent-garden, and St. Martin's Le Grand, at the Shakeſpeare, Covent-garden.

St. James, at No. 191, Piccadilly.

St. George, Hanover-ſquare, Squibb's Auction Room.

St. Ann's, Jack's Coffee-houſe, Dean-ſtreet, Soho.

St. Clement Danes, and St. Mary Le Strand, Jeruſalem Sols, and Queen of Bohemia's Head Tavern.

St. Margaret and St. John's, at John Arnold Wallinger's, Eſq. Millbank.

More Queries to Sir Cecil Wray.

Did you not repeatedly declare, before the diſſolution of Parliament, that you would not expend one ſhilling on your Election?

As it is now well known that your canvaſs occaſions a vaſt expence, which ſhall we conclude, that the above declaration is a groſs falſhood, or that your bills are payable at ſome other Treaſury?

To the Worthy and Independent Electors of the City and Liberties of Weſtminſter.

Gentlemen,

You have ſeen the outrages committed this day before the Huſtings. You have ſeen a body of ſailors, headed by the King's Navy Officers, aſſault the peaceable citizens in going to the huſtings. You have ſeen this body armed with bludgeons. You have ſeen the friends of Mr. Fox *knocked down* and wounded moſt ſeverely.

It was requeſted by ſeveral perſons, that Lord Mahon would go and diſperſe the ſailors. His anſwer was this, "*I cannot diſperſe them without the conſent of the Committee!!*"---Thus, confeſſing that a gang of armed men were brought by the Court Candidates to deſtroy the peace of the Election----Are you Engliſhmen?----Have you hearts of men, and will you bear this?

To the Independent Electors of Weſtminſter.

The friends of freedom muſt ſee with pride the triumph of yeſterday. The majority in favour of Mr. Fox, upon the cloſe of the poll, is not more flattering to that gentleman, than honourable to the Electors themſelves. Becauſe, while they ſupport him, they vindicate the characters of their own underſtanding; for they ſhew themſelves

ſuperior to all pitiful miſrepreſentations and odious aſperſions of that powerful confederacy, which has been formed for his downfal, and for the deſtruction, at the ſame time, of the Britiſh Conſtitution.

Never had a brave and generous people an abler or firmer champion than this great man. Never had man the hearts and affections of thoſe whoſe cauſe he aſſerted more ſincerely than he. The public protection has increaſed in proportion to the increaſe of his perſecutions, and the treachery of his political enemies produced no other effect upon the people, than ſtrengthening their confidence in their old favourite.

No foul act which malice can invent, or which baſeneſs can perpetrate, that they have left untried. The nation has been nauſeated with the groſſneſs of their numberleſs calumnies; nor can the uniform contempt of the public, to the ſucceſſion of daily libels, reſtrain their indefatigable efforts to traduce and blacken him. Even at this moment they are propagating a new accuſation, which deſerves notice only to be deſpiſed. To ſet the Electors on their guard againſt the poiſon of ſuch inſinuations is perfectly neceſſary. Their good ſenſe and tried diſcernment are a complete ſecurity, that this freſh ſcandal will be as fruitleſs as the maſs of mean ſcurrilities which theſe wretched tools of a pernicious Court faction have publiſhed already.

Mr. Fox's reception from the Electors yeſterday was indeed a victory. It was that ſolid, warm, and cordial attachment which flows from the generous ſoul of an honeſt Engliſhman to the man he values.

It was a tribute which neither power can command, nor corruption call forth.

Proceed as you have begun, and a few days will end this conteſt in ſuch a way as muſt convince the enemies of our common freedom, that in expecting any ſanction from the City of Weſtminſter, they under-rated your judgments, and were as much deluded as they have groſsly impoſed upon the nation themſelves for the laſt three months.

A TRUE BRITON.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Who was recommended to the Electors of the city of Weſtminſter by Mr. Fox againſt Lord Hood?

Sir Cecil Wray.

Who now joins Lord Hood againſt Mr. Fox?

Sir Cecil Wray.

Who was choſen by the Independent Electors of Weſtminſter, in oppoſition to the intereſt of the Duke of Northumberland?

Sir Cecil Wray.

Who now ſtands in the intereſt of the Duke of Northumberland, in oppoſition to the Independent Electors of Weſtminſter?

Sir Cecil Wray.

Who deſerted Mr. Fox on account of his coalition with Lord North?

Sir Cecil Wray.

Who is the friend of a much worſe coalition between Mr. Pitt and Mr. Jenkinſon?

Sir Cecil Wray.

Who oppoſed Mr. Fox on account of the Receipt Tax?

Sir Cecil Wray.

Who ſupports Mr. Pitt, who ſupported the Receipt Tax?

Sir Cecil Wray.

Who

Who, in his advertiſements, profeſſes to be the protector of the fair ſex?
Sir Cecil Wray.
Who propoſed a tax on the pooreſt of the fair ſex?
Sir Cecil Wray.
Who calls himſelf a ſoldier and a man of humanity?
Sir Cecil Wray.
Who propoſed to pull down Chelſea Hoſpital?
Sir Cecil Wray.
Who then has forfeited the good opinion of every man of honour, humanity, and conſiſtency?
Sir Cecil Wray.

A CONSISTENT ELECTOR.

The Firſt Chapter of the Times!

1. And it came to paſs, that there were great diſſentions in the Weſt, amongſt the rulers of the nation.

2. And the Counſellors of the Back-ſtairs ſaid, let us take advantage and yoke the people even as oxen, and rule them with a rod of iron.

3. And let us break up the Aſſembly of Privileges, and get a new one of Prerogatives, and let us hire falſe prophets to deceive the people. And they did ſo.

4. Then Judas Iſcariot went amongſt the citizens, ſaying, "Chooſe me one of your "Elders, and I will tax your innocent damſels, and I will take the bread from the helpleſs, lame and blind.

5. "And with the ſcrip which will ariſe, we will eat, drink, and be merry." Then he brought forth the roll of ſheep ſkin, and came unto the gin-ſhops, cellars, aud bye places, and ſaid, "Sign your names."---And many made their marks.

6. Now it came to paſs, that the time being come when the people chuſe their Elders, that they aſſembled together at the *Huſtings*, nigh unto the *Place of Cabbages*,

7. And Judas lifted up his prerogative phiz, and ſaid, "Chooſe me, chooſe me!" But the people ſaid, "Satan avaunt! O thou wicked Judas! haſt thou not *deceived* thy beſt friend! would'ſt thou *deceive* us alſo? Get thee behind us, thou unclean ſpirit!

8. We will have the man who ever has and will ſupport our cauſe, and maintain our rights, who ſtands forth for us, and who will never be guided by Secret Influence!"

9. And the people ſhouted, and cried with an exceeding loud voice, ſaying,

FOX IS THE MAN!

10. Then they cauſed the trumpets to be ſounded, as at the feaſt of the full moon, and ſang,

LONG LIVE FOX!---MAY OUR CHAMPION LIVE FOR EVER!

AMEN.

Shall we, the People, be governed by the King only?---No!
Shall we be governed by the King and Bedchamber Lords only?---No! No!
Shall we be governed as before by the King, Lords, and Commons? -Yes!
Then we muſt all ſupport Charles Fox; for he is the great Defender of our Rights and Liberties, both in and out of Parliament.

Huzza! Fox for ever!

To

To the Worthy and Independent Electors of the City of Weſtminſter.

You all remember when the nomination of the Repreſentatives for Weſtminſter was ſolely and intirely in the hands of the Court, and two noble Dukes, whoſe overbearing influence totally overwhelmed that of the independent Electors; many vain attempts were made to ſtem that torrent, which miſcarried, owing to the deficiency of ability and exertion in the Candidates who undertook it, Let me aſk you this plain queſtion---Was not Mr. Fox the firſt who ſtepped forward and ſucceſsfully engaged in the cauſe of the independent Electors? This cannot be denied. Is it not equally true, that he is now ſtanding in oppoſition to the very ſame intereſt, viz. that of the Court and the above-mentioned noblemen? I leave to your own good ſenſe to decide, whether your old enemies, the friends of corruption, are not endeavouring to regain that influence which his exertions deſtroyed, and re-eſtabliſh that ignominious thraldom which heretofore diſgraced this reſpectable city.

AN IMPARTIAL ELECTOR.

To the Electors of Weſtminſter.

Permit me, at this important criſis, to remind you, that notwithſtanding a motion was made and carried in the Houſe of Commons, That the influence of the Crown has increaſed, is increaſing, and ought to be diminiſhed, no meaſures have been ſince taken to render that excellent reſolution effectual, except by your worthy Repreſentative, Mr. Fox, through whoſe judicious exertions bills have been paſſed to prevent contractors from ſitting in the Houſe, and to diſfranchiſe revenue officers of their votes; two bills, to which the late independent conduct of the Houſe of Commons is chiefly to be attributed, and which alone can inſure the Repreſentatives of the People that independence which will preſerve to Britons their much-valued freedom.

Shall we, then, heſitate a moment, who to make choice of to repreſent the city of Weſtminſter in Parliament?

T. Y.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Mr. Fox's Committee, in juſtice to the independent Electors of Weſtminſter, who were ſo ſhamefully prevented this day from coming up to the Huſtings, to poll in his favour, by a gang of ſailors, headed by naval officers, and carrying his Majeſty's colours! think it incumbent on them to declare, that they have taken ſuch precautions as they are aſſured will prevent ſimilar outrages on this occaſion, and enable the peaceable Electors of the ſaid city to give their ſuffrages without future moleſtation.

Shakeſpeare Tavern, Friday evening, April 2, 1784.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The Gentlemen who have been canvaſſed by Mr. Sheridan are requeſted to meet him, at ten o'clock, on Monday morning next the 5th inſtant, to proceed in a body to poll for Mr. Fox.

ORDER

ORDER of the STAR.

At a very numerous meeting of this Order, held this firſt day of April, 1784.
The PRESIDENT in the Chair.

Reſolved unanimouſly,

" That this Order do earneſtly recommend to the free ſuffrages of thoſe Members " who are Electors of the city of Weſtminſter, the Right Hon. Charles James Fox to " be one of their Repreſentatives in the enſuing Parliament, he having given the " people of theſe kingdoms the moſt ample proof of his firm adherence to thoſe glo- " rious principles which have hitherto recommended him to their favour, in his late " ſtanding forth with undaunted courage, the champion of the people's rights, and " the ſupporter of the dignity of that important part of the legiſlative government of " the Repreſentatives of the People in the Commons Houſe of Parliament, when ſo " daringly attacked by the King's Miniſters.

Reſolved unanimouſly,

" That theſe reſolutions be entered on the records of the Order, and be printed in " the public papers."

Signed by order of the Preſident,
C. W. S. Secretary.

To the Electors of Weſtminſter.

Your moſt ſerious attention is required to the following fact :---A great riot and confuſion having taken place yeſterday at the Huſtings, inſtigated entirely by a banditti of hired ſeamen, by which numbers of the Electors, in the intereſt of Mr. Fox, were prevented from giving their votes, it was at laſt thought proper to bring in the civil power to reſiſt theſe mercenary ruffians, upon which two of them were taken into cuſtody. Theſe two men, namely, John Gregory and Robert Lawrence, upon the uſual threats of civil puniſhment being held out to them, did minutely and ſeverally confeſs that they had received Five Shillings per day for the two laſt days, for their attendance at Covent Garden, to obſtruct the buſineſs of Mr. Fox's Election.

Gentlemen,

The wretched ſupporters of the back-ſtair ſyſtem, finding that the ariſtocratic combination of two Dukes, the Steward of the Houſehold, and ſeveral other Members of the Upper Houſe, was not likely to avail them in ſubverting the freedom of your choice, and annihilating your independence as Electors and men, have ſtooped, as their laſt reſource, to the above baſe expedient for carrying their infamous purpoſes into effect. This conduct requires no comment. No ſpur to your indignation can be wanting on ſuch an occaſion. As you are Britons and men, exert yourſelves!

An INDEPENDENT MAGISTRATE.

ADVERTISEMENT

The Electors of Weſtminſter, in the intereſt of Mr. Fox, are reſpectfully informed, that ſuch of them as will call at the Shakeſpeare, will be conducted from thence to the Huſtings by a party of the Select Committee.

Shakeſpeare Tavern, Covent Garden.

ADVER-

ADVERTISEMENT.

Shakeſpeare, April 4, 1784.

The Committee for conducting the Election of Mr. Fox have received information that a great number of lodgers and others, not legally qualified to vote, have polled for Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray.

The Committee requeſt the moſt immediate communication of them, and of all other events that tend to contaminate the freedom and fairneſs of the Election.

As the meaſures taken by this Committee to reſtore peace and good order, have been found perfectly effectual, they earneſtly requeſt the friends of Mr. Fox to vote as early as poſſible to-morrow, when, without doubt, the iſſue of the Poll will be as flattering to their old and true favourite, as the arts practiſed laſt Saturday, in bringing up all the ſervants and dependants of the King's houſehold---all the ſoldiers and ſerjeants of the guards---all the people of the Queen's band of muſic, and many other deſcriptions of perſons, trained to obey the word of command, ſeem to have given a temporary triumph to his enemies.

By order of the Committee,

J. R. COCKER, Secretary.

The Lamentations of Place Hunters, and the Children of the Eaſt.

1. No longer ſhall the dazzling diamond grace the ear of the Aſiatic peculator; no longer will robberies or murder proſper!

2. Injuſtce or avarice ſhall never more gripe, with their greedy claws, the poſſeſſions of the innocent.

3. The plaintive voice of the injured is heard from afar; the mournful tale of the murdered ſpirits ſtrike the ear of the juſt; retribution and juſtice ſpread forth their balmy wings.

4. We are full of ſorrow, and lament all the day, our crimes have been expoſed; fineſſe or deceit no longer prevail.

5. We hoped to ſhare the rich ſpoils of the Eaſt; but all our ſunſhine is impeded by a cloud; our richeſt hopes are blaſted, and wither like a winter leaf.

6. We ſtill expected to purſue the glorious cauſe of Eaſtern robbery, and to have ruined the merchants and country; but a mighty man hath ariſen; yea, a noble Duke nipped in the bud our fruitful trees; a Fox hath laid the axe to the root; villainy no longer ſhall proſper with impunity.

7. We ſent out our ſons to thieve, and our daughters to marry rich Nabobs; all our comforts are at an end.

8. The wicked cauſe of our downfal laugh us to ſcorn; we are a marked aad deteſted race to the people; they ſhake their heads as we paſs, and ſay, jeeringly, Behold Nabob pride!

9. Our enemy will no longer ſuffer this country to be ruined by Eaſt India deception, nor the Company to be annihilated by expenſive, ruinous, unjuſt wars.

10. He will ſupport merchandize, increaſe the revenue, and diminiſh the land-tax; but what is more grievous, the neceſſities of the poor will be relieved.

11. Theſe things diſtreſs our ſouls, we burſt with envy; where ſhall we hide our ſhameful heads?

12. Ceaſe,

12. Ceaſe, O ſun and moon! to ſhine; let the fogs and clouds of falſe logic hide the truth; ſo ſhall the ſimple be allured by the *Temple*; ſo ſhall the ſhallow fall into the *Pitt*.

13. Rear up your heads, O ye Lords, who have loſt your places; blow the trumpet of ſedition through the land.

14. Where are your ſtratagems to amuſe and impoſe on the ſimple man? Where are your ſchemes to entrap the unwary credulous? Prepare your ſnares with cunning, affect your country's good; grieve for the loſs of chartered rights to murder: we fear ye will be ſuſpected; no one believes your profeſſions.

15. How are the mighty fallen! Long winded orations no longer prevail againſt the ſimple voice of truth: oppoſition cries aloud, but no one hears them; Aſiatic plunderers call in vain; their miſeries are diſregarded.

16. How long ſhall we groan unpitied under the pangs of diſappointed ambition? How long ſhall we be neglected and out of place?

17. We have ſhared the loaves and fiſhes; we have taſted formerly the goodly pine apple, and all the luxurious dainties of the world; but now we are left to deſpair and poverty.

18. We hoped to have flouriſhed with Eaſtern bribes; but all our expectations are vaniſhed like a fanciful dream, or a deluſive viſion.

19. Who will hereafter do injuſtice? Who ſhall rob the innocent Gentoo of his eſtate?

20. Integrity and honour will ruin us; rewards will no longer purſue vice.

21. Let us fly to ſome ſecret iniquity; let us blow up the flames of diſcord and ſuſpicion, in the Royal Palace.

22. So may we yet be ſaved; ſo may we be yet ſupported in our glorious intentions; ſo may we ſtill perſecute Eaſtern cruelty.

BENEVOLUS VERUS.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The Committee for conducting the Election of Mr. Fox, knowing that many hundreds of Mr. Fox's friends, from the buſtle and turbulence of the preceding days of Election, have been prevented polling, take the liberty to inform them, that a numerous deputed Committee of gentlemen will conſtantly attend this and every day till the cloſe of the poll, at Lowe's Hotel, Covent Garden, to conduct the independent Electors of Weſtminſter in Mr. Fox's intereſt from thence in great ſafety to the Huſtings.

The Committee earneſtly requeſt the early attendance of Mr. Fox's friends at Lowe's Hotel, the Shakeſpeare, and the Unicorn, corner of Henrietta-ſtreet, Covent-garden.

Shakeſpeare Tavern, April 5, 1784.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The numerous bodies of friends to Mr. Fox, who came to the Huſtings on Monday, and were obliged, on account of the croud, to return without polling, are moſt earneſtly requeſted to give their early attendance this day and to-morrow, there being every reaſon to be convinced, that the majority of fair voters, now remaining unpolled, is clearly in favour of Mr. Fox.

WESTMINSTER CANDIDATES.

F O X.

Whoſe ſoul is above all meanneſs---whoſe ambition is to ſerve his country---to protect the rights and privileges of the people---and (being poſſeſſed of the finer feelings) to love and cheriſh the fair-one, and the worn-out ſoldier.

W R A Y.

Who is meanneſs itſelf---who being bred a catholic would ſtab at the vitals of this glorious Conſtitution, and dead to every ſenſe of feeling, would tax the moſt lovely *, and devote to beggary and want the moſt deſerving of their country †.

Judge then for yourſelves, my fellow citizens---ſhake off thoſe trammels of Court Influence which have hitherto bound you, and believe that by ſtanding forth for Mr. Fox you may yet ſave your country from deſtruction.

Do not be led to imagine that ſingly your votes can do no ſervice---they can---they will be ſerviceable---they will preſerve your liberty, that valuable legacy of your forefathers, and natural inheritance of your children. Come forward then without delay---ſupport the champion of your freedom, and by your noble daring, ſhew that the name of Briton ſtill is dear to you.

More than Wonders! Miracles! Miracles!

Signior Palmero, lately arrived in England from a peregrination over more than three parts of the terraqueous globe, and who has had the ſupreme honour of accompanying the thrice immortal Montgolfier in his aerial expeditions, has had the happineſs to obſerve, in his empyrean flight, a moſt favourable conjunction of the planets that govern human affairs, with the new diſcovered *Georgium Sidus*, from which he fairly concludes, that the preſent conteſt for parliamentary repreſentation, in this great metropolis, muſt be in favour of the moſt illuſtrious Fox, as a man the moſt capable of conducting the concerns of this glorious country, and that the conjunction with the *Georgium Sidus*, as truly prognoſticates his reſtoration to the councils of our mighty and much beloved Sovereign.

To explain this more ſatisfactorily, Signior Palmero has juſt arrived in an æroſtatic machine, *in vico vulgo dictum*, (an air balloon) and ſhall have the honour to receive his friends, the ſupporters of Mr. Fox, and the public in general, on Wedneſday night next, April 7th, at the Little Theatre, James-ſtreet, Haymarket, where a party will be formed to proceed according to law and decency, in ſupport of that great friend to the liberties of mankind, Mr. Fox.

N. B. Maid Servants and Chelſea Penſioners are particularly deſired to attend, as Signior Palmero has obſerved very favourable conjunctions and aſpects in the planetary ſyſtem in their favour.

* Female Servants. † Wounded and veteran Soldiers.

Wonders!

Wonders! Wonders! Wonders!

The moſt wonderful philoſopher in the world, the great Katterfelto, and his Black Cat, have engaged to inſure Sir C---l a quantity of votes, either *good* or *bad*, to ſecure his election; the great Katterfelto having an influence, by his grand ſolar microſcope, to look into the hearts of all inſects creeping up the Back Stairs.

ADVERTISEMENT.

To the Worthy Electors of the City and Liberties of Weſtminſter.

Gentlemen,

The advantage obtained by my opponents upon the poll, (though by no means deciſive) is ſuch as to render your utmoſt exertions neceſſary.

Your intereſts, in this conteſt, are much more deeply engaged than mine. If the cauſe of the independent Electors ſhould in this inſtance be overborne, it is next to impoſſible that any man ſhould again venture to ſtand for this city, in oppoſition to the nomination of the Court.

The queſtion now is not, Who ſhall be elected? but who ſhall elect? It is not between Sir Cecil Wray and me, but between the influence of the Court and the rights of the independent Electors.

The number of unpolled votes is yet ſo great, that there is little doubt of your ſucceſs, if proper exertions are made. Nothing ſhall be wanting on my part; I will ſpare no pains; I will ſubmit to every inconvenience, rather than be acceſſary in delivering you over to that ſtate of ſubjection from which you ſo honourably reſcued yourſelves at the laſt General Election.

I have the honour to be,
Gentlemen,
Your moſt obedient, and
faithful humble ſervant,

St. James's-ſtreet,
April 6.

C. J. FOX.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The friends of Mr. Fox are particularly requeſted to tranſmit to the Select Committee, which will meet at Mr. Ireland's, Bow-ſtreet, Covent Garden, addreſſed to Mr. Reede, the names of ſuch Electors, in their ſeveral pariſhes, as have not yet been waited on by Mr. Fox, or the gentlemen who have canvaſſed for him. It is alſo requeſted, that gentlemen will communicate the circumſtances of the ſeveral falſe votes which have already been detected in the poll for Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, and tranſmit them as above.

To the Electors of Weſtminſter.

Sir Cecil Wray, one of your Candidates, by preſuming, in oppoſition to Mr. Fox, to ſolicit your ſuffrages at this important criſis, has the audacity to think freemen capable

of preferring duplicity to candour, cunning to wiſdom, and the moſt contemptible baſeneſs to real generoſity and manlineſs of mind!

What are thoſe features which have chiefly diſtinguiſhed the public life of this ſilly, ſimpering, inſipid ſycophant?

He has treated Mr. Fox with a perfidy, of which no man of honour could be guilty. To the author of his political exiſtence he acted the part of a conſpirator and a parricide. And is he to be truſted in a public ſtation, who could thus ſtoop to be a traitor in a private capacity?

Is there an honeſt man among you, who ſees him on the Huſtings with Mr. Fox, who can help regarding him with abhorrence?

He has already betrayed every truſt repoſed in him. Mr. Fox was deceived by his undertaking the buſineſs of the pavement in St. Ann's pariſh, Soho. And did not the inhabitants of St. Ann's find him ſhuffling moſt ſhamefully in their parochial affairs? Did he not, on that occaſion, inſidiouſly join the Rector and a Select Veſtry againſt the whole pariſh? Sir Cecil may be ambitious of the name, but has not yet been ſo forunate as to demonſtrate, by his actions, that he is fond of the real character of an honeſt man!

Does he not inſult every modeſt woman among you by inventing a new ſpecies of oppreſſion, and degradation of the moſt deſtitute of the ſex. Is it poſſible, huſbands or fathers, who have any real regard for their wives and daughters, can vote for one who would thus reduce, and render them infamous?

Has he not dared, with ſacrilegious fury, to menace the venerable ſanctuary of the aged and the brave; and to peep into the holes of the miſerable, not to pity or relieve them, but to deprive them of that pittance ſo many of them have earned with their beſt blood?

Are theſe the grounds on which ſo notorious a load of prerogative ventures to canvaſs the free Electors of Weſtminſter for their votes? And are you diſpoſed to poll for him, merely becauſe he openly makes a purchaſe of the affluent and independent, by debauching the poor and needy, by having a numerous gang of banditti to overawe the Election, and keep the quiet peaceable inhabitants in perpetual fear of their lives, by admitting an immenſe ſhoal of fictitious voters, and putting the cauſe of liberty at defiance, by employing in his favour the whole army of houſhold dependents; and by iſſuing from his Committees as well as by his runners, a conſtant fabrication of the groſſeſt falſehoods, to impoſe on your credulity, and blacken the characters of your beſt friends.

From ſuch a proſtitution of principle and common ſenſe, may God deliver every worthy and independent Elector!

To the Electors of Weſtminſter.

Continue, ye worthy, free, and independent Electors of Weſtminſter, in your preſent deluded ſtate, nor rouze yourſelves, till repentance can nought avail you. Go on, and give your votes to Sir Cecil Wray, and in future as you paſs, receive the heart-felt bleſſings of every poor, old, wounded ſoldier, whom his well-timed parſimony has driven from a comfortable aſylum, to beg his bread from door to door; and when the old veteran points to his honourable ſcars, beſtow not your charity, but ſmile in his face, and cry, "Long live Sir Cecil." Receive the bleſſings of every poor abandoned proſtitute, who by his excellent tax was driven from the path of virtue, to that of infamy and ſhame. And when ſhe, weeping, deplores her fallen ſtate, ſpurn the mourning

ing penitent from you, and cry, "Sir Cecil for ever." If theſe unhappy beings ſhould prove your ſons or daughters, it would be ſtill more noble in you to have been his ſupporter; becauſe it will be getting the better of every feeling of nature, and of every ſentiment of common humanity. Go on then, and immortalize your fames by voting for a man who has ſhewn himſelf ſo great, ſo true a friend to the rights and privileges of man and woman-kind.

To the Free and Independent Electors of the City and Liberty of Weſtminſter,

Diſpoſed to lend their helping hand to prop and ſupport that Conſtitution, which was the glory of their forefathers---the pride of their youth---the comfort of their old age---the ſource of all our riches and greatneſs---the admiration of ſurrounding nations, and the terror of our enemies.

Gentlemen,

Do not believe that the words ſecret influence and back-ſtairs government are mere modern inventions or catch words to ſerve a party purpoſe and inflame the paſſions of the people. It is a grievance that has long exiſted, and was abſolutely complained of at ſo early a period as the 12th of Edward the fourth. And it was then aſſerted, that there was not a back door about St. James's that did not coſt the nation full 20,000l. a year. Gentlemen, from that period to the glorious Revolution our Conſtitution has been de fended by the beſt blood the nation ever produced---ſhed upon ſcaffolds in defence of our liberty, that glorious inherent privilege that has yet never been ſeparated from the name of Briton. Gentlemen, for Heaven's ſake look round you! and as there never was yet in the worſt of times ſo ſerious an attack upon our privileges as the preſent moment, ſo I firmly hope, that with all the true enthuſiaſtic bravery of Britons there never was ſo reſolute a defence as you will now make. Gentlemen, look round---behold the Viper Baronet and your own noble champion, the true defender of your rights and privileges. The one wiſhes baſely to ſacrifice you at the ſhrine of Prerogative---the other is ready to ſuffer martyrdom in defence of your liberties. The one ſupported that Miniſter who daringly inſulted and abſolutely turned the Houſe of Commons (your legal Repreſentatives) out of doors; the other bravely defended your cauſe, and nobly expoſing himſelf againſt all your enemies and their unconſtitutional meaſures, has drawn down the indignation of every viper, Court ſycophant and dependent placeman in the kingdom upon him.

Theſe are the numerous Hoſt that has given the Viper Baronet his temporary ſmall ſuperiority, over your own noble Champion and his independent friends. It requires nothing, my countrymen, but a ſmall exertion of the truly independent amongſt you, and that every man ſhould conceive his own ſingle vote of conſequence, and inſtantly come forward with it, to convince the viper Baronet and all his prerogative adherents---that, in the cauſe of liberty, the Britiſh ſpirit is invincible.

Will you, the honeſt inhabitants of Weſtminſter, ſuffer the moſt free and independent citizens amongſt you to be inſulted, day after day, in Covent Garden, by a few watermen's boys, arrayed, marſhalled, and led on by ſuch contemptible fellows as the notorious

notorious Colonel Skeene, and ſome white waſhed attornies and money lenders? I know you will not.

And I know too, that true ſailors cannot be hired by a court faction, to moleſt and aſſault, like ſo many ruffians and aſſaſſins, the honeſt and decent Electors of Weſtminſter.

ONE OF THE PEOPLE.

Who bids for Chelſea Hoſpital?—Huzza!

To be Sold by Auction,
By JUDAS ISCARIOT,
At the Prerogative Arms, Weſtminſter,
CHELSEA HOSPITAL.
With all the Live and Dead Stock.

In which is included, the Cloaths, Crutches, Fire-Arms, &c. &c. of the poor worn-out Veterans, who have bled in their country's cauſe! Their exiſtence being deemed a public nuiſance.

Likewiſe, the virtue, innocence, and modeſty of the harmleſs, inoffenſive Servant Maids.

The ſale of this laſt lot was intended by Judas for the purpoſe of raiſing the ſupplies for the tax on Maid Servants.

JUDAS ISCARIOT is extremely ſorry he cannot put up for Sale
PUBLIC INGRATITUDE,
Having reſerved that Article for Himſelf.

N. B. To be diſpoſed of a large quantity of patent dark-lanterns, and the beſt price will be given for a ſet of fellows that will go through thick and thin for a rotten back ſtaircaſe cauſe.

Huzza for Prerogative!---A fig for the Conſtitution!

To the honeſt and Independent Electors of Weſtminſter, who are zealous and active in this great Struggle for the Preſervation of their Privilege and Right of Election.

Gentlemen,

On the firſt view of the majority in number, which appeared on the cloſe of Saturday's Poll, in favour of the Court Candidates, you may perhaps with grief-ſwoln hearts, lament that your manly efforts, and unwearied exertions, in ſupport of the man who has uniformly ſupported you, are likely to prove fruitleſs; but do not deſpond, don't give up your Champion, or loſe ſight of the glorious cauſe in which you are now embarked (although a hoſt of all ſorts of Guards and Hirelings braved you) whilſt you have the power of ſtemming the torrent, with hearts of controverſy---Engliſh hearts not to be biaſſed, corrupted, or diſmayed, whilſt conſcious rectitude, and unerring truth, point out the way to the hallowed temple of freedom and virtue.

Be therefore not alarmed if *a corps de reſerve of guards*, in coloured garments, ſhould be drawn up this morning on the platform of the Huſtings, to poll againſt you---they are uſed to the drill---they can ſtand, ſtoop, kneel down, make ready, preſent and fire at the

the word of command. But remember Gentlemen, you will never ſuffer yourſelves to be regimented---you know your duty as citizens---as freemeen---born to ſerve the immortal cauſe of virtue, freedom, and your country.

VERITAS.

Plain Relation of Facts.

The aſſertions of Mr. John Churchill and his Committee muſt undoubtedly obtain due credit with every honeſt Elector of Weſtminſter. On the ſecond day of the Election, it is univerſally known that the friends of Mr. Fox were driven from the huſtings, and beſieged in the Shakeſpeare by a gang of ſailors, two of whom, being afterwards queſtioned, confeſſed that they received daily for their ſervices five ſhillings a piece. On Monday, at the cloſe of the poll, the ſame gang, armed with bludgeons, were ſeen to come down King-ſtreet, and knock down ſeveral unarmed perſons, who had *Fox* ribbands in their hats. The populace, however, at length made head againſt them, and ſeverely retaliated upon them the outrages of that and the preceding days. Tueſday the ſame gang began ſimilar riots in the morning. A gentleman was purſued by them into the houſe of Mr. Blackmore, Taylor, in Henrietta-ſtreet, where they took from him the ribband in his hat. One of them was, however, ſecured by the peace officers attending about the huſtings. In the afternoon, long before any tumult in Covent-garden, two parties of ſailors, armed with bludgeons, ran along the Strand up Southampton-ſtreet, to the conviction of many hundreds of peaceable ſpectators, with an evident purpoſe of making a riot. In concluſion, however, it appears that they were again worſted. This is a plain recital of known facts. How then can Mr. John Churchill and his Committee, in their advertiſements of yeſterday morning, dare to charge the late diſorders on the friends of Mr. Fox?

To the truly Independent Electors of Weſtminſter.

The affectation of Mr. John Churchill and his Committee, in addreſſing their advertiſements to the Independent Electors of Weſtminſter, is too ridiculous to impoſe on any man of common underſtanding. Are thoſe the Independent Candidates, as Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray have been pleaſantly called, who notoriouſly ſtand on the intereſts that long enſlaved Weſtminſter? Are thoſe the men deſirous of reſting their cauſe on the Independent Electors of this City, for whom five hundred of the guards have been compelled to poll, and half of them, not legally poſſeſſed of votes, to perjure themſelves? What a notion muſt the Firm and Free Mr. John Churchill have of independency!

All *Horſe Guards*, *Grenadier Guards*, *Foot Guards*, and *Black Guards*, that have not polled for the deſtruction of *Chelſea Hoſpital* and the *Tax on Maid Servants*, are deſired to meet at the Gutter Hole oppoſite the Horſe Guards, where they will have a full bumper

bumper of "*knock me down,*" and plenty of *ſoap ſuds* before they go to poll for Sir Cecil Wray, or eat.

N. B. Thoſe that have no ſhoes or ſtockings may come without---there being a quantity of *wooden ſhoes provided for them.*

GUILDHALL COFFEE-HOUSE.

April 8, 1784.] At a numerous and reſpectable meeting of the Committee for conducting Mr. Sawbridge's Election, held at Guildhall Coffee-houſe,

Mr. SAMUEL THORPE in the Chair.

It was reſolved unanimouſly,

"That it is the opinion of this meeting, that Mr. Fox's conduct in Parliament has "been ſuch as to merit the ſupport of the Independent Livery of London.

"That this Committee will, to the utmoſt of their power, ſupport the Election of "the Right Honourable Charles James Fox for the City of Weſtminſter.

"That theſe Reſolutions be publiſhed in the morning papers.

Signed by the Chairman,

SAMUEL THORPE,

To the Free and Independent Electors of Weſtminſter.

Gentlemen,

When you conſider that Sir Cecil Wray is only 296 a-head of Mr. Fox, notwithſtanding all the dependents of the Court, the clerks and ſervants of the public offices, and the ſoldiers have voted, you will ſee that by a proper exertion of Mr. Fox's friends, he muſt unavoidably gain his election.

So convinced is the Back-ſtair Baronet of this matter, that finding Mr. Fox was gaining ground upon him very faſt about an hour before the cloſe of the Poll this day, he inſiſted upon a new oath, of conſiderable length, being adminiſtered to the Electors inſtead of the uſual one.

Full 250 of Mr. Fox's friends were hindered from voting by this manœuvre, as no more than 50 could be ſworn in an hour, and if the common oath had been uſed, they would have polled near 300 in the ſame time.

To ſuch baſe ſhifts are the abettors of Secret Influence reduced---but the ſpirit of the worthy Electors, it is to be hoped, will now be thoroughly rouſed; and that, foregoing all other conſiderations, they will bravely ſtand forth in defence of the Champion of their privileges, and their own rights, againſt all undue influence whatever.

The preſent appearance for the Viper Baronet is only to ſhew---there is at this moment a majority of fair Electors in favour of Mr. Fox---Soldiers and lodgers have been permitted to poll for the former---none but true and independent citizens have come forward for the latter. Do not then, my fellow countrymen, be deceived by appearances, or from a ſuppoſition that you can do no ſervice with your ſingle votes, refuſe to give them; but ſtep forth nobly, and as we have now the advantage, let us, by exertions of thoſe who have not already voted, keep it.

To the Worthy and Independent Electors of Weſtminſter.

The ſtate of yeſterday's poll evinces that the influence of the Court is, at length, wholly exhauſted. If you exert yourſelves, you may yet conquer. There are no more regiments of the Guards to obſtruct your approach to the huſtings.

Your late member, Mr. Fox, has truly told you, in his laſt advertiſement, that your intereſts are more deeply engaged than his. He has received invitations from many boroughs, and from many capital cities, to repreſent them in the enſuing Parliament; but he remembers, with pride and gratitude, the glorious time, when, in his favour, you firſt reſcued yourſelves from the tyranny of thoſe who had long nominated your Repreſentatives for you. He will, therefore, not deſert you, if you deſert not yourſelves. You have yet ſome few days to determine whether you will for ever eſtabliſh, or for ever betray the cauſe of your own independency; whether you will chooſe for yourſelves, or implicitly ſubmit to the mandates of the Miniſter.

AN INDEPENDENT ELECTOR.

To the Independent Electors of Weſtminſter.

Sir Cecil Wray's majority over Mr. Fox at the concluſion of yeſterday's poll, was no more than 296, and the moſt inconteſtible information has been received, that in the courſe of the poll, not leſs than 400 perſons have already voted for Sir Cecil, who have no legal right to a vote whatever. This information, which is founded upon the moſt indiſputable evidence, will convince you that the appearance of advantage on the part of the Court Candidate, is in the higheſt degree fallacious; and you are therefore earneſtly requeſted to make the real majority on the part of Mr. Fox more deciſive by an early attendance at the Huſtings this morning, in behalf of your tried friend, and juſtly celebrated Repreſentative.

To the Right Honourable Lord Howe.

My Lord,

The high character which your Lordſhip has acquired in your profeſſion, and the remarkable attention which you have ever paid to the preſervation of the diſcipline of the navy, made your Lordſhip's appointment to the diſtinguiſhed ſituation which you now fill peculiarly acceptable to the nation. It is, however, a matter of aſtoniſhment to many of the warmeſt admirers of your Lordſhip's character, that whilſt you are at the head of the naval department, the town ſhould be diſturbed by a banditti of ſailors, who infeſt the ſtreets, under pretence of ſupporting the intereſts of a naval Candidate, againſt whom no party has attempted any hoſtile proceeding whatever to occaſion a ſcene of tumult to the laſt degree alarming and dangerous to the ſafety of the peaceable inhabitants of this city. I am far from ſuſpecting your Lordſhip of being ſo biaſſed to party motives, as to connive at ſuch ſcandalous and unwarrantable proceedings, from any wiſhes which your Lordſhip may entertain with regard to the iſſue of the conteſt; yet the remedy of this evil, ſo univerſally complained of, is ſo extremely obvious, that

we can ſcarcely comprehend why your Lordſhip has not yet adopted it. I mean the iſſuing public orders to the Captains of all men of war, to order the ſeamen to repair on board their reſpective ſhips immediately, and to ſuffer none of their crews to be abſent on any pretence whatever. Perhaps, were ſuch orders extended even to ſome of the officers who appear daily on the Huſtings in Covent Garden, behaving in a manner not perfectly ſuitable to their characters and conditions, thoſe who feel for the honour of the navy, and are really attached to the profeſſion, might think your Lordſhip had taken a judicious ſtep well calculated to promote the diſcipline, credit, and character of the ſervice.

I beg your Lordſhip to believe that I have not written the above from any party views whatever; for, although an Elector of Weſtminſter, I am one who am determined to take no part in the preſent conteſt; but, feeling for the honour of a profeſſion which I revere, and at the ſame time being a lover of peace, good order, and tranquility, I cannot help thinking that both the good of the ſervice, and the ſafety of the public, call upon your Lordſhip to iſſue the orders I have taken the liberty of ſuggeſting, without loſs of time.

AN ADMIRER OF LORD HOWE.

ADVERTISEMENT.

It has been ſtrongly reported, and not hitherto contradicted, that the cauſe of Mr. Fox's opponents has been ſupported, not only by the Guards, the Cooks in a Great Man's kitchen, Stable Boys and Helpers, a Great Lady's Muſical Band of Foreigners, Lodgers of all deſcriptions, from the cellar to the garret, but alſo by convicted Felons, diſcharged from the ballaſt lighters.

To the truly Independent Electors of Weſtminſter.

A cauſe ſupported by the influence of a Court, and the union of two great and powerful Noblemen, is neceſſarily capable of more ſudden exertion than an oppoſition reſting ſolely on the ſeparate efforts of many free and independent individuals. To this circumſtance, Sir Cecil Wray is wholly indebted for his temporary majorities. But the tide is now turned. Yeſterday you gained an advantage, however ſmall, yet ſufficient to animate you to further endeavours, If you have ſtill the ſpirit which you ſhewed in your firſt election of Mr. Fox, it is undoubtedly yet in your power to inſure ſucceſs.

The Guards, perhaps, have ever been in ſome degree employed to turn the ſcale of a conteſt in favour of a Court Candidate. But hitherto decency, at leaſt, was preſerved on ſimilar occaſions. You well know, that they were never before marched to the Huſtings in ſuch bodies; I may ſay, in companies and regiments. If you have the independency of Engliſhmen, or the common feelings of men, ſuffer not ſuch a daring attack on the Freedom of Election; or will you wait, till you ſee the whole corps in regimentals, with fixed bayonets, drawn up in Covent Garden? That only will remain, if you acquieſce in the preſent inſult.

To

To the Independent Electors of Weſtminſter.

As the laſt effort of Sir Cecil Wray's exhauſted party, a report has been moſt induſtriouſly propagated that Mr. Fox means to decline the poll. The independent Electors are aſſured, that their firm and intrepid champion entertains no ſuch idea: he is convinced that there are ſtill numbers enough of real Electors to give him a decided majority over all the pretended votes collected by the partizans of the Court, from all the ſoldiers, lodgers, and foreigners, whom gold could corrupt, or threats intimidate. The canvaſs of his friends, theſe laſt two days, have determined this point beyond a doubt; and, with the aſſiſtance of the honeſt, the unbiaſſed, and the independent, the cauſe of freedom, and the man who is proſcribed, merely becauſe he is reſolved to ſtand or fall with that cauſe, muſt triumph in the end.

Love and Liberty! Freedom and Fox!

Ye friends of theſe dear names, exert yourſelves at this trying moment.

If ever our ſmiles were your delight; if ever the bleſſings of Liberty were an Engliſhman's pride, ſupport a cauſe on which our happineſs and your own ſecurity equally dedend!

Rembember you are now called forth to defend the cauſe of Love and Liberty!---- Aſſert your own rights!---Defend ours!

THE WOMEN OF WESTMINSTER.

WESTMINSTER RIOTS.

The Court Candidates, and their Committees, well knowing that Mr. Fox, from his open, manly, and conſiſtent conduct, notwithſtanding the clamour ſo unjuſtly excited againſt him, had not loſt the good opinion and confidence of the truly independent Electors of Weſtminſter, and of the common people, retained in their ſervice at the beginning of the Election, a numerous gang of men, habited like ſailors. Bye-ſtanders at firſt were lead to believe that they were a body of honeſt Jack Tars, who having been diſcharged from their ſhips, had come together as volunteers in ſupport of their Admiral. It was not long however before the public was undeceived. For having fixed the enſign which they had brought, over the windows at Wood's Hotel, where the Committee were ſitting, this gang were conducted by ſome ſea officers and others down to Paterſon's Room, in King-ſtreet, which had been engaged for the reception of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray's voters. Here, no doubt, they were inſtructed as to their future behaviour, for when they came out, they from time to time formed two lines extending from Paterſon's Rooms, to the Huſtings in Covent Garden, making a paſſage between them for the admiſſion of the friends and voters of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray only; never ſuffering even *one* in Mr. Fox's intereſt to paſs them. When they were not thus engaged, they paraded up and down King ſtreet, and along the top of Covent Garden, inſulting and joſtling every body who called out "Fox for ever," or wore a cockade with Mr. Fox's name upon it. This ſort of behaviour, though it drove back,

and terrified ſeveral of Mr. Fox's voters, occaſioned no very great riot or diſturbance, either the firſt or ſecond days of the Election. On the third, they appeared in greater numbers and force; all armed with bludgeons, and having ſurrounded the door of the Shakeſpeare where Mr. Fox's Committee were, and inſulted ſeveral gentlemen coming in and going out of the houſe, three or four of them were in the courſe of the morning taken into cuſtody, but were ſoon diſcharged, at the requeſt of ſome ſea officers; not however before the men had confeſſed that they received five ſhillings a day, each man, for his attendance, beſides having a good dinner, and as much porter as they could drink. Mr. Fox's Committee upon this wrote to their opponents, deſiring that they would diſmiſs the ſailors, and thereby prevent the conſequences that were juſtly to be dreaded from a continuance of them; repreſenting at the ſame time how Mr. Fox's friends had been inſulted; and that the freedom of Election had been groſsly violated. To this letter no anſwer was given. At the concluſion of the Poll that day, ſeveral affrays happened. In the evening, all the lamps under the Piazza were put out, and the Shakeſpeare was beſieged; but by a ſpirited ſally of the gentlemen from within, the ſailors were diſperſed for that night, without doing any further miſchief, though they threatened to pull down the Shakeſpeare, and Free Maſons Tavern.

On the Monday (the fourth day) the ſailors appeared in greater force than before, continuing their former behaviour till towards the cloſe of the poll, when they ruſhed forth to the front of the Huſtings, and there ſtruck ſeveral perſons who called out for Mr. Fox. The honeſt mob then aſſembled, no longer able to endure the inſults of theſe deſperadoes and aſſaſſins, fell upon them and ſoon routed them; ſeveral had their ſkulls fractured, others were afterwards picked up with arms, legs, and ribs, broken. It was thought this retaliation would have prevented theſe pretended ſailors (for true ſailors could not be hired for ſuch abandoned purpoſes) from aſſembling again. or at leaſt would have induced Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray's Committee to forego their ſervices, and diſperſe them, to prevent any further diſturbance, or more bloodſhed. But it did not; for they rallied again, and proceeded to St. James's-ſtreet, with a view to fall upon the Chairmen, (who they apprehended formed the principal party againſt them) and deſtroy their chairs. The Chairmen, however, defended themſelves and their property, and the Sailors were again worſted; and ſeveral more had their ſkulls, arms, and legs fractured. A party of the Guards at laſt quelled this riot. Tueſday (the fifth day) the Sailors appeared as before, with greater bludgeons than ever, their opponents conſiſting of Chairmen, Butchers, Brewers, and others of the common people, who had been abuſed by them, appeared alſo in force towards the concluſion of the Poll. The Sailors dreading another conflict with their victorious opponents, way-laid Mr. Fox in the afternoon, in going from the Shakeſpeare to canvaſs ſome votes in Weſtminſter. Mr. Fox, and the few friends with him, had a very narrow eſcape of their lives. They had juſt time to get into a houſe at Charing croſs, before the Sailors came up with them; and it was with difficulty they were perſuaded that Mr. Fox was gone on for Weſtminſter. They proceeded, however, towards Weſtminſter; and, on their return, in the Strand, they fell in with their opponents, who again routed them. The ſame evening another riot happened in Bond-ſtreet, and another in Covent Garden, in all of which the Sailors were worſted, and ſeveral of them were carried to the hoſpitals, without hopes of recovery. On the Wedneſday, in the afternoon, the Sailors fell upon three Chairmen, and wounded them in a ſhocking manner; and ſoon afterwards, at the duſk of the evening the Sailors being aſſembled in King-ſtreet, the other party came round the Garden in purſuit of them, when a terrible engagement enſued. No leſs than twenty or thirty of the Sailors fell in this conflict, and about nine or ten of them that were carried from the field of action to the neighbouring ſurgeons, were reported to be irrecoverable. Thurſday very few ſailors appeared, and no riot happened about the Garden. The Electors were permitted

mitted to poll without moleſtation or inſult, and as a great number remains yet unpolled, it is hoped that there will be no more riots during the Election. If there ſhould be any more, as the riots have all along proceeded from the Sailors, the Electors and inhabitants of Weſtminſter, and the public at large will know to whom they are to be attributed.

WESTMINSTER ELECTION.

The unflattering aſpect of Mr. Fox's cauſe reſults from the conduct of two claſſes of men. Firſt, of thoſe who, aſſuming the name of *Moderation*, behold in ſilence and inaction every diſaſter that befals the Conſtitution and the Conntry: And, Secondly, of men who perſuade themſelves that the majority againſt him is too great to be ſurmounted, and under an idea that their vote *individually* cannot out-number the majority againſt him, conſider their aid as wholely uſeleſs.

To the firſt of theſe it would be idle, becauſe it would be ineffectual, to ſay any thing. Chiefly to them is to be attributed the loſs of liberty in every other nation of Europe---Men who look no farther than preſent convenience, and who would ſacrifice the beſt of political bleſſings rather than riſk the ſlighteſt fatigue. They are a ſort of excreſcence in a free Conſtitution, which *will* maintain a liſtleſs inſipid exiſtence in deſpight of ſhame, of Ridicule, and reaſon.

But upon the other deſcription of perſons, I am not without hope of producing ſome effect.

It is not true that Mr. Fox is out-numbered in *real votes*. He has, even at this moment, a majority of legal ſuffrages over Sir Cecil Wray. You therefore who imagine that your *ſingle* voice can be of no ſervice are betraying yourſelves, and ruining the real object of your choice by this groſs miſtake. There are at this moment 3000 unpolled votes. But if the number were three times as many, whilſt each man with-holds his vote under a falſe idea that *he* cannot turn the fate of the Election, it will be utterly impoſſible to ſucceed. Every man's vote is valuable, for the *greateſt* majorities are conſtituted by the junction of *individuals*. If, at the cloſe of the poll, Mr. Fox ſhould have a ſuperiority, his enemies (conſcious of their own guilt) will not dare to attempt a ſcrutiny. If, on the other hand, the Court Candidate, by continuing to poll the kind of beings that voted for him during the laſt three days (not one in five of whom are legally qualified) ſhould retain a majority, it is of infinite importance that Mr. Fox ſhould have the largeſt poſſible number of votes, as a ſcrutiny will moſt indiſputably ſecure his return, and reſcue the City of Weſtminſter from the infamy that would follow his failure.

Whatever difference prevails upon general politics, this ſentiment at leaſt uniformly pervades the body of the public---that Mr. Fox's miſcarriage in this inſtance would be the eternal diſgrace of Weſtminſter. Not only the ſituation in which he ſtands (the object of all the perſecution of Government)---not only the cauſe he is defending againſt a very formidable confederacy---but even the deſpicableneſs of his adverſaries ſhould give him ſome advantage. Lives there one man free in his mind and judgment who thinks that ſuch a creature as Wray ſhould be elected in preference to Fox?

Of Wray there is but one opinion; his unmatched baſeneſs is a topic of univerſal abhorrence. But there is in his guilt ſomething complicate and uncommon.

It is not ſimply his ingratitude to Mr. Fox (who brought him in for Weſtminſter againſt the real wiſhes of that Court whoſe creature he now profeſſes himſelf---and in declared

declared oppoſition to that very Lord with whom he is at this time ſo cloſely linked)---but it is his treachery to the *principle* upon which he was elected that I reprobate. This man, who was choſen for Weſtminſter upon the ground of an acknowledged independence of the Court and of the Houſes of Northumberland and Newcaſtle, is now the very inſtrument of replunging this City into that ſame ſervitude to the Court and to thoſe haughty intereſts, which ruled it with an iron hand for ſuch a ſeries of years, and from which it was ſo lately redeemed by the ſpririt and abilities of Mr. Fox.

Open your eyes and ſee the gulph into which your are ſinking. Behold the danger like men, and like men reſiſt it. It is not the cauſe of Fox but your own cauſe, I call on you to ſupport. His unconquerable mind will furniſh him with reſources in the worſt difficulties, but if *you* are once vanquiſhed in this conflict, you will become the helpleſs objects of the contempt of your enemies, and the ſcorn of the public. That each man's ſeparate ſhare of diſgrace will be light in the maſs of common ſhame is a miſerable conſolation. Let the reflection rather be---*who ſhall do moſt in his individual capacity to ſave the general body of citizens from diſhonour*. The number of unpolled votes is more than ſufficient to defeat the combination formed to ruin you. Whilſt yet the evil is within the reach of remedy, I implore you to exert yourſelves. All is now in your power---to-morrow the opportunity may be gone for ever. Loſe not then a moment in lending your hand to ſave your City from the miſchief that threatens it. And whatever may be the iſſue of the preſent diſtractions, it will be ſome ſatisfaction to you hereafter to ſhow, that, ſo far as depended on *you*, the cauſe of the public was not ſacrificed, but that you diſcharged the duty of an honeſt citizen with ſpirit and independence.

AN ELECTOR.

To the Free and Independent Electors of the City and Liberty of Weſtminſter.

Friends and Fellow Citizens,

You are now earneſtly called upon to exert yourſelves in the cauſe of liberty and your country. The hour is arrived in which it is abſolutely neceſſary for you to ſtand forth as Britons, and claim, after the manner of your glorious *anceſtors*, your privileges and birth-right, in ſpite of *miniſterial* menaces, or the ſmiles of *royalty*. It is but lately you delivered yourſelves from a ſtate of *ſlavery*, in which you had long been held; and told the *Court* you were determined to be free, in ſpite of a *corrupted* Miniſter. You nobly then ſtood forth, and choſe the Right Honourable Charles James Fox for your Repreſentative: a gentleman who merited, and had your confidence, and I truſt, you are collectively of opinion, he never abuſed it. He has conſtantly ſtood forth at all times, both in and out of office, your faithful watchman over *miniſterial* encroachment, and indefatigably has endeavoured to keep up the conſequence of the people in the ſcale of government, by giving them that weight in the Senate, which our glorious Conſtitution has provided in the written palladium of our liberties, the great charter of the land.

Good God then, Gentlemen, what are ye about to do! You cannot mean to deſert ſuch a tried friend as this! Beſides, is it not neceſſary for our ſalvation at this *critical moment*, that you ſhould be repreſented by a man of the firſt-rate abilities? Then look round, and ſee if you can find an equal to Mr. Fox! I know with what reſpect he is ſpoke of throughout Europe, and to you who know him ſo well, it would be idle in me to attempt

THE WESTMINSTER WATCHMAN.

To the Independent Electors of Westminster This Print of their Staunch Old Watchman The Guardian of their Rights and Privileges is dedicated by a gratefull Elector.

NB. Beware of Counterfeits as the Greenwich and Chelsea Watchmen are upon the look out.

BRITISH MUSEUM

tempt his panegyric. Neither would I wiſh to ſet off his character by vilifying that of his opponent: I know him not, nor do I believe he is known amongſt us. You know how he came to repreſent us; you know how he *has* repreſented us, and you alſo know, that having been found fit for a *Court* purpoſe, how he is at the preſent moment attempted to be forced upon us. I ſay forced upon us, Gentlemen, becauſe I am too well convinced of your good ſenſe, to ſuppoſe that you yourſelves would ever think of giving your ſuffrages to Sir Cecil Wray, at the expence of loſing for your Repreſentative, *the wonder of the age and glory of his country*. For Heaven's ſake, Gentlemen, then exert yourſelves: the conteſt is now ſerious---may the end be glorious! Conſider well, it is not ſimply an *electioneering* buſineſs to be decided. The ſtruggle is not between Mr. Fox and Sir Cecil, but between the *Crown* and the *people*. Whether by the mandates of a Miniſter, you are to return this or that man, or aſſerting your rights, you nobly dare to keep your conſequence in the ſtate, by ſupporting your old patriotic Candidate, and ſend again to the Senate the man who contends boldly for the rights of the Commons, determined to the laſt, never to give up to *hereditary Peers*, the ſacred and invaluable privileges of the community at large. Again then, I ſay, Gentlemen, exert yourſelves: let us light up the ſunſhine of our own underſtandings to diſpel this courtly damp that deſcends upon us, like a November fog, and ſeems to chill and ſtupify our ſenſes. Let us come forward and unite as one man, determined to be free, leaving to poſterity a record of our ſpirit for liberty in chooſing a Repreſentative of our own; unconnected with *ſecret influence*, ſtanding alone on the grounds of true patriotiſm, againſt *courtly* mandates, and *unconſtitutional* ariſtocracy.

Gentlemen, a great deal reſts with ourſelves to do in this weighty buſineſs. Mr. Fox cannot ſave us, if we will not aſſiſt in the work; I therefore recommend it to his Committees, from this moment forward, to be doubly diligent: I am fully convinced of Mr. Fox's diligence and aſſiduity in the preſent as well as in every other inſtance: ſecond but the endeavours of this great ſtateſman and I doubt not of ſucceſs. The buſineſs is great: the time, the inſtant, and the opportunity, once loſt is not to be regained. Now is the moment! your adverſaries are mighty; but the conſtitutional weapon is yet in your own hands, I therefore urge it again and again; come forward, unite in the cauſe of freedom and your country, ſo ſhall ages yet unborn bleſs your endeavours, and triumph in your ſucceſs!

I am, Gentlemen, yours very truly,

Monday, April 12, 1784. AN INDEPENDENT ELECTOR.

FOX AND FREEDOM!

ELEVENTH DAY'S POLL.

Fox - - -	142
Lord Hood - -	117
Sir Cecil Wray - -	97

The free and honeſt Electors of the city of Weſtminſter may ſee, by the above ſtate of the Eleventh Day's Poll, that the arts and threats of the Court have now ſpent their force. The independence of the moſt diſtinguiſhed city in Europe is yet in their own hands; let them ſtand forth like Engliſhmen, and aſſert their rights.

ADVER-

ADVERTISEMENT.

Ireland's, Bow-ſtreet.

It being now abſolutely aſcertained, that Mr. Fox has a majority of legal votes upon the Poll, his friends are requeſted to pay no regard to the falſe appearance of advantage obtained by the moſt ſcandalous means on the part of his opponents; but to continue their efforts to render the number of legal votes on their ſide as great as poſſible. It is determined to keep the Poll open till the independent Electors have had a full and complete opportunity of vindicating their rights.

Ireland's, Bow-ſtreet.

SELECT COMMITTEE.

FALSE VOTES FOR HOOD AND WRAY.

The Select Committee think it their duty to inform the friends of Mr. Fox, that they have already received the moſt indiſputable teſtimony of above two hundred falſe votes polled for Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, and that they have every reaſon to be convinced that Mr. Fox has at this moment a majority of legal votes upon the Poll.

An authenticated ſtate of ſome of the extraordinary caſes of flagrant impoſition, practiſed upon this occaſion, is preparing to be laid before the public immediately.

R. MORRELL, Sec.

Wood's Hotel.

To the Worthy and Independent Serjeants, Corporals, and the Gentlemen Soldiers belonging to the Guards, reſident in the Savoy, or dwelling in or near the City of Weſtminſter.

Gentlemen and Fellow Citizens,

You are earneſtly requeſted to ſtand forward this day, to lend a finiſhing hand to the great and virtuous work, which you have hitherto defended with ſo much zeal, diſintereſtedneſs, and ſucceſs. You know we mean the Election of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray for Weſtminſter. Your exertions in that cauſe will never be forgetten, while the idea of a Conſtitution, or the name of Liberty remains in this country---Never let it eſcape your recollection for a moment, Gentlemen, that if your maſter ſhould triumph on the preſent occaſion, it is to your virtue it is principally, if not ſolely owing.---Never forget that your activity, at this criſis, can only be equalled by the unexampled novelty of your endeavours; and that you have, without bloodſhed, completely effected at leaſt one half a ſoldier's duty, whatever may be the conſequence to your country.---Let theſe glorious reflections ſtimulate you---ſtand forward---Is it any good reaſon that a man ſhould not have the right of voting at an Election, becauſe he happens to ſhare in the apartment of a friend; or becauſe, from a mere principle of ſociety and friendſhip, ten of you ſhould chuſe to aſſociate and dwell in the ſame habitation. Nonſenſe! Theſe are the quibbles of a deſpairing faction! Let not ſuch idle ſtories intimidate you!

Recollect

Recollect alſo, friends and fellow-citizens, that even double diligence in a good cauſe is an offence very eaſily pardoned, what every true Life-guardſman will applaud, ſave one, and the employers of every true Life-guardſman will, without much difficulty, be prevailed upon to overlook a tranſgreſſion ſo caſual and inoffenſive. You underſtand what we mean---double diligence is the word---your early appearance is expected.

HOOD AND WRAY FOR EVER!

To the Free and Independent Electors of the City and Liberty of Weſtminſter, who love their Country, and are determined to be Free.

Friends and Fellow-citizens,

I ſincerely congratulate you on the event of this day's Poll. Our Champion and Friend has outdone Sir Cecil, by a majority of forty-five, a number propitious to Engliſh liberty, I rejoice to find you have taken the hint I threw out to you, and have ſpoken out like Britons; I conſider this as a mortal wound given to the enemy, who at this moment is exhauſted. For God's ſake then, Gentlemen, as you value your lives, liberties, and properties, exert yourſelves, ſpeak out, inſtantly unite, and come forward, follow up the blow, do but perſevere, and the day is our own; we are led to the field by as brave a General as ages paſt can boaſt of, who will ſooner part with the laſt drop of his blood, than deſert or give up your cauſe, there cannot therefore be a doubt of ſucceſs. I ſee Victory hovering over us to crown him with laurels, and liberty with extended arms, panting to receive and preſs her beloved Hero, her Fox, to her boſom; ſo ſhall we in the end ſecure to *ourſelves*, to our *children*, and to *poſterity*, thoſe bleſſings which none but the noble, the virtuous, and the free, are intitled to, or can inherit.

I am, Gentlemen,
With great truth,
Yours, &c.

Tueſday, April 13, 1784. AN INDEPENDENT ELECTOR.

In the Devil's Name, help Judas!

Pandæmonium Palace, April 1784.

At a Public Council, held by command of His Moſt Diabolical Majeſty, Lucifer, King of Hell, the Princes, Potentates, &c. &c. of his kingdom being preſent, the following reſolutions were agreed to, and

Reſolved unanimouſly,

"That every effort be exerted to ſecure by the moſt illegal and villainous methods "the Election of our well-beloved ſubject Judas Iſcariot, Knt. of the Back-ſtairs, he "having proved himſelf on divers occaſions a ſteady friend to our intereſts.

"That his truly infernal conduct (however miſrepreſented) in propoſing a tax on Maid "Servants, is ſuch as merits the *particular thanks* of this Aſſembly; as it tended to "diſtreſs thoſe innocent beings who were deſigned to be protected by, and add comfort "to man!

" That his ungrateful behaviour to his patron and friend, is a freſh proof of his " loyalty to us, and entitles him to the approbation of all lovers of vice and " ingratitude.

" That the thanks of this Aſſembly be given to thoſe *Gentlemen pick-pockets, returned " tranſports*, and others of our ſubjects, who have during the conteſt, ill-uſed the " friends of Judas's opponent, he being the declared Champion of the people's rights and " privileges, againſt the attacks of our dark-lanthorn allies.

CHURCH-HELL, Secretary.

To the Worthy Electors who wiſh well to the Election of Mr. Fox, and have not yet polled.

Wedneſday, April 14.

It muſt be evident to every man who has attended the canvaſs in behalf of Mr. Fox theſe three laſt days, that there is ſtrength enough among the friends to the cauſe he ſupports, to carry it triumphantly. I rather put this addreſs upon the cauſe, than upon the Candidate, highly as he deſerves reſpect for his talents and his merit.

The iſſue of this conteſt, conſidered even in a confined view, is deciſive upon the independency of the city of Weſtminſter. The queſtion is, ſhall this city be ſaved from becoming a burgage tenure borough to the Court and Lords, or Lords that are to be bartered in recompence for favours received, or as the price for favours to come?

The conteſt, conſidered in the extenſive ſenſe, is that of the people of England againſt an attempt to deſtroy them in their great eſſential privilege, their collective voice in Parliament, as one of the three eſtates of the realm.

It is not my purpoſe to demonſtrate theſe truths for the purpoſe of making converts---our cauſe wants no converts. It claims only the general and due exertions of that great and glorious majority, the believers, and the convinced in theſe truths, who nevertheleſs procraſtinate their appearance at the poll. It is to you, my fellow citizens, of that deſcription, that I appeal, and I call upon you, by your conſiſtency, by your conſequence, by your honour, and by your private intereſts, ultimately (if private intereſt can have place in breaſts open to theſe noble feelings) to follow the example of thoſe five thouſand companion advocates of the ſame cauſe who have already nobly committed themſelves, and to avow your public principle in the face of the world.

Examine, for a moment, as men of honeſty and ſpirit, the excuſe upon which ſome men have been perſuaded to hang back, viz. " that they have friends on both ſides, and " would diſoblige none. Aſk your own hearts, as Engliiſhmen, as guardians of our Conſtitution, as entruſted with the preſervation of the people, delivered down to you from your anceſtors, and now depending upon you to be transferred inviolable to your poſterity. You are as effectually acting at this moment, in this great public capacity, as your Delegates will be after the aſſembling of Parliament. Think what would be your thoughts of them, if they proffered to you, upon any great national ſtruggle, the excuſe ſometimes tendered upon this canvaſs, that private intereſt muſt be preferred to duty. Be aſſured, you affront yourſelves groſsly, when you let it be ſuppoſed, for a moment, that you put the riſk of a few perſonal reſentments againſt you, in competition with the great national truſt now in your hands. You have no right to with-hold a franchiſe, in which the public welfare is concerned; it is part of the common ſtock of the people; to keep it unemployed, or to miſemploy it, is the ſame; and you incur the cenſure of the goſpel upon the man who buried the talent placed in his hand for beneficial purpoſes.

This

This reaſoning ought to have weight in the minds of Engliſhmen, were private intereſt the moſt deeply affected; but I deny that it is ſo, in a ſmall degree. You pay an ill compliment to your cuſtomers, when you ſuppoſe you can give any material offence in voting for the men of your choice. Few, very few indeed will be ſo illiberal, and their reſentment will recoil upon their own characters, while it will ſerve to recommend and endear your conduct to every admirer of juſtice and of ſpirit.

Neutrality may make as many enemies as deciſion---it cannot make one friend.

Neutrality in a great public cauſe, and in a free nation, has always been held a crime; and it is the more odious, as it is a mean crime. There is an honeſt pride in the Electors of Weſtminſter, that will never bear the poſſibility of ſuch an imputation.

The ſecurity of ſucceſs to a great cauſe, and of honour to the ſupporters of it, depends upon every individual acting, as if victory was the conſequence of his ſingle exertion.

A NATIVE and CITIZEN of WESTMINSTER.

Second Chapter of the Times!

1. And after the people had proclaimed that Fox ſhould be one of their Elders, the tribe of Judas aroſe and ſaid, "It ſhall not be ſo, we will have one of our own kidney, "yea one that will ſupport the *Back-ſtairs*.

2. "And lo we will have a Poll demanded, as in the times of Trentham and Vande-"put, and moreover we will ſend forth our bludgeon-men and terrify the people," and they did ſo.

3. And they thought themſelves ſure, and ſcoffed and reviled the Man of the People, ſaying, "We have conquered."

4. Now it came to paſs that there aroſe a fair and wiſe woman from the weſt; and ſhe ſaid, "I will prevail againſt the unfaithful, and will join in the cauſe of "the juſt."

5. Then ſhe ordered the ſteeds to her chariot, and girded herſelf with the armour of truth; and her face was bright as an angel, and her voice as a fine toned cymbal.

6. Then ſhe went into the city ſaying, "Hearken unto me, O ye matrons, our fa-"thers left us a free people, let us break the ſhackles preparing for us, leſt our children "be bond ſlaves." And they bleſſed her, yea women with infants at their breaſts ſang in her praiſe.

7. But as ſhe paſſed by, a certain Dippite reviled her; and his face was as the colour of a tallow candle, and on his head was a cap like unto his heart, for behold it was black.

8. And when he ſaw the daughter of Truth ſucceed, he ſmote his breaſt and gnaſhed his teeth, and called upon *Satan* to bring his *Rains forth* to trouble the children of Truth.

9. Then the men of the city aroſe as from a deep ſleep, and their eyes were opened, and they ſaid, "Let us go up in numbers, for our cauſe is good; and let the ſin of "*ingratitude* fall on Judas Iſcariot."

10. Now this Judas was a *lanky* man; and when he ſaw the people's champion prevail, his jaw dropped, and his face was an ell long; and when he would have ſpoken, a certain quivering came over him, yea even from the crown of his head to the ſoles of his feet, and he fell flat on his back, even as a flounder.

11. And it came to paſs that there iſſued from him an unſavoury ſmell, inſomuch that the people cried, "Caſt him out, caſt him out." And they did ſo.

12. Then they brought forth their champion and ſeated him in triumph, crowning him with laurels, and ſinging,

LONG LIVE FOX!---MAY OUR CHAMPION LIVE FOR EVER!

Found in Covent Garden.—A Manuſcript Tragedy.

The Owner may have it again without further Expence, than procuring Twenty V---s for Judas Iſcariot. Apply to George Antifox, up the Back Stairs, No. 3, *Crown-court, Cecil-ſtreet.*

The following is quoted from Act II. Scene I.

The curtain riſing diſcovers a tall Baronet ſitting in penſive mood.

Enter the D--V--L.

D-V-L. Well! ſay my faithful ſervant, what requeſt
Haſt thou to make?

BART. I know thy influence o'er the minds of men,
I know thy ſov'rain pow'r,
Name but thy terms, thou knoweſt all I want
Before I crave.

D-V-L. * * * * * * * * then I
For every ſubject added to my kingdom,
Will ſend thee an Elector.

BART. Thanks worthy maſter, but deviſe a ſcheme
That may inſure ſucceſs.

D-V-L. The ſhorteſt way t' accompliſh this deſign,
Is to *drive merit quickly to deſpair,*
And then *t' increaſe the number of the fair*
Seducers of mankind.

BART. But how?

D-V-L. Deſtroy the nobleſt charity on earth,
Then bring (with caution, leſt the truth appears,)
A bill to tax each virtuous ſervant maid,
Thus burthen'd, I my agents will employ,
To take advantage of their dire diſtreſs,
And catch the yielding prey.

BART. Agreed, to-morrow's ſun ſhall witneſs bear
That I obey. EXEUNT OMNES.

To the Worthy and Independent Electors of the City and Liberty of Weſtminſter.

Gentlemen,

I cannot find words ſufficient to expreſs my ſentiments to you upon the preſent occaſion; your conduct is ſuch as ought and I doubt not will be followed by every true Engliſhmen and lover of his country.

Gentlemen,

Gentlemen, In a *land of liberty* there is always a *trait* to be diſcovered which characteriſes and marks the people; in you it is that this character now ſhines forth in its brighteſt luſtre; at a moment when we ſeemed upon the very brink of the precipice, when, through the *threats* of *Miniſters*, the *ſmiles* of *Royalty*, and the powerful workings of *Secret Influence*, every thing was carried away, and ſeemed to yield to the *deſperate efforts* of a *Court faction*. I ſay, Gentlemen, at this *awful moment*, ſeeing the ~~*danger*~~ before your eyes, you have nobly ſtood forth, and by your manly exertions bid fair to ſave the *liberties* of your *country*; you have come forward with firmneſs, and ſpoke out that language which ſouls like yours only are capable of ſpeaking, as men who felt their *country's wrongs*, and are determined to redreſs them.

But, Gentlemen, we muſt not reſt here; we muſt preſs forward, and perſevere in the *cauſe*. Our enemies are practiſing every manœuvre that art and cunning can ſuggeſt to deceive and betray you. I therefore conjure you, by the love you bear your country, to be vigilant, *ſtir* up your friends and neighbours;---come on---ſpeak boldly---ſupport your *tried* Champion, and tell the man, who dares to deceive and betray his country's *beſt* friend, that he ſhall, by your deſerting him on the preſent occaſion, fall under that chaſtiſement from your hands, which his ingratitude and his baſeneſs merits.

I am, Gentlemen,
Your's moſt truly,

Wedneſday, 14th April, 1784. AN INDEPENDANT ELECTOR.

To the Free and Independent Electors of the City and Liberty of Weſtminſter.

Gentlemen,

It affords me the higheſt ſatisfaction to find that the ſenſible and pointed addreſſes of an *Independent Elector*, recently diſtributed, have had every effect the patriotic philanthrophy of that gentleman could wiſh. Your underſtandings are now lighted up, and the *courtly damp* he ſpoke of, rolls back on its promoters and confounds the enemy. Purſue then, Gentlemen, the dawn of conqueſt that now breaks in, and ceaſe not to perſevere in your exertions, until victory in meridian ſplendor ſhines out to crown your cauſe in glory. My heart at this moment exults in the thought that places once again the *friend of his country and darling of the people* above the reach of a *Court faction*, aſſiſting his Sovereign in reſtoring to a ſtate of vigour the Conſtitution and ſplendour of a kingdom, that on the acceſſion of his preſent Majeſty, had become the envy and admiration of ſurrounding nations. It is painful to reflect at this moment, Gentlemen, how rapidly ſince that period we have declined as to weight and conſequence in the political balance of Europe; the ſame Sovereign is ſtill on the throne, but *wretched Councils* have prevailed to deſtroy---I will ſpeak out, Gentlemen, ever ſince the *Butean ſyſtem* found its way into the *Cabinet*, not one *great* or *comprehenſive deſign* has diſtinguiſhed our politics ---That *little, narrow, moleworking* principle, governing by *intrigue* has been the *Dragon of the Court*. During Lord North's adminiſtration, this phantom of *cunning* and *wickedneſs* bewitched the nation and loſt us America. Indefatigable in his endeavours to deſtroy this *demon* of *Scotch Extraction*, Mr. Fox perſevered to the laſt and conquered---he came into the Cabinet and gave a jubilee to his country---but alas! ſhort was the triumph!---*Secret Influence* ſtill operating, he found his colleagues in office going over to the *tyrant*---Immediately he reſigns---But again nobly attempts the *cauſe of the people*---A convert to his principles, Lord North unites with him, and they jointly ſucceed.---By this *Coalition*, the *ſnake in the graſs* trembled for its exiſtence,---There is but one reſource

reſource ſay they, *Damn the Coalition.*---Now, Gentlemen, I ſay, *Damn the union,*---but not the union of *North and Fox,*---Damn the *heterogeneous mixture* in the preſent *Cabinet*, where a *Pitt* and a *Jenkinſon*, a *Gower* and a *Richmond*, a *Dundas* and a *Sydney*, all coaleſce and form a *meſs of Viper broth* for the good of our *tottering* Conſtitution! Gentlemen, can ye ſwallow this, and ſacrifice your liberties at the altar of folly!---I hope not, no,---A city inferior to none in the kingdom for the reſpectability of its inhabitants, and hitherto ſuperior to all in *independence of principle*, cannot ſure in this awful moment at once reſign into the hands of *ariſtocratic power* every thing *dear*, every thing *noble*, every thing *characteriſtic of Engliſhmen,---Yet this do ye do, O ye Electors of Weſtminſter!* if you ſuffer the meddling *Peers of the day*, to wreſt *Election* out of your hands, and return a *creature* of their own, who has already betrayed his *country* and his *friend*, as the firſt ſtep to gain their favour.

Thurſday, April 15, 1784. AN INHABITANT OF WESTMINSTER.

SELECT COMMITTEE.

Ireland's, Bow-ſtreet, April 16, 1784.

The friends of Mr. Fox undoubtedly have not expected that the Select Committee ſhould pay any attention to an anonymous advertiſement, dated Wood's Hotel, pretending to reply to the authentic information given to the public by this Committee relative to the falſe votes polled for Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray. However, as the Select Committee have ſome reaſon to believe that Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray's Committee at Wood's, do really avow that advertiſement, they beg leave to intrude on the patience of the public by making a few remarks upon it.

The Committee at Wood's think it "neceſſary to inform the Electors of Weſtminſter, "that the ſeveral Pariſh Committees in the intereſt of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray "have taken the utmoſt pains to prevent any illegal votes being polled for them."---Here is a direct confeſſion that ſuch have heretofore been the habits and the practices of the ſupporters of the Court Candidates in Weſtminſter, that it required the utmoſt pains, in theſe pure Pariſh Committees, to prevent illegal votes being polled for their friends on the preſent occaſion! If theſe great exertions have really been ſo made, it is truly to be regretted, that the pains of the Pariſh Committees ſhould have been wholly defeated by the determined zeal of the numerous lodgers, ſoldiers, ſailors, King's menial ſervants, and others, in the intereſt of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray!

The Committee at Wood's however deny this notorious fact, and further inform the public, that "they are well aſſured, that ſhould a ſcrutiny take place, the majority "of legal votes of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, willbe found much larger than it "now ſtands on the books!" This confidence muſt ariſe from the number of illegal votes preſumed by the Committee at Wood's, to have been polled for Mr. Fox: ſo that theſe aſſiduous Pariſh Committees, who have taken ſuch infinite pains to prevent bad votes being polled upon their own ſide, profeſs to have taken no pains at all to prevent bad votes being polled againſt them. A point which, as they had the pariſh books in their poſſeſſion, was completely in their power, if the practices alluded to had been attempted by the friends of Mr. Fox.

However, the beſt anſwer to theſe flimſy evaſions of undeniable truths ſhall be given to the public, in a few plain facts to-morrow; containing a ſhort ſpecimen of that rectitude

rectitude of conduct, which the Committee at Wood's are ſo anxious the public ſhould give them credit for, as well as of their peculiar regard to the rights of the real Electors of the city of Weſtminſter.

By order of the ſaid Committee,

R. MORRELL, Secretary.

April the 16th, 1784.

To be SOLD by AUCTION,

This and every day during the Poll, at SUFFOLK and PATERSON's Auction Rooms, Covent Garden, a parcel of

Riotous and pretended ELECTORS of WESTMINSTER.

Who cannot (ſince the eyes of the friends of Virtue, Fox, and Freedom, have been opened,) be of any further ſervice to their late purchaſer, Sir Sillyman Wronghead.

May be viewed, and particulars had, by applying to the Auction Rooms, or to Long Legs and Tax Girl, Auctioneers, or their Spaniels, Meſſrs. Dip and Twiſthead, at Timber's Hotel.

To the Serjeants, Corporals, and Privates, of the Three Regiments of Guards, Electors of Weſtminſter, the following plain Queſtions are addreſſed:

Will you vote for Mr. Fox, who, when Sir George Howard brought forward, in the Houſe of Commons, a propoſal for augmenting the number of Letter-men at Chelſea Hoſpital, gave it the moſt ſtrenuous ſupport, by which means alone it was carried through the Houſe, and conſequently inſured a comfortable proviſion for a large number of your body? Or,

Will you give your ſupport to Sir Cecil Wray, who actually propoſed, in that ſame Houſe, to have Chelſea Hoſpital itſelf demoliſhed, and conſequently, when old age or caſualties ſhould render you unfit for ſervice, to ſend you to the Pariſh Workhouſe, as that would then be the only place left to receive you?

To the Electors of Great Britain.

Permit me, at this awful period, to call your attention to the real ſtate of the kingdom; on your preſent determination the fate of it depends. It concerns you, therefore, in a peculiar degree, to be circumſpect and collected; to deſpiſe equally the bluſtering of party, and the bellowing of the mob; and to be cautious, in the extreme, how you ſuffer your judgment to be perverted in a deciſion of ſuch infinite importance.

When Mr. Fox formed the Coalition with Lord North, which has ſince been ſo frequently, and I will venture to ſay unjuſtly, reprobated, his comprehenſive mind took in at one view the multifarious evils which weigh down this unfortunate country, with their reſpective remedies. He perceived that extraordinary exertions were neceſſary to relieve us from the burthen of a debt of two hundred and forty millions, and an annual deficiency

deficiency of two millions intereſt. He knew, likewiſe, nothing effectual could be done, nothing adequate to the preſſing exigencies of the State, unleſs he could obtain an equivalent ſupport in the Houſe of Commons. He therefore formed, without heſitation, a junction with the powerful intereſt in it; and having formed it with theſe views, in what conſiſts the criminality? Whence originated the maledictions with which it has been ſo amply loaded? From the very party who aimed at the ſame object, and envied him the acquiſition.

Of the India Bill, I will only ſay at preſent, that it was calculated to retrieve the national character, and the Company's affairs in Aſia, as far as the antecedent miſconduct and peculations of their ſervants would admit. At leaſt, it would have operated as ſome atonement for the oppreſſions, barbarities, and aſſaſſinations, that have ſo long contaminated the eaſtern hemiſphere under Britiſh patronage. But the dæmon of party beheld its progreſs with a jaundiced eye, and exulted in its influence over a deluded nation, ſacrificed its honour at the ſhrine of deſpotiſm, and ſtifled its ſenſibility in the birth.

If the ſame malignant ſpirit ſhould permit us to attempt any regulation there, in future, a twelvemonth, at leaſt muſt elapſe, before it can take place, and what may occur in the interval, is too obvious to require a comment. The diſpoſition of the natives towards us is already written in characters of blood. While the collective power of the Houſe of Bourbon hangs over us as our evil genius, and waits only for the preciſe opportunity to deſcend and cruſh us with its weight.

Such are the conſequences that will probably attend the luſt of deſpotiſm, and the miſguided fervor of puerile ambition; ſuch the effects that may be expected from the late premature addreſſes, and the prevention of that union which alone was adequate to the ſalvation of the country.

The machinations of thoſe miſcreants who, in the revolutions of human events, have effected the ruin of their country, have been generally too ſecret and refined to attract immediate notice. But, in the preſent inſtance, there is an oſtenſibility of treachery, that can only be accounted for by the notorious audacity of the traitors, aud the credulity of the betrayed. The principal promoter of all the miſchiefs that have, or are to happen, has had the unexampled temerity to declare, more than once, in a certain great aſſembly, *that the Peers have an equal right to move for, and to bring in money bills of all denominations with the Commons.*

If the eyes of the nation had not cloſed beyond the reach of euphraſy, this daring aſſertion could have opened them. But wrapped in a fatal conſciouſneſs of its ſecurity, the open attacks on its moſt ſacred rights and privileges are unattended to; a convincing proof that the meaſure of its iniquities is nearly full, while it lies proſtrate at the foot of pride, regardleſs of its humiliation, and ſelf-devoted to deſtruction.

If the Miniſter ſhould meet a conſiderable majority in the next Parliament, the firſt ſtep will be to reſcind all the reſolutions of the laſt, reſpecting the peculiar privileges which it derived from the conſtitution; by which means the finiſhing ſtroke will be put to the boaſted liberties of Engliſhmen, and having no conſtitutional protection from the moſt arbitrary and oppreſſive meaſures, the people muſt either ſubmit to the ſhackles they have forged for themſelves, or have recourſe to their laſt dreadful remedy.

It may yet be in your power to reſcue the kingdom from theſe impending calamities. You have yet to determine whether the conſtitution ſhall be unhinged, and your country expoſed to the ridicule and invaſion of its enemies; or whether you will unite your exertions to raiſe it to its former eminence, and make it what it once was, the admiration and terror of ſurrounding nations.

JUNIUS.

CARD.

C A R D.

Lord Mountmorres preſents his compliments to his *brother lodgers*, and others, the free and independent *Electors* of *Weſtminſter*, in the intereſt of Sir Cecil Wray, hopes they will not overlook *his* exertions of yeſterday in behalf of the above *worthy* Candidate.---A *nobleman* ſtanding forth to ſerve a *cauſe* at the expence of *honour*, and in *defiance* of the *legal qualification* as regulated by Parliament to conſtitute a vote, *he* doubts not will endear *him* to the *Society* which is formed to deſtroy the *rights* of *Engliſhmen*, and render *ſlavery* and *ariſtocracy* palatable to a *land* of *freedom!*-- Lord M. flatters *himſelf*, that though *his* vote was not admitted by the *patriotic party* on diſcovering the *impoſition*, Sir Cecil Wray will not think the *leſs* of *his* good wiſhes to ſerve *him*, ſince every art and ſubterfuge were made *uſe of* by Lord M. to evade detection, and paſs the *illegal* ſuffrage---aſſuring *himſelf* of the plaudits of all Sir Cecil Wray's friends, Lord M. *now* takes *his* leave, hoping notwithſtanding that *he* may be quite free from *any* apprehenſions reſpecting the *threat* of the ſubjoined advertiſement *, publiſhed yeſterday morning, before Lord Mountmorres voted, by Sir Cecil Wray's Committee. Lord M. *cannot* think that any thing *is* meant by *it*---more than a puff of integrity, intended to edify *knaves*, and gain over *honeſt* men.

17th April, 1784.

To the Friends of Sir Cecil Wray.

Lord Pompey being at preſent rather overſtocked with *impudence* and other *haberdaſhery* from Knaves-acre, he deems it expedient, at this important criſis, to diſpoſe of the *exceſs* to thoſe noble and praiſeworthy ſons of Deſpotiſm, the Electors of Weſtminſter in the intereſt of that reſpectable promoter of *Pitt* and *Prerogative*, Sir Cecil Wray, Knight of the Sorrowful Figure.

For this purpoſe Lord P. intends dividing his *impudence* into three ſeparate lots for the convenience of purchaſers, under the following arrangement, viz.

1. Impudence of phiz.
2. Impudence of ſtep.
3. Impudence of ſpeech.

Note, In the laſt lot ſome folly will be added to increaſe its value, particularly the art of laying the "*root of the axe to the tree of the Conſtitution*," &c. &c. The lots to be ſold without reſerve, and ſubject to ſuch conditions of ſale only as *men* of an enlarged conſcience and great equivocal capabilities, ſhall feel themſelves inclined to approve. Mr. Jackſon has moſt kindly promiſed Lord P. to be his auctioneer on this occaſion, for which he begs leave to thank him in this public manner, and further takes this opportunity of re-

* WESTMINSTER ELECTION.——A CAUTION.

Whereas authentic information has been received, that numbers of perſons who are neither Electors nor inhabitants of Weſtminſter, have had the audacity to vote for Mr. Fox; and whereas it appears evident, that particularly on Tueſday and Wedneſday, the majority of thoſe who voted for Mr. Fox were lodgers, and conſequently not legally authoriſed to give their votes: This is to give notice, that whoever, on a ſcrutiny, ſhall appear to have been guilty of perjury, *or miſdemeanor*, by receiving money for his votes, *or by falſely declaring himſelf to be a houſekeeper*, the names of ſuch perſons will be publiſhed, and they will be proſecuted to the utmoſt rigour of the law.

Wood's Hotel, April 15, 1784.

commending this gentleman to the notice of every Candidate in a deſperate cauſe, at any Election throughout the kingdom. He will be found a moſt uſeful hand in collecting bad votes and aſſembling *knaves*. Theſe gentry flock round him as it were by inſtinct, and always feel themſelves quite at home in his company. To ſpeak the truth he is indeed the "*devil* of a fellow," and on this account Lord P. lies under no apprehenſion that any lot, ſuch an auctioneer ſhall ſell for him, will get into the enemy's hands. Mr. J. will eaſily diſtinguiſh the bidders, for, poſſeſſed of a peculiar faculty, this worthy gentleman never looks an honeſt man in the face but he feels a ſting, that tells him at once ſuch an one is not *his* friend. Secure then in a worthy agent who will take care to ſee *impudence* and *knavery* properly diſperſed and applied, Lord P. is of opinion no great ſtake will be riſqued in their cauſe by this ſale. Even ſhould the patriotic party think it neceſſary to purchaſe any of the articles that Lord P. only means ſhould be bought by the abettors of *Secret Influence*, for Mr. Jackſon's monitor is invariable, and always pricks the truth. Before Lord Pompey concludes his advertiſement, he begs leave to hint to the High Bailiff of Weſtminſter, that as the ſale is to be this day immediately after the *poll* is declared, it will be neceſſary to order on duty an extra body of Sir Cecil Wray's conſtables to prevent the *auctioneer*'s being knocked down along with his lots, as the reſentment of *irritated honeſty* is ſometimes a weighty article, and often more than even a *Jackſon* can ſtand under, or carry off without aching *bones!*

In lodgings, ready furniſhed on a new conſtruction, which qualifies to vote for Weſtminſter, imported from Ireland in an *air balloon*, and now ſtanding to be viewed in May-fair.

POMPEY.

WESTMINSTER INTELLIGENCE.

Saturday night.

CHARLES JAMES FOX.
Civil and Religious Liberty!
The Ancient Families and the Old Nobility!
LIBERTY OF ELECTION!
No Court Candidates! No Back Stairs Gentlemen!
THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE AND THE LADIES,
AND THE
FREEDOM OF THE PRESS!
Huzza! Huzza! Huzza!
GOD ſave the PEOPLE!

We have authority to inform the people, that the Earl of Galloway, one of the Lords of the King's Bedchamber, and Lord George Gordon, had a long converſation together, in Leiceſter Fields, yeſterday, with reſpect to the alarming ſituation of public affairs, before Lord George Gordon joined himſelf, heart and hand, with the friends of Liberty, to ſupport Mr. Fox, in his preſent laudable undertaking. It is thought that ſome recent intelligence of the daring attacks of the Duke of Rutland's party, in Ireland, levelled againſt the Freedom of the Preſs, and the avowed enemies of Reformation Principles, in Scotland, joining the Court ſtandard, have determined the true old Whig families to oppoſe the new Miniſtry to the uttermoſt of their power. The new Miniſtry, indeed, call themſelves Whigs. They are right in that. It is pleaſant and profitable to have a good name. Hence we obſerve thoſe perſons, who are about to do any thing diſingenuous, unworthy, or of evil fame, generally firſt bethink themſelves of ſome plauſible pretences to impoſe upon the credulity of mankind.--- But Mr. Pitt and his Whig friends, Dundas, Jenkinſon, Atkinſon, Nugent, Thurlow,

and

and Robinſon, muſt all act like Whigs, and good Whigs too, before a diſcerning people, like the Scots, will lift up their countenance upon them, or ſhew them their favour and protection. The whole world ſeems to be grown wiſer with reſpect to Civil Liberty. The name inſtead of the thing, and the ſhadow in the room of the ſubſtance, do not paſs quite ſo currently in this enlightened age as the Court party could wiſh. The King's new Miniſtry muſt and will be well watched and oppoſed in England, Ireland, Scotland, Holland, Switſerland, and America. We all know very well that courts, ſocieties, and bodies of men, have often continued to go under favourable names too long after the original principles and ends of their inſtitution have been loſt and betrayed. Thus, though the Roman Senate (meaning a free and independent branch of the legiſlature) was no more after the uſurpation of Julius Cæſar, yet the title continued to be given to an aſſembly, which was only the echo of the Emperor's will and pleaſure. In like manner Great Britain may now have a new Parliament, and yet want, what every true Briton underſtands by the word, a Guardian of the Rights and Liberties of the People. In this way, deſigning and ambitious men prevail upon unexperienced youths to put ſuch titles on their raſh projects and undertakings, as are beſt calculated to deceive the vulgar and ignorant into a favourable opinion of theſe projects and undertakings, and to divert the attention from their real nature and tendency. It is a common artifice, and yet almoſt every day we ſee it, in ſome degree, ſucceſsful. The ſcriptures (which indeed ſupply armour againſt every evil, civil as well as religious) warn us againſt this flagrant abuſe of language, telling us, in the New Teſtament, of ſome *who ſay they are Jews and are not, but are the ſynagogue of Satan.* Let the good People of Great Britain then in general, and the honeſt Electors of Weſtminſter in particular, guard againſt taking up with the fictitious ſound of a Whig Adminiſtration of Government at St. James's, where they know in their hearts that the principles and the ends of its inſtitution have been long ago forſaken. And let the Electors alſo remember, that this treacherous forſaking of the ways of wiſdom, and the principles of the Conſtitution, in the King's Cabinet, loſt America; and by moſt wickedly and obſtinately perſiſting in their ſame evil courſes, the Royal Party are now beginning to embroil and overwhelm the people in confuſions and diſtractions of all ſorts, throughout the remaining dominions of the Crown, as may eaſily be ſeen by the preſent ſtate of Dublin, Coventry, and Scotland. The Right Honourable Charles James Fox, and other wiſe men, who in God's Providence have ſome diſcernment of the times, told the Court Party plainly, that all theſe calamities were likely to follow hard upon their heels and heads, if they raſhly diſſolved the Parliament, as they have done, in a manner altogether unbecoming the Houſe of Hanover.

Copy of a Letter from the Committee of the Right Honourable Charles James Fox, to the Right Honourable Lord George Gordon.

" My Lord,

" The Committee for conducting Mr. Fox's Election have deſired me to return your " Lordſhip their thanks for the honour of your ſupport; and as a continuance of the " exertions of Mr. Fox's friends cannot fail to inſure his return to Parliament, I am " deſired to requeſt your Lordſhip's canvaſs in his favour.

" I have the honour to be,

" My Lord,

" Your Lordſhip's moſt obedient humble ſervant,

Shakeſpeare, April 17, 1784. " J. R. COCKER, Secretary."

We hear from authority, that Lord George Gordon and his friends are immediately to begin canvaſſing for Mr. Fox. Huzza! Huzza! Huzza! No Court Candidates! No Back Stairs Gentlemen! No fear of ſucceſs; the cauſe is good; the friends are numerous; and they are determined to perſevere.

SELECT COMMITTEE.

Ireland's, Bow-ſtreet, April 17, 1784.

The Select Committee are under the neceſſity of poſtponing the publication of the facts, announced in the papers of yeſterday, relative to the conduct of the Election, by the friends of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, till Monday next, as it has been ſuggeſted, that the making ſome of them public, at the preſent moment, might furniſh an opportunity to their opponents of counteracting the meaſures they are now taking to vindicate the rights of the real Electors, againſt thoſe who have ſo groſsly invaded them, by having brought up to poll a large number of perſons not legally qualified to vote. Some inſtances, however, not liable to the above-mentioned objection, will certainly be laid before the public on Monday next.

By order of the ſaid Committee,
R. MORRELL, Sec.

Another Chapter of the Times.

1. And it came to paſs there was a great diviſion in the Weſt, among the people concerning their prerogatives and rights, and the people cried unto their elders, ſaying, redreſs our grievances.

2. And a certain man named Judas, one of the elders, cried no; and he ſaid, let us yoke the people as oxen, and purge them with ſmall beer, and it was ſo.

3. Now it came to paſs that the time was come, when the people were to chooſe their elders; and behold this Judas went forth to the people, and he ſaid, chooſe me one of your elders, and many were led aſtray.

4. And behold the people aſſembled in bodies at the Huſtings, nigh unto the place of cabbages.

5. And Judas ſaid, I will forſake my beſt friend, and I will tread down the man of the people; and he cried with a loud voice unto the people, chooſe me, chooſe me.

6. And he ſtirred up much ſtrife among the people, for many days, and opened houſes, and the people were well filled with plenty of ſmall beer, and chuck beef, and ſwallowed boluſes of rebellion againſt their champion many days.

7. And he procured many ſoldiers, and many weavers, bearing ſhuttles in their hands; and they cried with loud voices, Judas is the man, down with the champion.

8. And many of the rulers, and heads of the land aſſembled together, and ſaid, we will not have this man to be one of our elders, let us go in perſon, and open the eyes of the people, and they did ſo.

9. And Judas hired certain men of war, giving to each certain pieces of ſilver, and ſaid, whomſoever I ſhall point at, the ſame knock down, and they did ſo, and many were caſt into priſon; and the ſpirit of rebellion raged in the breaſts of the people many days.

10. And it came to paſs that the heads of the people went out, and opened the eyes of the people, and the ſpirit of rebellion was much abated.

11. Now when Judas found that the ſpirit of rebellion was likely to ceaſe among the people, he ſaid, let us apply to the book of names, for many falſe Prophets are come to ſupport their champion, and they did ſo.

12. And the people were crowned with ſucceſs, and the books were brought, and they turned in favour of the man of the people.

13. Now

13. Now when Judas found he was likely to looſe his point, he cried with a loud voice, men and brethren, hear me, am I not keeper of the back-ſtairs, chooſe me, chooſe me.

14. And the people cried with loud voices, away with you, we will have the man of the people; thinkeſt thou to deceive us, as thou haſt him; thou deceiver that wanted to tax our innocent maidens, and to deſtroy the houſe of refuge for the helpleſs, lame, and blind.

15. And many who had been led away in his intereſt, when they found what they had done, wept bitterly; and the people cried out with a loud voice, away with this man, and return to us our champion, and ſupporter of our rights.

16. And the man of the people was returned, and the people ſhouted, and returned thanks, and cried

LONG LIVE OUR CHAMPION! FOX AND LIBERTY FOR EVER!

Meeting of the Independent Electors of Weſtminſter in the Intereſt of Mr. Fox.

Many of the friends of Mr. Fox having expreſſed a wiſh that the independent Electors in his intereſt ſhould dine together in the courſe of the preſent Election, the Stewards appointed at the laſt meeting, in compliance with the requeſt, moſt earneſtly entreat the favour of their company at Willis's Rooms, late Almack's, this day, April 19, 1784, where dinner will be prepared, and be upon table at four o'clock preciſely.

The Right Hon. C. J. FOX in the Chair.

Tickets, at five ſhillings each, to be had at Willis's; Thatched Houſe Tavern, St. James's-ſtreet; and of the Secretary to Mr. Fox's Committee, Shakeſpeare Tavern, Covent-garden.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The following advertiſement, dated Wood's Hotel, having been haſtily and inaccurately inſerted in the papers of yeſterday, the public are requeſted to correct the miſtakes of the print as marked below, and then to adopt the principle and reaſoning in their fulleſt extent.

Mr. Fox's friends, happy to acknowledge the juſtneſs of their opponents remarks in this inſtance, are ready to unite with them in the moſt complete diſcountenance of neutrality. Let all thoſe, who, by illiberal threats and undue influence, have been diſſuaded from voting, come forth, and be the Election tried upon that iſſue!

Let every tradeſmen, who, from miſtaken conſiderations of private intereſt, withholds the franchiſe intruſted to him by the conſtitution for the maintenance of the rights of the people, meet the ſlight he deſerves from all parties!

Should the independence of Weſtminſter be loſt for ever, let it be conſidered, it is loſt not by the ſuperior numbers of Mr. Fox's opponents, but by the lukewarmneſs of his well-wiſhers!

Stand forth every unpolled Elector!
Spirit, and independence, and no neutrality!

Corrected

Corrected Advertiſement of Wood's Hotel, dated April 19, 1784.

WESTMINSTER ELECTION.

"It appearing beyond all doubt, that there are many very reſpectable inhabitants of this city ſincere and hearty in the intereſt of Mr. Fox *, who have hitherto, by the moſt illiberal threats, and every ſpecies of undue influence, been diſſuaded from voting for † him. The Committee, engaged to conduct the Election of the above worthy ‡ Candidate, beg leave to ſubmit to all ſuch friends as have not yet appeared in § his favour, whether in conſequence of the many baſe and illegal means practiſed by § his opponents to force a member upon the real inhabitants, contrary to their avowed inclination, the time is not come, in which it is abſolutely neceſſary for all well-wiſhers to their country to determine to ſacrifice every private conſideration to public principle, boldly, as men and as Engliſhmen, to aſſert their own independent opinions, and to ſtand forth in defence of that moſt valuable of all privileges---the freedom of election."

SELECT COMMITTEE.

Ireland's, Bow-ſtreet; April 19, 1784.

The following ſhort *ſpecimen* of the boaſted *rectitude of conduct* of the ſupporters of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, is ſubmitted to the public. The Select Committee have given their reaſons for having, upon legal advice, taken from the liſt which they had ſent to preſs, the whole of the ſpecimens of *bad votes*. merely as *lodgers*, polled for the Court Candidates, the inſtances of which, though reſerved for the Scrutiny, the Select Committee pledge themſelves to prove to be infinitely more numerous than they had related them in their advertiſement.

April 6, 1784.] John Lewis, living in a houſe belonging to the King's Mews, and for which he *pays no taxes*, certifies, that he has polled at this Election for Hood and Wray, and that he has reaſon to believe that *moſt of the perſons belonging to his Majeſty's Mews* have done the ſame.

JOHN LEWIS, King's Mews.

William Broughton, John Taylor, Alexander Robbins, John Hawkes,
William Lofts, John Cotton, and John Stewart,

have polled as Houſekeepers in Weſtminſter for Hood and Wray;---their votes are illegal, as they receive a bounty called, *The Woolſtaple Charity in Weſtminſter*. of 5l. 6s. per ann. paid to them by Mr. Zouch, Deputy Receiver of his Majeſty's Quit-rents for Weſtminſter, London, &c. No. 15, Duke's-court, St. Martin's-lane.

James Schrainer, No. 69, Strutton-ground, Weſtminſter, certifies, that he went up to poll on Saturday the 17th of April, and ſtated himſelf his doubts upon the validity of his vote, when he was aſſured by the Inſpectors and other officers, at the Books, that his vote was perfectly good; but when he came to be aſked who he polled for, having anſwered, for Mr. Fox,---he *was inſtantly and abuſively rejected by the ſame perſons.*

JAMES SCHRAINER.

ERRATA in the Original Copy.

* Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray. † Them. ‡ Candidates. § Their.

John

John Stenſon, at the White Horſe, Clare Market, certifies, That though he could not enter into his houſe before the 8th day of April, yet he pays the taxes from Midſummer laſt; that he proceeded to poll on Saturday for Mr. Fox, but was rejected; at the ſame time he certifies that John Grigg, a Chandler, in Pullen-ſtreet, entered his houſe within a day or two of the ſame time, and paying *no taxes before that time*, yet he was ſuffered to poll for Hood and Wray.

JOHN STENSON.

Mr. Martin has polled for Hood and Wray, for the King's Arms, Poland-ſtreet, which he left at Chriſtmas laſt, and which has been ſhut up ever ſince.

Mr. Stapleton, Cook, Chandos-ſtreet, though he quitted his houſe ſome months ſince, has now polled for Hood and Wray; certified by three gentlemen, who have left their names with Mr. Jarvis, No. 283, Strand.

N. B. Theſe ſpecimens to be continued occaſionally during the Poll.

By order of the Committee,

R. MORRELL, Sec.

A true Character of one of Judas's Committee.

A well known gentleman living in the environs of the Broadway, Weſtminſter, a pretender to the Holy Cloth, was employed as an acting perſon in Sir Cecil's Committee, but having the ſtomach of a Dyer, he preferred his gut before he did the cauſe in hand. But a report being made to his maſter, the Small Beer K----t, he was diſmiſſed from his office, and in order to gain favour, has ſince taken up the honourable profeſſion of Thief-taker. Judge me, Gentlemen, if this is not a true friend to the cauſe.

AN ELECTOR.

PROCLAMATION,

By His High Mightineſs, the Moſt Puiſſant Potentate, JOHN CHURCHILL, *Prince of the United Pariſhes of St. John's and St. Margaret's, Weſtminſter.*

Whereas it has been repreſented to us, that divers of our ſubjects and vaſſals, Electors of the city of Weſtminſter, reſiding in theſe our dominions, the united pariſhes of St. John's and St. Margaret's, have neglected to comply with the orders, iſſued in our former proclamation, bearing date the 1ſt of April, 1784, to give their votes in favour of our well-beloved Candidates, Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray;---we do hereby ſtrictly enjoin and command all ſuch perſons, under pain of our high diſpleaſure, to repair forthwith to the Huſtings, in Covent Garden, there to poll for the above-mentioned Candidates.

And whereas it has been further repreſented to us, that a refractory and rebellious ſpirit has, during the preſent Election, manifeſted itſelf within theſe our dominions, inſomuch that ſundry perſons have preſumed, in contradiction to our expreſs commands, to vote for the Right Hon. C. J. Fox, our open and declared enemy, who, upon a former occaſion, contemptuouſly rejected our alliance, when we graciouſly were pleaſed to offer ourſelf to be his Colleague, as Repreſentative for this city in Parliament; we do

do hereby declare, that every perſon ſo offending, ſhall, upon conviction thereof, be debarred from all benefit of our profeſſional aid, in caſe of ſickneſs, and that we will not, upon any terms whatſoever, purge, bleed, vomit, bliſter, gliſter, potion, lotion, cup, ſcarify, or adminiſter any medical aſſiſtance whatever, to any perſon who ſhall appear to have been guilty of the above-mentioned high crime and miſdemeanor, in contempt of our authority, and in open defiance of our declared will and pleaſure.

By command of his High Mightineſs,

Given at our Shop in Parliament-ſtreet, this 20th day of April, 1784. BENJAMIN BOLUS.

Ireland's, Bow-ſtreet, April 21ſt, 1784.

SELECT COMMITTEE.

The Select Committee congratulate the friends of freedom on the deciſive event of yeſterday's Poll, as affording complete demonſtration, as well of the exhauſted ſtate to which the cauſe of the Court Candidates is reduced, as of the increaſing ſpirit of the friends to the real dignity and independence of the city of Weſtminſter. They take the liberty, at the ſame time, of ſoliciting the moſt ſtrenuous continuance of the exertions of Mr. Fox's friends, which it is now evident muſt be finally crowned with deſerved ſucceſs. With regard to the various ſcurrilous advertiſements which iſſue daily from Wood's Hotel, this Committee will take no further notice of them than to join moſt cordially in that part of one of them, which calls (however burleſque it may appear from ſuch a quarter) on the Electors of Weſtminſter, "to ſacrifice every private conſideration to public principle, and to come forth boldly as men and Engliſhmen to aſſert their own independent opinions." And for the coarſe abuſe and vulgar invectives which appear in certain manifeſtos, ſigned John Churchill, the Select Committee are only ſorry to ſee the friends of the Court Candidates ſo very angry at this period of the Poll, as they will probably ſtand in need of ſome portion of temper at the cloſe of it. With this caution they leave the Committee at Wood's at full liberty to rave about bribes and bludgeons, perjuries and butchers, lodgers and wounds, weavers and cleavers, and according to their own diſcretion to decorate their advertiſements, with all that Election quackery ſuggeſts in deſperate caſes.

By order of the Committee,

R. MORRELL, Sec.

WESTMINSTER ELECTION.

Shakeſpeare Tavern, April 21, 1784.

On account of the many falſe reports propagated by Mr. Fox's opponents, that the Poll will finally cloſe this day or to-morrow, the Committee for conducting Mr. Fox's Election, to undeceive the Electors of Weſtminſter, think it neceſſary to inform them, that near two thouſand voters are now unpolled; and that ſo long as of that number there ſhall remain ſufficient to counterbalance Sir Ceceil Wray's inconſiderable apparent majority, the Poll will certainly be kept open, to enable the independent Electors to aſſert their own rights and privileges, by giving their ſuffrages for that tried friend to the cauſe of the people.

By order of the Committee,

J. R. COCKER, Secretary.

IRELAND's

IRELAND's, Bow-ſtreet, April 21, 1784.

SELECT COMMITTEE.

SUBORNATION OF PERJURY.

Among the many baſe and contemptible arts practiſed by the opponents of Mr. Fox, and detected by this Committee, it is not without concern they inform the public, that a new inſtance of the miſerable depravity of the Court party, and one of the very blackeſt dye, is now come well authenticated to their hands. Two unfortunate wretches have confeſſed that they have actually received a ſum of money to ſwear that they were bribed to poll for Mr. Fox! The friends to juſtice may reſt aſſured, that proper legal ſteps are now taking to bring the matter home to the unprincipled managers in this dark and deteſtable tranſaction, who, in the eye of reaſon, are undoubtedly more guilty than their deluded inſtruments, who have now a proper ſenſe of the iniquitous ſnare they were drawn into.

By order of the Committee,

R. MORRELL, Secretary.

Truth, Decency, and Common Senſe, violated! *

Whereas a moſt fooliſh, falſe, and flimſy fallacy has been this day attempted to be impoſed upon the public, by the advertiſement of a reward for apprehending certain perſons concerned in a riot which never happened, under the ſignature of a Secretary, who, in all probability, never exiſted: this is to caution all perſons from waſting their time, in the idle purſuit of endeavouring to obtain the ſaid reward, as the authors of this weak device were moſt aſſuredly well ſatisfied of the impoſſibility of their being called upon for the payment of the twenty pounds in queſtion, before they thought proper to offer it under the ſignature of

J. P. ATKINSON,

Secretary to the Scrub Committee for conducting the Election of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray.

ORDER OF THE STAR.

At a Grand Chapter of the Order held this evening, April 21ſt,

The GRAND MASTER in the Chair.

Reſolved unanimouſly,

" That it having been induſtriouſly circulated by the friends of the Court Candidate, " that the public declaration of this Order in ſupport of the Right Honourable Charles " James Fox, was a forgery of that gentleman's Committee, and that the Order of " the Star were friends to Sir Cecil Wray, it becomes abſolutely neceſſary for this " Order to declare, that they are determined to ſupport the Right Honourable Charles " James Fox with all their influence, That a great part of the members of this Order,

* See page 107 of Hood and Wray's advertiſements, for the advertiſement of which this is a parody.

" who are Electors of Weſtminſter, have already polled for Mr. Fox. That ſome of " their members have come from the continent for that expreſs purpoſe. And that " they have no doubt of the Electors of Weſtminſter obtaining a complete triumph over " Secret Influence and Court Candidates."

Reſolved unanimouſly,

" That the thanks of this Order be given to the Right Honourable Lord George " Gordon, for his patriotic and manly conduct in not only polling for Mr. Fox, but " having canvaſſed for him; and that the Secretary be ordered to requeſt his Lordſhip " to continue his exertions, and they have no doubt of their meeting the deſired ſuc- " ceſs; which will redound to the laſting honour of thoſe glorious ſupporters of conſti- " tutional principles, who have diſtinguiſhed themſelves in the ſupport of the Cham- " pion of the rights of Engliſhmen, and in oppoſition to the corrupt influence of the " Crown."

Reſolved unanimouſly,

" That the Secretary be ordered to ſign theſe Reſolutions in behalf of the Order."

CHARLES WILLIAM SMITH, Secretary.

Wedneſday evening, April 21, 1784.

A moſt wanton and unmatched Outrage has been perpetrated by a Brute, in the Shape of a Conſtable, this Day, at the Cloſe of the Poll at Covent Garden.

A youth of Weſtminſter School ſtanding upon the Huſtings, and crying out *Fox for ever!* was knocked down by the aforeſaid conſtable, and ſeverely cut. The conſtable was immediately taken into cuſtody, but to ſecure him from that rage which his own barbarity provoked in the populace, he was given up in charge to the high conſtable, who engaged that he ſhould be forthcoming for proſecution.

The object of this hand-bill is to requeſt, that thoſe who were witneſſes of this baſe unmanly act, will ſend their names to Mr. Claridge, Attorney at Law, in Craven-ſtreet, for the purpoſe of bringing this wretch to immediate juſtice.

Four o'clock Thurſday evening, 22 April, 1784.

Shakeſpeare, Covent Garden, April 24, 1784.

Meeting of the Independent Electors of Weſtminſter, in the Intereſt of Mr. Fox.

The Committee for conducting Mr. Fox's Election have learned with great concern that many Gentlemen were yeſterday diſappointed at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, owing to the very numerous attendance of Mr. Fox's friends, in not finding places, although dinner was provided for more than four hundred perſons. They loſe no time in acquainting the independent Electors in Mr. Fox's intereſt, that another meeting will be given notice of as ſoon as a proper place can be fixed on, where it is hoped the whole company aſſembled may be conveniently accommodated.

WEST-

WESTMINSTER.

April 24, 1784.

Weſtminſter, to wit. } Whereas it is repreſented to me, that our dearly and well-beloved friend, Mr. *Jackſon*, has been miſſing for theſe two days paſt from the Huſtings, at Covent Garden, and it is greatly to be feared he is gone after his old ſport of pig-jobbing *: Any perſon or perſons that will bring the ſaid amiable Mr. *Jackſon*, or give any information to Judas Iſcariot, ſhall be rewarded with two ſheep's heads, and ſome ſmall beer.

By me,

JOHN PEEP-AT-HIM.

To the Worthy Electors of Weſtminſter.

Gentlemen,

The preſent ſtate of the poll exhibits a glorious example of what may be expected from the perſeverance of independent men, in the cauſe of Liberty and the Conſtitution.

I beg leave moſt earneſtly to ſolicit the continuance of your generous exertions in my favour. The importance of every individual vote is now ſufficiently evident, and the number of Electors who have aſſured me that they would come forward, whenever it ſhould appear that their votes might probably be deciſive, leaves no doubt of ſucceſs.

The unprecedented exertions which the ſervants of the Crown have thought themſelves at liberty to make againſt me, as well by an indecent proſtitution of the moſt ſacred names, as by every other ſpecies of unconſtitutional influence, have produced the effects naturally to be expected from ſuch proceedings, by raiſing the ſpirit and awaking the indignation of every honeſt and independent Elector.

My public life is too well known to you to make any profeſſions neceſſary. Thoſe principles which brought about the glorious Revolution, which ſeated his Majeſty's Illuſtrious Family upon the Throne, and which have preſerved the liberty of this Conſtitution, have ever been the invariable rule of my political conduct.

Upon theſe grounds I again preſume to requeſt your ſupport, and if I ſhould be happy enough to be re-elected Repreſentative of this great and reputable City, you may depend upon finding in me a ſteady ſupporter of the Whig Cauſe, a determined enemy to that Secret Influence, by which the preſent Adminiſtration was created, and an unalterable friend to the rights of the People.

I am,

With every ſentiment of gratitude and reſpect,

Gentlemen,

Your moſt obedient,

And moſt humble ſervant,

St. James's-ſtreet,
April 26, 1784.

C. J. FOX.

* Pig-jobbing being a cant phraſe, it may not be amiſs to explain the term to our readers. At Elections, when voters appear rather in an equivocal light, and are ſuſpected of having accepted a *bribe* for their ſuffrage, ſuch voters, in Election language, are called *Guinea-pigs*, becauſe of taking a guinea poſſibly for a vote. It is this ſort of pig-jobbing, we preſume, the writer of the above hand-bill ſuſpected the gentleman in queſtion to be gone about.

INTELLIGENCE EXTRAORDINARY.

April 26, 1784.] Judas Iſcariot, who has for ſeveral days paſt been dangerouſly afflicted with a political conſumption, was this day, by order of his Body-phyſician (formerly a dealer in pigs, and purloiner of ſheeps heads) brought forth for the benefit of his health, to an exalted ſpot, adjoining a large houſe of prayer, and "near "unto the place of cabbages;" when, contrary to his expectations, the ulcer of ingratitude, that has corroded his integrity, and preys upon his vitals, was ſo violently inflamed by the gale of Liberty and Independence, which blew freſh, that at three o'clock it turned to a gangrene, and it is thought by the ſkilfull, that a mortification muſt ſhortly take place, and if not effect his total diſſolution, at leaſt for ever deprive this pliant Small-beer Member from exerciſing his functions, in the back-ſtairs ſyſtem of puerile politics.

To the Free and Independent Electors of the City and Liberty of Weſtminſter.

Gentlemen,

Your noble exertions in the *cauſe* of *Liberty* are ſuch as animate my ſoul, and call for the warmeſt return of thanks, not from me alone, but from every well-wiſher and lover of his country. Your conduct towards our truly *patriotic Champion, Mr. Fox* upon the preſent occaſion, does you the higheſt honour; and his exertions in *your* and his *country's cauſe* muſt endear him to you by the ſtrongeſt ties.---This noble ſtruggle between a people determined to be free, and the whole *force and power of a miniſterial faction*, muſt tranſmit your names with the brighteſt luſtre to poſterity, amongſt the many illuſtrious deeds performed by your virtuous and renowned anceſtors.

Gentlemen, I lament to find that the attention of any of my countrymen ſhould at this moment have been diverted from its *true object*, that of chuſing for their Repreſentatives thoſe men, whoſe known abilities and tried principles, had upon former occaſions brought them forward to public view, as men worthy of their choice. But alas! this we ſee is the caſe, an *influenza* rages, a *miniſterial fever* is gone abroad and ſeized the minds of the people, who ſeem at preſent delirious; in this ſtate, they are *miſled*, *deceived*, and *betrayed*; and I truſt, when the diſorder abates, and the people regain their cool ſober ſenſes, they will ſtand amazed at the miſchief they have done, and ſcarce believe that their own hands could have been guilty of ſuch acts of violence, ſuch political ſuicide.

But, Gentlemen, let *us* not be diverted, let *us* not be amuſed by a *phantom*, by the falſe lights of this WILL-*o'-th'-Wiſp*; let us not turn to the right hand or to the left, but like men look forward; let us keep in the ſtraight path, and purſue the real ſubſtance, the true *ſun* whoſe rays ſhine forth with ſplendour to the remoteſt parts of the globe.

Gentlemen, It is improbable ſuch a conteſt as the preſent may ever happen again in our time; that we may ever have ſuch another Candidate to ſupport, is, I think, impoſſible. A man, who, "*Take him for all in all we ne'er ſhall look upon his like again.*" Our children's children ſhall read with pleaſure the force of his reſiſtleſs oratory in the ſenate, in favour of Liberty and the Rights of Mankind, making a corrupted Miniſter tremble in his ſeat, and fired with emulation catch the noble flame, and transfuſe it to ages yet unborn.

Let no man then loſe this glorious opportunity of doing honour to himſelf and his country---Let each man come forward, and ſuppoſe that victory depends on his ſingle

vote

vote---Let none of us, through obſtinacy, fear, or miſrepreſentation, remain any longer neuter---but let us exerciſe our own underſtandings---Let us dare to act like Engliſhmen---Let us tell the *fawning*, *treacherous* abettors of *Secret Influence*, that neither their promiſes nor their threats ſhall prevent us from making uſe of a *franchiſe* veſted in us by the laws of the land, and that we are determined to ſupport, with our united force, that man who *dare*, who *can*, who *will* protect our rights and liberties, and uſe his utmoſt exertions to ſave this diſtracted country from the jaws of deſtruction.

I am, Gentlemen,

With the greateſt eſteem, your's, &c.

April 26th, 1784. AN INDEPENDENT ELECTOR.

Remember, O my friends, the laws, the rights,
The generous plan of pow'r deliver'd down
From age to age, by your renown'd forefathers,
(So dearly bought, the price of ſo much blood:)
Oh! never let it periſh in your hands!
But piouſly tranſmit it to your children.
Do thou, great *Liberty!* inſpire our ſouls,
And make our lives in thy poſſeſſion happy,
Or our deaths glorious in thy juſt defence.

Oh! Help Judas, leaſt he fall into the Pitt of Ingratitude!!!

The *prayers* of all bad Chriſtians, Heathens, Infidels, and Devil's-Agents, are moſt earneſtly requeſted for their dear friend

JUDAS ISCARIOT, Knt. of the Back-Stairs,

lying at the period of political diſſolution; having received a dreadful wound from the exertions of the Lovers of Liberty and the Conſtitution, in the Poll of the laſt ten days at the Huſtings, nigh unto the Place of Cabbages.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Mr. FOX returns his moſt grateful thanks to the worthy and independent Electors of the City of Weſtminſter, whoſe generous exertions and ſpirited perſeverance in his favour have triumphed over every obſtacle in giving him a majority over his opponent, that no pretence may be left to their adverſaries to have recourſe to vexatious and vindictive meaſures, in order to delay the return, and embarraſs the triumph of this great and reſpectable city upon the iſſue of a conteſt which now ſtands a glorious example to the country of the effects of ſteadineſs and perſeverance in a juſt and honourable cauſe.

STATE of the POLL.

For Mr. Fox - - -	5827
Lord Hood - -	6468
Sir Cecil Wray - -	5806

Majority in favour of Mr. Fox, Twenty-one.

LORD

LORD MOUNTMORRES
This day
Attempted to poll for
LORD HOOD AND SIR CECIL WRAY,
But his Lordſhip (being only a lodger)
Was rejected.
It is hoped this circumſtance will be a ſufficient hint to thoſe who only occupy
READY FURNISHED LODGINGS.

An Anecdote of the Day.

In every degree of life, from the Peaſant to the Peer, eccentricity of character is to be met with. The poſition is exemplified, in the higher ſtation, in the perſon of a certain Hibernian Peer, who this day (being ſeized with a more than ordinary fit of political phrenzy) made his appearance in public, and on the public, madly and without ſucceſs, endeavoured to impoſe himſelf, as an Elector of Weſtminſter, in favour of the Court Candidates; in order to ſupport that increaſing Prerogative, which, ſome years ago, he vociferouſly vowed in Weſtminſter Hall he would lay "the root to the axe" to ſuppreſs. This extraordinary phenomenon needs very little comment. He is a lodger at an hotel in the vicinity of St. James's, and not a houſe-keeper in this city.

Quere 1ſt. Was the noble Lord ſo far intoxicated with his own conſequence, or ſo ſecurely ſtimulated by the ſucceſsful example of the greater number of the three regiments of Foot Guards, Royal Cooks, Scullions, Stable Boys, &c. ſince the commencement of the preſent Election, as vainly to imagine, that he ſhould be able to cram ſo glaring an impoſition down the throat of any man of common ſenſe?

Quere 2d. Does not the attempt level his rank and diſtinction with the meaneſt vaſſal, or moſt obſequious hireling, that turns out his toes upon the parade?

To what a contemptible ſituation muſt the enemies of the rights of the people be reduced, when they deſcend to ſuch bare-faced pitiful tricks!

A FRIEND TO THE FREEDOM OF ELECTION.*

To all the World whom it concerns.

Whereas it has been *maliciouſly*, *ſcandalouſly*, and *invidiouſly* repreſented, with a view to injure me in my Election, and the good opinion of his Majeſty's *loyal ſubjects*, that, in order to ſecure the whole of my brother's fortune, I contracted matrimony with his wife, and that he had children by the ſaid woman.

* It is a certain fact, that Lord Mountmorres's vote was refuſed on account of his being at that time a lodger; but he was not, as here ſtated, a lodger at an hotel. The true ſtate of the caſe turned out to be, that Lord Mountmorres lived in a houſe he had hired ready furniſhed, for which he paid not any taxes, the landlord of the premiſes being the perſon rated in the pariſh books; of courſe Lord Mountmorres was in ſtrictneſs *only a lodger*. After his Lordſhip was turned away from the Huſtings, this buſineſs was thus manœuvred: Lord Mountmorres immediately advanced the taxes, took his houſe as it were on new terms, got his name entered in the pariſh books, and the next day came and voted for Hood and Wray. This explanation (which we can aſſure our readers is the truth) will throw ſome light on the laconic advertiſement from Wood's Hotel, beginning "The "Lye of the Day," to which we refer the reader, page 106 in this work.

In

In juſtice to my character, which has ſuffered by ſo vile an aſperſion, I do now ſolemnly proteſt, in preſence of Belzebub, Prince of Hell, and Major Gallipot, my beloved Aſſociate, that the charge is falſe, groundleſs, and calculated for the worſt of purpoſes, and that the following is the naked truth, and nothing but the truth, ſo help me *Hood*.

My late brother kept a miſtreſs, but by whom he had no children; and when he died, he left his fortune between her and myſelf. Avarice prompted me to *marry* her, and *ſhe* is now the *wife* of

JUDAS ISCARIOT.

Timber's Hotel, April 27, 1784.

Help! Help! Murder! Treaſon!

What! are ye all *aſleep?* or are ye determined to adore the conqueror, that ye do not exert yourſelves? Is the *Fox* ſo terrible that ye dare not face him? Deſpicable cowardice!

Is it not enough that I cannot bear a retroſpect of my actions; that I feel all the *terrors* of a *ſcrutiny*; that I have been viſited by the moſt dreadful aſſemblage of *horrors* that ever tortured the mind of man; but at laſt I muſt be abandoned and ſacrificed?---Superlative treachery! ſuperior, if poſſible, to *mine!*

Wolſey! Wolſey! thy fate, an immortal memento to *courtiers* and *ſycophants*, makes me tremble. Ah! miſerable man, how ſoon art thou led away from the path of rectitude! Had I not been *contaminated*, the *loſs* of my wife's maidenhead would not have *troubled* the apoſtate ſoul of

JUDAS ISCARIOT.

April 28, 1784.

Loſt by an Invalid, who took Coach at St. James's, and was ſet down at the Huſtings, at Covent Garden,

318 *BAD VOTES.*

Whoever will bring the ſaid Votes, or any part of them, to Major Bolus, at the Prerogative Hotel, in George-ſtreet, Chelſea, ſhall be rewarded with a *place* in the Exciſe, or Cuſtoms, and have no queſtions aſked.

If offered to be pawned or ſold, ſtop the Traitor, and you ſhall, in addition to the above, be made Jack Ketch at the approaching melancholy exit of

April 28, 1784. JUDAS THE APOSTATE.

To the Friends of Sir Cecil Wray.

Sir Cecil Wray requeſts his numerous friends, who have not yet polled, to favour him with an early attendance at the Huſtings this day and to-morrow, to ſupport in his perſon the character of *independent* Members of the Britiſh Senate; in order to obviate ſome doubts, which, he underſtands, many Gentlemen retain reſpecting the validity

lidity of their votes, he begs leave to mention a few qualifications, which will be allowed by the H---h B---ff:

A leaſe of an houſe drawn and executed the night before the tenant polls, is admitted to give a right of voting---Determined in the caſe of Lord Mountmorres.

Gentlemen breaking into a houſe, being then in full poſſeſſion of it, and liable to taxes and other dues, have alſo a right of voting.

Gentlemen chooſing rather to ſleep with their *Horſes* than with their *Wives*, may vote in right of their *Stable*---Determined in the caſe of his honour the Maſter of the Rolls.

All Foreigners, provided they produce the act of their naturalization; but if lately come to England, a *Mediterranean Paſs*, or Policy of Inſurance, will be accepted in its ſtead.

Unfortunate Gentlemen, whom the rigour of our laws obliges to go abroad for ſeven years, provided they had habitations at Wapping or Mile-End, may poll e'er they embark, or, if already embarked, *Government* cutters will be diſpatched after them to any quarter of the world, at the expence *of the Public*---Sir Cecil cannot expreſs in what *Tranſport* he ſhall receive them.

Gentlemen may be accommodated with *leaſes* and *beds* at the ſhorteſt notice, at Lord Mountmorres's and the D--- of Newcaſtle's.

Sir Cecil cannot take leave of his friends without felicitating them on the daily decline of Mr. Fox's intereſt, which he thinks cannot be more ſtrongly evinced, than by Sir William Gorden, (a Gentleman who is indebted to the friendſhip of Mr. Fox, for the greateſt part of his preſent income) having refuſed to vote for him, when lately requeſted, though Sir Cecil can vouch for Sir William's poſſeſſing a *heart*, as replete with ſentiments of *honour and gratitude*, as his own.

Weſtminſter, April 29, 1784.

A Chapter of the Times.

1. Again the ſons of Judas aſſembled themſelves together, at the Hotel in the market-place, to preſent themſelves before the Lord (H---,) and *Envy* came alſo to preſent himſelf among them.

2. And *Truth* ſaid unto *Envy*, from whence comeſt thou? and *Envy* anſwered, and ſaid, from walking to and fro in the garden, and appearing upon the huſtings.

3. Then *Truth* ſaid unto *Envy*, haſt thou conſidered my ſervant Fox, that there is none like him upon the earth, a perfect and an upright man, one that revereth me, and eſcheweth evil? and ſtill he holdeth his integrity, although thou movedſt againſt him, to deſtroy him without a cauſe.

4. Then *Envy* ſaid, ſkin for ſkin, yea all that a man hath, will he give for a majority.

5. But put forth thine hand and touch him, and he will curſe thee to thy face.

6. And *Truth* ſaid unto *Envy*, behold he is in thine hand, but ſpare his Election.

7. So *envy* went forth, from the preſence of *truth*, and raiſed up a majority againſt Fox, of three hundred and eighteen men.

8. Then *Inſinuation* ſaid unto Fox, doſt thou ſtill retain thy perſeverance? *Curſe the poll, and decline.*

9. But Fox anſwered and ſaid, thou ſpeakeſt as one of the fooliſh ſiſters ſpeaketh; my cauſe is juſt, and I will perſevere.

10. And in all theſe things, Fox ſinned not,

11. Now

11. Now when Fox's three friends heard of all this evil that was come upon him, they came every one from her own place, *Georgiania* the *Devonite*, *Dorothy* the *Portlandite*, and *Harriet* the *Duncannonite*.

12. For they had made an appointment together, to canvaſs for him, they being *virtuous women*, and ſervants of *Truth*.

13. And their endeavours were finally crowned with ſucceſs, ſo that *Truth* bleſſed the latter end of the poll, more than the beginning, inſomuch, that Fox triumphed over his enemies, with a daily *majority*.

F. H.

Another Chapter of the Times.

1. After theſe things, Judas opened his mouth and ſaid,

2. "Let the day periſh wherein I was born, and the night wherein ſuch a wretch as "I was conceived."

3. And behold while he yet ſpake came one of the *Houſe* of *Wardour*, and with him a great multitude, ſervants of *Truth*, and behold their intereſt was in favour of Mr. Fox.

4. And their intereſt was crowned with ſucceſs, inſomuch that in the ſpace of ſeven days Fox triumphed over his enemies with a majority of one hundred and thirty-ſix men.

5. And Judas went forth from the preſence of Lord (H----) and he haſted to his houſe, and the windows of his chamber being opened towards the Park, he kneeled down and called upon *Envy*, three times a day as he had done aforetime.

6. And *Envy* ſaid unto him, "What wouldeſt thou that I ſhould do for thee?"

7. And Judas anſwered and ſaid, "That I may gain my Election."

8. And behold *Envy* ſaid unto him, "Have I not done all I can for you, and ſent "many falſe Prophets to ſupport you, and did I not give you a majority of three hun-"dred and eighteen men, all my ſervants."

9. And Judas anſwered and ſaid, "Yea, I know it, but haſt thou no more left that "I may gain my cauſe?"

10. And *Envy* ſaid unto him, "Decline, and call not a ſcrutiny, for his cauſe "is juſt.

11. "For they of the Houſes of Devon, Portland, and Duncannon, are come againſt "thee, and their ways are juſt, for behold they are ſervants of *Truth*."

12. And the ſervants of *Truth* prevailed over *Envy*, and Judas was polled out.

13. And Fox was reſtored to his ſeat again, and the people crowned him with laurels, and bare him on their ſhoulders, and many went before him, wearing laurels on their heads, and they cried with loud voices,

LONG LIVE FOX!----MAY OUR CHAMPION LIVE FOR EVER!

To the Free and Independent Electors of the City of Weſtminſter.

Gentlemen,

When the inſidious dagger of miniſterial influence is drawn and pointed at the very vitals of the Conſtitution, by endeavouring to ſubvert the freedom of election, and by that means ſecure a corrupt majority in the Grand Aſſembly of the nation, nothing but a ſpirited and patriotic exertion in the people, like that which has diſtin-

guiſhed us at the preſent conteſt, in ſupport of that tried and unſhaken friend of *Liberty*, Mr. Fox, againſt the nomination of the Miniſter, can protect or guard our unalienable *rights* and *privileges*, or ſnatch our devoted country from the mercileſs jaws of inſatiate *Prerogative*, which now gapes to ſwallow it.---Let us perſevere, Gentlemen, in our generous and diſintereſted ſupport of the *man* whom our judgments approve.---We firſt invited him to the important truſt of repreſenting us in Parliament; his integrity and abilities have proved him equal to that truſt---he can never deceive us---he has given us manifeſt proofs that the firm, liberal, and broad baſis of his political conduct can never be affected to our prejudice, by the chicane or artifice of a *Back Stairs ſyſtem of wretched politics*, or the inſinuating manœuvres of groveling Court ſycophants, who will deſcend to any meanneſs, however vile, to accompliſh their ends --witneſs the inſults offered to our underſtandings by the filthy prints and hand bills which have lately been diſtributed, tending to reflect on the character of one of the firſt * women in the world, whoſe name even the breath of Cenſure has never before attempted to profane---one would ſcarcely imagine, that the moſt abject ſtate of deſpondency could induce even the ingratitude of the lank diſappointed Baronet himſelf, or his Grub-ſtreet hirelings, to deſcend to ſuch groveling ſubterfuges---fie! fie!---but they are unworthy further animadverſion, and can only ſerve, like the reſt of their poor paltry tricks, to double our efforts and exertions, in order to prove the ſuperior power of Virtue and Independence, to that of *Secret Influence* and *Corruption*.---Let us, therefore, my Fellow Citizens, ſhow an example to the Electors of the kingdom in general, and let our poſterity be told, that their virtuous forefathers were among thoſe *champions* of *Liberty*, who, when the State was in danger, bravely ſtood foremoſt in the firm ſupport of the *Conſtitution* of England, on revolutional principles, and the honour and dignity of

Charing-croſs, 29th of April, 1784.

A FREE ELECTOR.

A CAUTION.

Whereas a well known Court Candidate, who has for many days infeſted the Huſtings at Covent Garden, was, on Tueſday the 27th day of April, ſeized with a violent diſorder, inſomuch, that it is to be feared in a few days he will be quite mad. This is to caution all perſons, ſuch as *grocers*, *oilmen*, *chandlers*, *rope-makers*, *apothecaries*, or any other perſons ſelling *ropes*, or any *poiſonous drugs*, that they be very cautious not to let any perſon, anſwering the following deſcriptions, have any of the above-mentioned goods, as it is to be feared he intends to make away with himſelf in the courſe of a few days.

Note, He is a tall thin man, about five feet ten inches high, very ſlow of ſpeech, and ſometimes ſmiles; wears an old light coloured great coat, or elſe an old blue one; his hair rather inclinable to be grey; wears ſometimes a round hat, or elſe a cocked one, with the hind part commonly on one ſide.

* D—— of D——.

See! in full bloſſom how her virtues ſhine,
Such matchleſs excellence, ſuch ſpotleſs fame,
Are emanations of a ſpirit divine,
By Heav'n deſign'd to dignify her name.

Long may the glories of celeſtial light
Tranſlucent beam in her concordant ſoul;
Point out her paths to permanent delight,
And happineſs ſupreme without controul!

A CAUTION.

A CAUTION.

Whereas a magnificent folio hand-bill, will this day be publiſhed, purporting to ſupport the cauſe of Sir Cecil Wray, now needing, God knows, every ſupport of every ſort that can be given it? And whereas the ſaid magnificent folio hand-bill will be full of fine phraſes, ſuch as may well be expected from the literary talents of the accompliſhed Committee at Wood's, telling us of the "*internal feelings of Sir Cecil Wray*," and aſſuring us, "*that if he is beat, how much he will feel for this city, and how little for himſelf!*"---And whereas the ſaid magnificent folio hand-bill will diſplay the great hiſtorical knowledge of the ſaid Committee, in an ominous detail of the execution and expulſion of ſome of our former Kings, and a proper panegyric on the virtues of our preſent gracious Monarch. And whereas the ſaid hand-bill will execrate the accurſed American war, and the authors of it reeking with the blood of millions; and will alſo execrate the corrupt and venal Parliament which put a ſtop to that war, and which turned out that Miniſter. Now this is to give notice, that the ſaid folio ſheet of ſound political intelligence, and fine choſen phraſeology, is not inſidiouſly written by any of Mr. Fox's friends, as will no doubt be immediately ſuſpected, but is in ſober ſadneſs publiſhed as a ſerious vindication of the Court Candidates.---O lamentable!

ADVERTISEMENT.

The Noblemen, Gentlemen, and Ladies, in the intereſt of Mr. Fox, have appointed a Committee to enquire into the caſes of ſuch tradeſmen as have ſuffered from the oppreſſion of the Court party, many of whom have been formally acquainted, that in conſequence of their having voted in the preſent Election, contrary to the wiſhes of their employers, they are in future to be deprived of their cuſtom. This Committee is to prepare a liſt of ſuch perſons for the Noblemen, Gentlemen, and Ladies abovementioned, who have entered into a moſt laudable aſſociation, to employ thoſe only, in their ſeveral trades, in lieu of ſuch as have baſely betrayed their country, by ſacrificing their franchiſes to the undue influence of the Court, or of thoſe who have not dared manfully to ſtand forth at the riſque of their intereſt, and have endeavoured to ſcreen themſelves from all danger by a pitiful neutrality.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Whereas a paragraph appeared in a Morning Paper of the 27th ult. inſinuating that a a certain Ducheſs had bought fifty pound of hair powder, for which I received my own price, as voting for Mr. Fox. I do now declare, and am willing to make an affidavit to the contrary. The fact is as follows: A Mr. E. a gentleman in the law in Charlotte-ſtreet, Portland Chapel, aſked me if I would take 25l. for my vote; to which queſtion I replied, that if a bribe had been an object, I might have taken an order for fifty pound of hair powder at my own price, provided I would vote as I ſhould be directed. I told

him that a bribe ſhould never influence me; whenever I voted, it would be independent of any pecuniary conſideration whatever. The day after, I gave my ſuffrage to Mr. Fox, Mr. E. diſcharged me, which has not given me any pain, though I wiſh he had confined himſelf to that matter only.

Wardour-ſtreet. R. JACKSON.

The Committee for the intended Scrutiny of the Court Candidates,

Take this method of informing their friends, that beſides the places already mentioned to receive ſubſcriptions, the following places are alſo appointed:

The Soldiers Ordinary, King-ſtreet, Weſtminſter.
The Pye Woman at the Horſe Guards.
The Sauſage Stall, Covent Garden Market.
Sweeps Academy, Swallow-ſtreet.
The Plying Place, Hungerford Market.
Sir John Glyſterpipe, Parliament-ſtreet.
Mr. Strap, Penny Barber, Broadway, Weſtminſter.

The Committee return their ſincereſt thanks to the generous public, for the following donations already received:

To the Gentlemen of the firſt, ſecond, and third regiments of foot, for a large number of falſe votes.

For three counterfeit halfpence, left at the Horſe Guards.

For a bad ſixpence, left at Mrs. Greaſy's Stall, Covent Garden.

For three bags of ſoot from Sweeps Academy, to blind the people with, as they come to poll for their Champion.

For a large volley of curſes, damns, and broken heads, beſtowed in Covent Garden for many days, by the Hungerford Gentlemen.

For two ounces of ſincerity left at Mr. Glyſterpipes for our friend Judas, to be taken againſt the next Election.

For a bad ſhilling, left at Mr. Strap's, the Penny Barber.

It will be eſteemed a favour of any Publican or others, having cut or counterfeit halfpence, or bad ſilver, to beſtow their mites chearfully, as all money is to be taken to ſupport the cauſe.

To JOHN CHURCHILL, *Chairman.*

I am a very poor *Chairman* too, as well as yourſelf; and God knows I ſtand in as much need of public charity; for I have been laying on the broad of my back theſe four months; and myſelf, and my wife, and five ſmall children muſt have ſtarved, but for Paddy Gaffney and ſome of my Comrades, who have been very good to us. As you ſign yourſelf a *Chairman*, from Wood's Hotel, you muſt have heard of Tim. Flanagan, that is my name; and I have uſed the *Garden*, man and boy, theſe thirty years: all I would *axe* and deſire is, that you will think of my diſtreſs, and put my name down with Lord Hood's and Sir Cecil Wray's, for ſome little ſhare of that ſame collection you are going to have. And that God may give a bleſſing to your charitable endeavours, will be the conſtant prayer of your brother *Chairman*.

May 6. TIM. FLANAGAN.

WOOD's

THE WESTMINSTER MENDICANT.

Ye Christians Charitable good and Civil
Pray something give to this poor wandering Devil
By Men cast out, perhaps, by God forgiven,
Then may one Judas find a road to Heaven.

Publ.d 1 1784 by H. Humphrey
N.o 227 Strand

BRITISH MUSEUM

W O O D's H O T E L.

May 7.] The Committee for conducting the ſcrutiny in favour of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray (unanimouſly appointed by the Grand Committee) return their moſt humble and grateful thanks, for the numerous and liberal ſubſcriptions which have been already made, by the truly loyal, high-ſpirited, and independent Electors of Weſtminſter, towards ſupporting and carrying on their patriotic and virtuous cauſe, viz.

Left at Meſſ. Drummonds, Charing-croſs -	0	1	6
Meſſ. Couts and Co. the Strand - -	0	3	0
Meſſ. Crofts and Co. Pall-mall, by Jackſon -	0	0	0½
Meſſ. Hodſoll and Mitchell, in the Strand -	0	1	1½
Meſſ. Pybus and Co. Bond-ſtreet, by the Tribe of Iſcariot	0	2	0
Total -	0	7	8

The Committee moſt earneſtly implore the charitable contributions of all Tories and the friends of a Back-Stairs ſyſtem.

Signed by order of the Mendicant Committee,
J. CHURCHILL.

Notice is hereby given,

That on Sunday next, being the 9th day of May, *Charity Sermons* will be preached in every church and chapel within the city and liberty of Weſtminſter, for the benefit of raiſing a fund for carrying on the Scrutiny for this city.

N. B. Small ſums will be thankfully received, and the ſubſcribers names will not be publiſhed.

Third Chapter of the Times!

1. Now Judas being caſt out from the Electors, went unto the Rulers of the *Back-ſtairs*; and ſaid unto them, "Though my tongue is as a ruſty bar, and although with trouble "and vexation it cleaveth unto the roof of my mouth;

2. "Yet verily, verily, I ſay unto you, that I have done as you deſired; yea I "have betrayed my beſt friend, and have loſt the Elderſhip: and moreover, am become "a bye-word among the citizens."

3. And they anſwered him ſtraightway; ſaying, "What is that to us? look thou "to that!------Go, ſeek a ſubſcription, for the Treaſury is low, and demand a "Scrutiny."

4. Then he departed, and cauſed the money-changers to carry a box through the city, crying with a mournful voice; *Remember poor Judas----Pray remember the Scrutiny.* And they gathered of the copper coin, about thirteen pieces and a half.

5. And it came to paſs that Judas's conſcience began to ſmite him ſore: and he went a ſecond time unto thoſe that had hired him, and ſaid: "O ye men of Prero-"gative! what have ye done! ye have made me to be a ſcorn and deriſion amongſt the "people."

" people." Then he threw down the ſubſcription box, and the copper pieces, and retired, intending to hang himſelf.

6. And the chief of the *Back-ſtairs* took up the money, ſaying; " it is not lawful for " us to put it in the Treaſury, becauſe it is the *price of ingratitude.*"

7. And they took counſel, and parted the money among themſelves; and then came to paſs what the people's Champion had foretold, that they would divide the ſpoil with the unrighteous, and eat the bread of infamy.

8. Now the people aſſembled together in numbers, with tokens of great joy; ſaying, " Behold the patriots have conquered, and the ſons of darkneſs are fallen into the pit " of their own iniquity; yea, into the PITT of *Secret Influence.*

9. " And the names of *Judas* the Candidate, and Churchy the Gallipotite, with " their brethren, are laid low; for they have diſcharged their filth! and lo, they are " become an abomination amongſt the ſons of Weſtminſter."

10. Then Fox was elected their Elder; and they placed him in a Chair of State, covered with laurels and ſilks, and rich embroideries, and coſtly attire; worked by the handmaids of the citizens.

11. And they carried him in great triumph through all the parts of the city; from the eaſt unto the weſt, even by the palace of the King; from the riſing until the going down of the ſun: the muſicians, and the ſinging men and women going before, ſhouting with the people, and ſinging,

GOD SAVE FOX!
LONG LIVE FOX! MAY OUR CHAMPION LIVE FOR EVER!

Shakeſpeare Tavern, Monday Evening, May 10, 1784.

At a meeting of the Committee for conducting Mr. Fox's Election, held to take into conſideration the circumſtances of the riot which happened at the cloſe of this morning's Poll, and has been continued through the whole of the day,

Lord ROBERT SPENCER in the Chair;

Reſolved unanimouſly,

" That there appears to be the ſtrongeſt grounds to believe that the whole has ariſen " from a moſt profligate and iniquitous conſpiracy on the part of the opponents of Mr. " Fox, to endeavour to break the peace of the Election, and to overawe the Indepen- " dent Citizens by the moſt flagrant unconſtitutional means which the deſpair of a " corrupt and unprincipled party could ſuggeſt.

Reſolved,

" That the introduction of the military, after every appearance of riot had ceaſed " in the morning, their ſeizing perſons peaceably remaining on the ſpot, retaining " them under a military guard, refuſing the admiſſion of any evidence in their behalf, " and aſſaulting, with fixed bayonets, a party of Gentlemen who came by appoint- " ment with the Magiſtrates, to offer bail for them, are acts which, if countenanced, " violate not only the freedom of Election, but every principle of liberty in " the country.

Reſolved,

" That the beginning of the riot is ſolely to be attributed to the extraordinary act " of magiſterial power exerciſed this morning in bringing to the Huſtings a body " of ruffians within the Polling Rail, under pretence of their being new-made Con- " ſtables, though the peaceable conduct of the Poll for many days paſt has proved that " no ſuch force was neceſſary for any good purpoſe.

Reſolved,

Reſolved,

" That the letter hereunder publiſhed, affords ſtrong grounds of ſuſpicion of the " quarter and principles from whence theſe meaſures originate.

Reſolved,

" That a Committee be immediately appointed to enquire into the whole of this atro- " cious and extraordinary tranſaction, by which the freedom of Election has been au- " daciouſly violated, and the moſt ſacred rights of Engliſhmen tyrannically trampled " under foot.

Copy of a Circular Letter ſent by Direction of the Lord Lieutenant of the County to the different acting Juſtices.

SIR,

" Having received a letter from the Duke of Northumberland, Cuſtos Rotulorum " of the county of Middleſex, and city and liberty of Weſtminſter, of which the fol- " lowing is a copy:

" SIR, Northumberland Houſe, 8 May, 1784.

" I think it neceſſary that a meeting of all the acting magiſtrates of the city and " liberty of Weſtminſter ſhould be held forthwith, to conſider ſuch meaſures as may " be proper and adviſeable to be adopted for the preſervation of peace and good order, " within the ſaid City and Liberty, on the cloſe of the poll, which it is expected will " ſoon take place.

" I muſt therefore deſire you will call ſuch meeting on Monday next, to be held at " eleven o'clock in the forenoon, at the Guildhall in King-ſtreet, Weſtminſter, and I " have no doubt *you will be careful to recommend*, that ſuch ſteps as ſhall then be deter- " mined on, may be purſued with *vigour and effect*.

" I am with great regard,

" SIR,

" Your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

" NORTHUMBERLAND."

William Mainwaring, Eſq.

" I take the earlieſt opportunity of communicating it to you, and doubt not you will " pay attention to his Grace's wiſhes upon the matter, and that you will meet on Mon- " day next, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, at the Guildhall, Weſtminſter, purſuant " thereto. I am, Sir,

" Your moſt obedient ſervant,

" WILLIAM MAINWARING,

" Chairman of the Seſſions."

By order of the Committee,

J. R. COCKER, Secretary.

ANTICIPATION.

The following extract of a letter will appear in the Paris Gazette.

Extract of a letter from London, May the 10th, 1784.

" This day a moſt dreadful riot took place at Covent Garden, between the contending " parties in the oppoſing intereſts of the Right Honourable Charles James Fox, Lord " Hood, and Sir Cecil Wray, candidates to ſerve the city of Weſtminſter in the en- " ſuing Parliament.

" The

" The conteſt was long, and the conſequences dreadful. To deſcribe the fray would " be impoſſible, as each party contend---it was in the cauſe of *Liberty*. The *peace-* " officers *took* the *liberty* of attempting to apprehend ſome *muſicians*, who are admirable " in performing on *marrow-bones* and *cleavers*; and the *muſicians*, on the other hand, " took the liberty of applying their *inſtruments* to the heads of the peace-officers. This " produced a diſagreeable diſcord, which, however, terminated in the ſilencing of ſeve- " ral, but the Guards being called in, the muſicians were overpowered.

" The fire kept up by the guards was aſtoniſhing---an old woman received a bullet " in the rear, which has not yet been extracted, though a conſultation of the faculty " ſat upon the wound four hours.

" A muſket ball penetrated the head of a magiſtrate four inches, but it not having " reached the brain, his Worſhip is in a fair way of recovery.

" A noble Lord received a violent blow from a broad-ſword, on the temple; but meet- " ing oppoſition from a horn under his Lordſhip's hat, it glanced aſide, and cut off " the falſe *noſe* of an Honourable Baronet.

" Among the Ladies, two loſt their tetes. One had a cork rump ſhot off, and ſe- " veral were deprived of their eye-brows."

Maſſacre and Military Government!

Gentlemen,

Were ye witneſſes to the proceedings of yeſterday? It was the fatal 10th of May, the anniverſary of the murder of young Allen, in Saint George's Fields, by the *Third Regiment of Guards*. Did you not ſee the ſame *regiment* ſurrounding the Huſtings at *Covent Garden*, in open violation of the *freedom* of Election, and at *night* committing outrages, which, if we tamely ſubmit to, we are as we deſerve to be

SLAVES.

Shakeſpeare Tavern, Wedneſday Night, May 12, 1784.

GENERAL COMMITTEE.

The Select Committee, appointed to enquire into the cauſe of the late riot, have reported many circumſtances, ſubſtantiated by the moſt incontrovertible evidence, by which it now indiſputably appears, that the late tumult, and the unfortunate conſequences which followed, are to be attributed ſolely to the attrocious conduct of the *Magiſtrate* who brought to the Huſtings of Covent Garden, under pretence of aſſiſting the peace officers on Monday laſt, a deſperate banditti, againſt the opinion and remonſtrances of all the other Magiſtrates who met at Guildhall, Weſtminſter, on that morning. A warrant is obtained againſt one of the ringleaders in the execution of this daring plan. Enquiries are making after others, and proper methods purſuing to bring the offending Magiſtrate to juſtice.

Reſolved,

" That the Select Committee be deſired to perſevere in their enquiries in this buſi- " neſs, and that a ſtate of the iniquitous tranſactions already brought to light be im- " mediately prepared for publication."

By order of the Committee,

J. R. COCKER, Sec.

GENERAL

GENERAL COMMITTEE.

Shakeſpeare Tavern, May 14.

Authentic information being received, that the meaſure of bringing a body of near *two hundred armed ruffians*, under pretence of aſſiſting the Weſtminſter peace officers on Monday laſt, and lodging them in the Committee Room of *Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, in King-ſtreet*, from whence they iſſued to the place of poll, and at the cloſe of it commenced the fatal outrages which enſued, was in no reſpect authoriſed by, or concerted with, the Magiſtrates aſſembled that morning by the Lord Lieutenant, but was, on the contrary, the ſole act of *Juſtice Wilmot, againſt the advice and remonſtrances of all the ſaid Magiſtrates.*

The Committee for conducting Mr. Fox's Election, think it incumbent on them immediately to retract any reflection which may appear to be contained in their former advertiſement on this ſubject againſt the Magiſtrates in general who formed the aforeſaid meeting.

And the Committee further pledge themſelves, to proſecute to the utmoſt, the Magiſtrate who planned this moſt iniquitous buſineſs, as well as the ringleaders, who were ſo audaciouſly active in the execution of it.

It is unneceſſary for this Committee to requeſt the public to ſuſpend their opinion on this affair, till the authentic particulars are laid before them to-morrow. The falſehoods and ſcurrilities iſſued from Wood's Hotel are ſo baſe and contemptible, that they can have produced no other effect, but a general ſuſpicion of the guilt of the party they are meant to exculpate.

By order of the Committee,
J. R. COCKER, Sec.

A MURDER!

Whereas a deſperate banditti, hired againſt the will and remonſtrances of all the Weſtminſter Magiſtrates, and armed with bludgeons, ſtaves, and piſtols, under pretence of aſſiſting the Weſtminſter Peace Officers, did, on Monday laſt, iſſue forth from *Hood and Wray's Committee Room, in King-ſtreet*, to the place of poll in Covent Garden, and at the cloſe thereof did violently and inhumanly aſſault ſundry peaceable perſons, and did thereby raiſe an affray, in which *Nicholas Caſſon* loſt his life:

This is to give notice, that a reward of *one hundred guineas* will be paid by the Secretary to the Committee for conducting Mr. Fox's Election, to any perſon or perſons who ſhall diſcover and apprehend, (ſo that they may be proſecuted to conviction,) any of the ſaid daring offenders, or the party who hired, paid, or undertook to pay them.

N. B. As warrants are obtained againſt two of the ringleaders, perſons preſent at the actual commencement of the affray are requeſted inſtantly to communicate any material information relative to their accomplices, or their employers, to Mr. Fox's Committee at the Shakeſpeare.

By order of the Committee,
J. R. COCKER, Sec.

For the Benefit of Slavery.

At the Prerogative Theatre, Weſtminſter, is performing a new Tragedy, called
THE BACK STAIRS CONSPIRACY!
Prompter, by Lord Boots.
Dark Lanthorn, by Lord Backſtairs.
Cat's paw, by Billy Plumb.
Combuſtible, by Viſcount Hone.
Dirty Work, by Jack Renegado.
Corruption, by Duke of Badcaſtle.
1ſt Jack Ketch, by Lord Pompey.
2d Jack Ketch, by Lord Gaul.
Doodle, by Lord Sapwood, and
Ingratitude, by Judas Iſcariot.

Attendant Bullies, by Badcaſtle's Bone-picker; the Clare-market Dippite; the Scrub Committee; Parſon Swindle; Aſſa-Fœtida, the Parliament-ſtreet Gliſterer; and a numerous train of young Gentlemen, from Mr. Campbell's Thames Academy, who have been let looſe on the occaſion.

End of Act I. the celebrated Trio, "How merrily we live who Turn-coats be," by Signors Wilkini, Dundaſſini, and Jack Renegado.

End of Act II. A Diſcourſe on Virginity, by Billy Plumb.

End of Act III. a Duetto on the Salt Box, by Hurlo Thrumbo and Malagrida.

End of Act IV. a Chorus in praiſe of the Vegetation of Muſhrooms, by ſome Lords, lately created; being their firſt appearance.

And at the end of the Tragedy, will be performed a grand Ballet d'Action, entitled
THE APOSTATES.
In which will be introduced a *pas de deux* by Signors Wilkini and Whelpinetto, to the tune of Young Allen. To conclude with a minuet by Meſſrs. Balf and M'Quirk.

GENERAL COMMITTEE.

"Shakeſpeare Tavern, May 15, 1784.

Reſolved,

"*That it was highly praiſe-worthy* in the inſpectors for Mr. Fox to propoſe the adjournment of the poll at two o'clock yeſterday, upon poſitive information being received, that an iniquitous plan had been adopted, and was then executing to bring the body of the unfortunate man who loſt his life in the affray cauſed on Monday laſt by Juſtice Wilmot's banditti, for burial, at three o'clock, to Covent Garden church, attended by a tumultuous cavalcade, with flags, and incendiary hand-bills, calculated to provoke the moſt outrageous diſorders.

Reſolved,

"That the thanks of this Committee be given to the Pariſh Officers of Covent Garden, for their laudable endeavours to prevent this moſt indecent and deteſtable device, to diſturb again the peace of Election, and renew the fatal violences of Monday laſt.

Reſolved,

"That this wicked and malevolent proceeding is an additional and deciſive proof, that the preſent object of Mr. Fox's opponents, is to endeavour to render the place of

"Election

" Election a ſcene of riot and bloodſhed, in order to damp the public demonſtrations of " triumph, which are naturally to be expected on the overthrow of a corrupt cauſe, " ſupported by the baſeſt exertions of miniſterial influence.

Reſolved,

" That it be moſt earneſtly recommended to all well wiſhers to Mr. Fox, to defeat " thoſe iniquitous machinations, by the moſt peaceable conduct both at the poll and on " chairing their deſervedly popular Candidate, and to meet the provocations of their " adverſaries, with the contempt due to the pitiful and unmanly rage of a worthleſs " and diſappointed faction."

By order of the Committee,

J. R. COCKER, Sec.

The Speech of Earl Mansfield, (then Mr. Murray) as Counſel for the City and Liberty of Weſtminſter, complaining of an undue Election for the ſaid City, on Account of the Introduction of the Military during the Poll; delivered before the Houſe of Commons on Tueſday, December 15, 1741.*

" There is, Sir, a very material fact, concerning the late Election for Weſtminſter,--- " a phænomenon, which, I believe, never appeared in England before that time; that " is, a body of troops, armed and accoutred, coming to the Election; and, as it is a " matter which may perhaps deſerve the full conſideration of this Houſe, I will beg " only to throw out a propoſition for your conſideration: firſt a general, and next a " particular one. The general is, that a body of regular armed troops, under military " diſcipline, and military command, ought to be preſent at the place of Election on no " pretence whatſoever: and the next is, that in the preſent caſe the body of troops " came with a view to influence, and in fact did influence, the Election and Return. " Sir, I am aware of the latitude in which the firſt propoſition is ſubmitted to you " that I have ſaid, on no pretence whatſoever, and I mean to argue it (with deference " to your future opinion) as largely as it is a conſtitutional propoſition; one of the " corner-ſtones (if I may ſo ſay) of our happy Conſtitution, is this maxim, that all " Elections ought to be free, for much of the rights and liberties of the ſubject depend " upon this Houſe, and the well-being of this Houſe depends on the freedom of Elec- " tions. Sir, the Commons, ſo long ago as the 3d of King Edward the Firſt, would " not reſt this valuable right on the bare maxim of the common law, but thought fit " to have a parliamentary declaration of it; and (to make uſe of my Lord Coke's obſer- " vation) was very wiſely penned, in ſuch words as to bind the King himſelf. Can a " body of troops armed, with their pieces loaded, be preſent at an Election, and carry " no terror or menace along with them? Regular troops were unknown to the com- " mon law; and by the Bill of Rights, after the Revolution, it is declared, they are " all contrary to law, unleſs declared by Act of Parliament; and their preſence at an " Election have been thought ſo incompatible, that conſtantly the troops have with- " drawn out of any town where the Election was to be, and have ſtaid till the Election " was over; and this was the opinion of every body.

" Sir, in the firſt year of the laſt Parliament, on the queſtion incidentally ariſing, " whether it was in the power of the Crown to leave troops quartered in a town where " the Election was? though the Act recites it never had been done, on the bare queſ- " tion being ſtarted, the Parliament thought fit that doubt ſhould not laſt any longer, " but they brought in a Bill to remove the poſſibility of a doubt on that head. What

* This extract from that celebrated ſpeech was printed in the form of a hand-bill, and diſtributed from the Huſtings at Covent Garden on this very ſimilar occaſion.

" is the preamble to the Bill? why, that all Elections ought to be free; and the con-
" cluſion is, that all troops ſhall go out of the town, and not to return till after the
" day of election. Beſides this, Sir, it was the opinion of the legiſlature, laſt Parlia-
" ment, that it was a neceſſary conſequence that all troops ſhould withdraw from the
" place of Election. I am aware of an objection that will be made by way of excep-
" tion; it will be ſaid, What! cannot the troops come to keep the peace? A ſpecious
" pretext indeed! I believe there never was, nor ever will be, the caſe of an army
" being preſent at an Election, but every *ſoldier* has a *double vote*. We need not go
" into many inſtances to ſhew this has been the caſe. The ſame cauſe will produce
" the ſame effect. It will be urged, I ſuppoſe, the civil magiſtrate was not ſtrong
" enough; ſhall he not then call in their aſſiſtance? I beg leave to ſay, the law of
" England will not ſuffer a ſuppoſition of that ſort to be made; for if a Sheriff, who is
" armed (I am aware of the objection) I ſay, if a Sheriff, who is armed with the civil
" power of his country, or if a Bailiff, who is armed by the law, if he ſhould return
" as an anſwer, for not executing the King's writ, that he was reſiſted, though the
" fact be true, the law conſiders it as a fact not to be ſuppoſed, and an action lies
" againſt him at the ſuit of the party; and why, becauſe it is a libel on the Govern-
" ment, to ſuppoſe the civil magiſtrate is not ſtrong enough. Sir, I would obſerve a
" noted diſtinction taken in the law-books; if a gaol is broke by a foreign enemy, that
" is an excuſe; but if a gaol was broke open by rebels, the law will not allow the She-
" riff to give that in excuſe, though it be ever ſo true, becauſe it is a reflection on the
" Government. He muſt arm himſelf with the civil power, which is ſtrong enough
" to ſupport itſelf. Many have been the inſtances, where a corporation has been diſ-
" franchiſed and fined, becauſe theſe riots were never quelled, and the law expects they
" ſhould do it. This is the notion of the common law, and, I beg leave to ſay, the
" ſtatute law too.

" Sir, theſe troops are kept up by annual Bills;---*not for the aſſiſtance of the civil ma-*
" *giſtrate*; that would be annual keeping up of troops for a reaſon that laſts for ever:---
" they are never kept up but upon great occaſions, ſuch as carrying on the war with
" Spain;---there is no intimation that the civil Magiſtrate wants aſſiſtance. This will
" ſtill further appear from this (which you will give me leave to ſay) that *no civil Ma-*
" *giſtrate can command aſſiſtance from any body of troops*; and if the law conſidered them
" as neceſſary to aſſiſt him, the law would give the civil Magiſtrate ſome power to com-
" mand them there; but when troops do go, they go by virtue of *military authority*, and
" act there under *military command*. Sir, the authority which the law gives the civil
" Magiſtrate, I ſpeak only of thoſe Magiſtrates that are applicable to the preſent caſe,
" and their defence in the execution of legal commands, is this: they may command
" aſſiſtance of every man within their juriſdiction: every man is a conſtable for keep-
" ing the peace; and what is the conſequence if they do not obey; they are liable to a
" proſecution by indictment or information, and they are clearly ſo liable. *But can*
" *any civil Magiſtrate ſend any warrant to the Guards?* Sir, the propoſition I have laid
" down, is not with regard to any ſingle ſoldier happening to ſtand there, but a body
" under military command.

" *Is there ſuch a warrant known to the law?* Would any military officer be obliged to
" obey it? No, certainly; for, if he did not, there could be no proſecution againſt
" him. Wherever they go, they go by virtue of *military authority*, but not by the
" *command of the civil Magiſtrate*, becauſe they are liable to no proſecution if they do
" not obey. When they are there, they do not act under the civil command; if they
" did, the only conſequence of miſbehaviour would be, that they were liable to proſe-
" cution on indictments or informations: but will it be contended, that if a body of
" troops come there, and any one deſerts, he is not liable to be ſhot to death, accord-
" ing to military diſcipline? *If the Sheriff was to order a ſoldier to do one thing, and his*

" *officer*

" *officer another*, I ſubmit it to you, *if he diſobeys the officer, whether he muſt not be tried* " *by a Court-martial:* that ſhews they go by military authority, and there act by mili- " tary command. Sir, I beg leave to ſay, in fact, the civil government of this city is " ſubſtantially ſtrong to ſupport itſelf: it has ſupported itſelf at every other Election " throughout the kingdom, and yet there may have come complaints before you, " where numbers have been angry at what the Returning Officer did: there is not an " imagination of the peace's being broke: what are the guards of the Court? The " *Juſtices:* what are the guards of you, but barely the law and the civil authority?

" Sir, I am warranted by the reſolutions of this Houſe, in the year 1733, to ſay, that " riots and tumults have paſſed too near theſe doors; you ſent your commands to the " civil Magiſtrate, and inſtantly all was quiet. Would you, on pretence of keeping " the peace, ſuffer a company of guards to ſtand in the Lobby? *No man, Sir, would* " *wiſh to live to ſee that day, when the civil government of this country cannot ſupport* " *itſelf without the aſſiſtance of the Military:* I will be bold to ſay, when it is not, that " civil government is undone; *for, it is then not the law, but the military power* " *governs*; and I hope, in this country, the bare word of a Tipſtaff will go as far as " the commands of a Lieutenant General. I know it will be preſſed ſtill farther; but " all this argument will hold, in general, in every caſe; but ſuppoſe a caſe of moſt ex- " traordinary neceſſity, when the civil Magiſtrate is really overpowered, and there is " fire ſet to the town, ſhall not the troops then be called in to his aſſiſtance? I think I " put the objections as ſtrong as I can. That fatal argument of contending for an ex- " ception to conſtitutional principles; that fatal argument has brought us many times " to the brink of deſtruction. Nothing is clearer, than that no freeman is to be im- " priſoned but according to law: what, not if the King knows he is coming to attack " him? The argument was ſpecious, and the power of judging was truſted ſomewhere, " and it took away the whole liberty of the ſubject. Every man was impriſoned for a " *mandatum Domini Regis*. There was another reſolution taken, that no money ſhould " be levied on the ſubject, but by the conſent of Parliament: what, not on a caſe of " neceſſity? They argued, it might in a caſe of neceſſity, and that overturned the " whole rule; and, when money was raiſed, it was for neceſſity. Suppoſe there " comes an extraordinary caſe, never within the intention of the legiſlature, that pro- " duced the diſpenſing power which diſpenſed with all the power of the legiſlature. It " muſt tend to lodge a diſcretionary power with ſomebody to judge of that neceſſity. " It muſt be lodged with the military officers; for it will not mend the caſe, if it is " lodged with the Returning Officer. Shall it be laid down, that troops may go to an " Election? Theſe are fatal arguments indeed! How far is neceſſity to juſtify? Is it " ſufficient, that the Officer *ſuſpects* or ſmells a riot? Is it ſufficient, *when he knows in* " *his own mind, he is going to do a thing which ought to provoke the people.* If ſo, that " will conclude a too general diſcretionary latitude, wherever the Returning Officer " thinks fit to have it; and, I believe, it will not much be doubted but the military " Officer will exert himſelf according to the Candidates that ſent for him.

" Sir, the legiſlature, in the act I juſt mentioned, was ſo far from ſuppoſing this ex- " ception could be made, that they expreſsly enjoined, that no troops ſhould come " within two miles of the place of Election in a day after. Will a caſe of neceſſity diſ- " penſe with that act? The act ſays, they ſhall not come *within two miles of the town,* " *till four and twenty hours after the Election!*"*

* Notwithſtanding the evident illegality of the proceeding, thoſe of our readers, who frequented Covent Garden during the Election of which we treat, muſt have been frequent witneſſes of the unconſtitutional appearance of an armed military, arranged in battle array, under pretence of keeping the peace. Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, after experiencing the utility of the Guards as *Voters* for them at the Poll, (which, agreeable to COMMAND, they did almoſt to a man) ſtretched ſtill further their *manageable ſervices* in a military capacity, and brought them forward at laſt with guns and bayonets, to ſupport the FREEDOM OF ELECTION!!

SHAKE-

SHAKESPEARE TAVERN,

May 16.] A General Meeting of the Committee for conducting Mr. Fox's Election, and of all the Parochial Committees engaged in the ſame cauſe, will be held this evening, at eight o'clock, at the Shakeſpeare Tavern, where the attendance of Mr. Fox's friends is particularly requeſted upon ſpecial buſineſs.

The Jack Straw, Dr. J——, once a Parſon and a pretended Friend to the Conſtitution, Vice Preſident to the Charitable Fund.

For the Benefit of the Diſtreſſed Candidates, on Sunday Morning, May 16, 1784,
Will be preached in the Pariſh Church of St. Paul, Covent Garden,
A SERMON,
By the Rev. Mr. J---k---n, Small Beer Chaplain to his Grace the Duke of N---c----le, in favour of the new and arbitrary Inſtitution.
The Organ, by Mr. Bolus, of Parliament-ſtreet.
An Anthem to be ſung to the tune of *The Priſon Groans*, by Mr. Hairsfoot, of the Strand, and Mr. Powder Puff, of Catherine-ſtreet.
To be performed according to the *ancient* adopted *cuſtom* of the *Sons* of
JUDAS ISCARIOT.

N. B. Great care will be taken that all thoſe who are lovers of ſlavery, and ſubſcribe liberally to the ſupport of the Court Candidates, ſhall have commodious ſeats, and thoſe that are moſt *liberal* in their *donations* will be conducted in ſafety up the *Back Stairs*.

*** Strict ſecrecy may be depended upon, as being conſiſtent with our proceedings.

STEWARDS.

Judas Iſcariot,	Jack Croſs-Eye,
Peter Topmaſt,	Mr. Ruſhlight.

Fourth Chapter of the Times!

1. Oh! ye Sons of Weſtminſter! attend unto the lamentations of *Judas Iſcariot*; for he hath been diſappointed and caſt down; and his pleaſant things are turned into Wormwood and Gall. Behold, the day is come, when he can no more hearken unto the voices of ſinging men and women.

2. Lo, he lifted up his voice and cried, "Oh! my bowels, my bowels; how are ye "troubled! my guts make a noiſe, I cannot hold my peace; becauſe I have heard the "ſound of the trumpet, proclaiming the victory of Fox."

3. Then one of his tribe, called *Churchy* came unto him with bladder and pipe; and ſaid, "Let me comfort thee!" But he anſwered, "Let me alone, for I am troubled "with ſore purgings; Oh, I have loſt my Elderſhip, and am become an outcaſt and "an alien.

4. "Forgotten be the day wherein I was born; and woe unto the meſſenger, who "brought tidings to my Daddy; ſaying, an heir is born unto thee. For behold, I have "betrayed my friend; yea, the friend of my country; and diſgrace is on my head.

5. "Verily

5. "Verily, my naſtineſs is come upon me; and the pit that I digged for my friend, am "I fallen into myſelf. Moreover, the people gather round about me, and they encom- "paſs me on every ſide; yea, I ſay they hedge me in on every ſide; ſaying, "Now is "*Judas* broken down! Now is ingratitude puniſhed."

6. Then came *Pompey*, the Mongrel, who was alſo ſore grieved; and ſaid, "Take "courage, dear *Judas*, and be of good cheer; for it may come to paſs that thou mayeſt "yet be elected an Elder; yea, even for *Garrat*: for peradventure, *Jeffery Dunſtan* "will be created a Peer."

7. But he cried out the more vehemently, "Bear me hence, bear me hence; for the "ſhoutings of the people are terrible to my ears, and my eyes wax dim."

8. And they took him up, and caſt him on the ſhoulders of *Pompey*, *Churchy*, and a certain *Dippite*; even as butchers take up a dead calf. And they moved off; yea, in mournful array.

9. And his tribes followed; weeping bitterly, gnaſhing their teeth and crying, "Verily, verily, we are in the wrong box.

10. "Let us depart unto our dwellings, and hide our heads; and let us put on "ſackcloth and Aſhes; for Satan hath deceived us, and the *Man of the People*, with "the *daughter of Truth* hath prevailed."

11. Now the reſt of the acts of the citizens of Weſtminſter, are they not enrolled in the archives of the city? and will they not on future occaſions be made known in the *Book of Chronicles*, commonly called *The Chapter of the Times?* Yea, they will.

Judas's laſt Farewell to the Electors of the City of Weſtminſter.

Gentlemen,

It is with the utmoſt grief and confuſion I now lay my caſe before you, which is ſo bad, that this day I muſt be obliged to quit the Huſtings. My proceedings are ſuch that I need not repeat more than what have been already related; I have done all I can to gain my Election; but find it in vain; I have ſtuck at nothing that might be of ſervice to me, ſuch as bad votes, bribery, or even cauſing riots and murder. Support me, O ye friends, and aſſiſt me in the Scrutiny, is the laſt deſire of your old friend,

JUDAS ISCARIOT.

N. B. If any perſon can bring any account of my friend Juſtice W--- -, to the Prerogative Hotel, he ſhall be handſomely rewarded; as it is feared he is either run away or fettered ſince this day ſe'nnight.

The Lamentations of Judas the Apoſtate.

1. Oh! ye ſons of Weſtminſter! hearken unto the voice, and attend unto the lamentations of *Iſcariot*; for he hath been diſappointed and caſt down: and his pleaſant things are turned into wormwood and gall.

2. "My bowels, my bowels; I am pained in my very heart; my belly makes a noiſe; "I cannot hold my peace, becauſe I have heard the ſound of the trumpet, proclaiming "the victory of Fox the patriot.

3. "Oh

3. " Oh! Chief of the Back Stairs, thou knoweſt! remember and viſit me! thy " words ſeemed ſound and I did eat them; for they were a joy and rejoicing unto thy " poor ſervant.

4. " Forgotten be the day wherein I was born; and woe unto the meſſenger who " brought tidings to my daddy, ſaying, an heir is born unto thee. For behold, I have " betrayed my friend; yea, the friend of my conntry.

5. " Verily, my naſtineſs is come upon me; and the pit that I digged for my friend, " am I fallen into myſelf. Moreover, the people gather round about me, and they en- " compaſs me on every ſide, ſaying,

6. " How is *Judas* broken down!---How are the mighty fallen!---Lo! his tribes paſs " by, and do not comfort him; no, not one; not even Churchy the pot-carrier!--- " Mourn, Oh *Judas!* for the time of thy calamity is come!

7 " I will ariſe and put me on ſackcloth and aſhes; for I am a refuſe and an off- " ſcouring among the people; and I will humble myſelf before them: ſo ſhall it come " to paſs that I may become *Mayor of Garrat.*

8. " For Jeffery Dunſtan, and Katterfelto, will not oppoſe me, ſaying, (We ſhall " be created Peers.) Therefore, when my repentance ſhall be fulfilled, peradventure " they may chooſe me."

ADVERTISEMENT.

The independent Electors of Weſtminſter are requeſted to dine together at Willis's Rooms, in King-ſtreet, St. James's, this day, after their return from chairing their illuſtrious Repreſentative.

The Right Hon. C. J. FOX in the Chair.

Tickets five ſhillings each, to be had only at the Thatched Houſe and Shakeſpeare Taverns; and to prevent confuſion, no perſon can poſſibly be admitted without a ticket previouſly obtained.

N. B. Gentlemen are requeſted to enquire for the Rooms, and number, as expreſſed on the ticket.

ADVERTISEMENT.

St. James's-ſtreet, May 17, 1784.

To the Worthy and Independent Electors of the City and Liberty of Weſtminſter.

Gentlemen,

This day being appointed by the High Bailiff, for the final cloſe of the poll, I moſt earneſtly intreat the early attendance at the Huſtings of each of my friends as have not yet honoured me with their ſuffrages.

Though the event of the Election is now beyond a doubt, yet it may be of advantage to the repoſe of this city, that the deciſion ſhould be by as great a majority as poſſible.

The alarms which have been ſpread of tumults ſuppoſed to be likely to attend the cloſe of the poll, and the ſtrong reaſons there are, that ſuch tumults have been for ſome

THE WESTMINSTER DESERTER D

CHAMPION OF THE PEOPLE

Friends & Fellow Citizens I cannot find words to express my feelings to you upon this Victory &c. &c. &c.

R. DRUM'D OUT OF THE REGIMENT,

ſome time paſt the object of my adverſaries, make it peculiarly incumbent upon the REAL FRIENDS to LIBERTY and the CONSTITUTION, to diſtinguiſh themſelves by their peaceable and orderly demeanor.

Proud as I am of the repeated teſtimonies you have given me of your eſteem, your perſeverance in this plan of conduct, will give me more real ſatisfaction, and redound more to the honour of the common cauſe we are engaged in, than any tumultuous demonſtrations of triumph.

I have the honour to be,
Gentlemen,
With every ſentiment of gratitude and reſpect,
Your devoted and obedient ſervant,
C. J. FOX.

The following is the written Requiſition delivered by Sir Cecil Wray to the High Bailiff of Weſtminſter, at the final cloſe of the Poll on Monday laſt, April 17, viz.

To Thomas Corbett, Eſq. High Bailiff of the City and Liberty of Weſtminſter.

" I, Sir CECIL WRAY, Bart. one of the Candidates to ſerve in Parliament for " the city and liberty of Weſtminſter, and we the under written Electors of the ſaid " city and liberty, do hereby demand of you a ſcrutiny of the votes taken at the pre- " ſent Election of two citizens to ſerve in Parliament for the ſaid city and liberty, as " witneſs our hands this 17th day of May, 1784.

CECIL WRAY."

Mountmorres,
R. Butler,
J. Meyer.
D. Mackenzie,
James Croft,
Morris Marſault,
John Robertſon,
Bateman,
Francis Atkinſon,
William Adams,
Peter Paul,
John Jackſon,
Rev. John Lloyd.

In conſequence of which the ſaid High Bailiff, to the aſtoniſhment of all mankind, and the hazard of his own *dignified* perſon, acceded to the demand of a ſcrutiny, which he declared ſhould commence in the Veſtry Room of the pariſh of St. Ann's, the morning of the 28th inſtant, to which declaration, however, was formally entered the following

P R O T E S T.

" WE, Robert Spencer, commonly called Lord Robert Spencer, James Hare, Eſq. " and Thomas Stanley, Eſq. Electors of the city and liberty of Weſtminſter, do hereby " ſolemnly and wholly proteſt againſt the ſcrutiny now demanded and allowed by the " High Bailiff, to commence after the return of the writ, and againſt all proceedings " to be had and taken by the ſaid High Bailiff in conſequence thereof, as illegal and " unprecedented, as witneſs our hands the 17th day of May, 1784.

ROBERT SPENCER,
JAMES HARE,
THOMAS STANLEY."

Witneſs, JOHN ROBERT COCKER.

St. James's-ſtreet, June 10, 1784.

To the Independent Electors of the City of Weſtminſter.

Gentlemen,

The difficulty of alluding with propriety, to a ſubject actually in diſcuſſion before the Houſe of Commons, and the impoſſibility of wholly omitting the mention of the late return in any Addreſs to you, have been the motives which have hitherto induced me to refuſe myſelf the ſatisfaction of expreſſing my gratitude to you, for the great honour you have done me, in electing me a fourth time to be your Repreſentative in Parliament.

I do aſſure you, that I do not feel the obligations you have conferred upon me the leſs, becauſe they have not yet had their full effect. The plan which appears to have been concerted between his Majeſty's Miniſters and the High Bailiff, to deprive you of your rights, has been indeed but too ſucceſsfully executed. The extreme caution with which the return appears to have been framed, in order ſtudiouſly to avoid all legal examination, either in the common Courts of Juſtice, or before a Committee under Mr. Grenville's Act, and the art with which the Miniſtry have contrived to revive, in this inſtance, the judicature of the Houſe of Commons in matters of Election, are circumſtances which deſerve your moſt ſerious attention, and which of themſelves ſufficiently evince the opinion entertained of theſe late meaſures by their authors. No other return could have anſwered their purpoſe of avoiding legal examination, and of precluding you from legal redreſs. If the High Bailiff had returned Sir Cecil Wray, a petition againſt ſuch return muſt have been heard by a Committee upon oath, and a ſpeedy remedy muſt have been obtained. If a double return had been the meaſure, your redreſs would have been ſtill more immediate; the wiſdom of our anceſtors having given a juſt priority to ſuch caſes, upon that ſacred and fundamental principle, never till now violated, that the firſt buſineſs of a Houſe of Commons upon the meeting of Parliament, is to ſee that its numbers are complete. Even if Lord Hood had been returned ſingly, ſuch a return could not have been explained away, ſo as not to fall under the proviſions of Mr. Grenville's act. To avoid, therefore, the poſſibility of your cauſe being referred to any other tribunal than that of the Houſe of Commons at large, a tribunal whoſe injuſtice and partiality, in matters of Election, have been recognized by the Houſe itſelf, a mode of return was invented, for which no precedent has been found on the records of Parliament, and the Houſe of Commons have determined that the High Bailiff may go on with the ſcrutiny. Reſpect to the Houſe of Commons forbids me to make any other obſervation upon their deciſion, than that it muſt make the neceſſity of Mr. Grenville's act univerſally acknowledged.

I proteſt ſolemnly againſt the legality of this ſcrutiny; but I will ſhun no opportunity of vindicating the inſulted character of my conſtituents. I therefore ſubmit to proceed upon it, with this determination, while I am thanking you for paſt favours, I muſt earneſtly ſolicit the continuance of your exertions in your ſeveral pariſhes, as well to detect the bad votes of our adverſaries, as to defend ſuch of our own, as may be unjuſtly attacked.

The audacious manner in which the High Bailiff juſtified himſelf at the bar of the Houſe of Commons, *upon thoſe very grounds which he diſclaimed with indignation in the Veſtry Room*---the virulence and party ſpirit that appeared in his written defence, which his friends were yet prudent enough to prevent being ſubmitted to the peruſal of the Members; and above all, the clandeſtine intercourſe which appears to have been carried on between him and my opponents, during the whole time of the Election, and the boundleſs confidence which he ſeems to have given to all the idle tales of their agents,

yield

yield us no very flattering proſpect of equity or fairneſs in the Court before which this enquiry is to be conducted; but truth and juſtice, ſupported by perſeverance and reſolution, will ultimately be triumphant againſt the daring conſpiracy which has been formed againſt them.

To raiſe tumults and riots by the means of Conſtables, whoſe duty it is to preſerve the peace; to make ſuch riots the pretence for an unconſtitutional introduction of the military during an Election; to attempt, by a moſt infamous proſecution, to take away the lives of innocent men; and finally, by an unprecedented return, to exclude this city from the benefit of Mr. Grenville's Act, and to deprive you of your right of Repreſentation, ſo that your money may be given and granted without your conſent; theſe are the arts, by which thoſe, who have in vain courted your favour, now hope to intimidate you into ſubmiſſion. I feel myſelf aſſured, they will find, that it is as impoſſible to terrify you, as to deceive; and that this reſpectable city, will, in this ſeaſon of popular deluſion, ſtand a ſplendid example of ſteadineſs and attachment to thoſe principles, to which the King owes his Crown, and Great Britain her liberty. It will be my humble taſk, both in and out of Parliament, to ſecond your efforts, and to do all in my power to juſtify the partiality you have ſhewn me through ſuch arduous trials and with ſuch unſhaken perſeverance.

I muſt repeat again, that no words can expreſs thoſe ſentiments of gratitude with which I have the honour to be,

Gentlemen,

Your moſt obliged,

and devoted ſervant,

C. J. FOX.*

* The above moſt ſenſible and elegant addreſs needs no comment; yet we cannot in this place forego the pleaſure of congratulating our fellow-citizens in Weſtminſter, and the kingdom at large, on the glorious conqueſt obtained by ſo decided a majority over Court influence and miniſterial manœuvre. The Scrutiny now carrying on, if ever gone through with by Sir Cecil Wray, will, we doubt not, ſtill more ſplendidly mark the overthrow of venality by the ſpirited independence of FREE MEN, who, in the very face of HIGH AUTHORITY *unconſtitutionally exerted*, dared to oppoſe a *noble reſiſtance* to arrogant invaſion, and return, by legal ſuffrages, once more to Parliament, the man who never yet, either in or out of office, loſt ſight of thoſe valuable rights of the people, that can alone preſerve to us the true ſpirit and active principle of our happy Conſtitution, handed down to us by our anceſtors in thoſe two great Charters of Liberty, Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights, as ſettled at the Revolution.

The Importance of Newſpapers in a free Country (ſuch as England) is never forgot by the Public Miniſters; and Party Men of all Denominations are truly ſenſible of their Utility. At Elections they claim a particular Pre-eminence, and in no Election have they aſſumed and maintained more Conſequence than in that of which we treat. We therefore doubt not of having the Approbation of the Public, in ſelecting from the Papers of the Day the following Paragraphs and miſcellaneous Matter, which applied particularly to the Weſtminſter Conteſt. We ſhall arrange the Paragraphs as we have done the Hand-bills and Advertiſements;—thoſe for Hood and Wray apart, and thoſe for Mr. Fox likewiſe apart, to follow Hood and Wray's, with a running Title to each.

The TRUE MEANING of Mr. FOX's ADVERTISEMENT.

To the Worthy and Independent Electors of the City and Liberty of Weſtminſter.

His Majeſty's Miniſters (they ought to have been mine) *having thought fit*, (without my conſent) *in contradiction to their own declarations*, (which I cannot refer to) *in defiance of the ſenſe of the Houſe of Commons*, (*i. e.* in defiance of the intereſt of a ſmall majority, acting in defiance to the ſenſe of the nation, and therefore nothing more than John Roe and Thomas Doe) *and without any public pretence whatever, to ſubject the nation to all the inconveniences*, &c. (this is giving the l--e direct to the Speech from the Throne, which aſſigns a ſpecific reaſon viz. to take the ſenſe of the nation on the late parliamentary uſurpations upon the Crown and the India Company.) *I humbly beg leave to ſolicit* (very humble, not to ſay beggarly, indeed!) "*To ſecure to the people of* "*this country the weight that belongs to them in the ſcale of the Conſtitution, has ever been* "*the principle of my political conduct.*" (Which people does the great patron of the nation's weight in the Conſtitution mean? the people without doors, or the people within? This depends upon his being in or out of office, in a majority or a minority. In the former, they are uniformly within doors; if in the latter, the people are without doors, wherever he can find them his friends; and by this poor bare-faced colluſion has he kept up the farce of popularity, till now the very butcher's dog ſmells the cheat, and lifts the leg of contempt againſt the Man of the People. How very fooliſh are moſt cunning men!)

CARLO KHAN's ADDRESS to the ELECTORS of W--------R.

Gentlemen,

Our gracious K--- having (unfortunately for me) diſcovered the full ſcope and deſign of my political conduct, from the features of my Eaſt India Bill, which would have robbed the firſt Company of Merchants in the world of their charter; which would have given me the patronage of two millions ſterling a year, and have created a new power in this kingdom, of which I ſhould have been the ſole Director and Sovereign Protector; knowing too the turbulence of my temper, and the deranged ſtate of my finances; for theſe, and ſuch other like futile conſiderations, thought proper to diſmiſs me and my noble friend in the blue ribband from his ſervice. Determined to reſent this mark of the K---'s diſpleaſure, and to recover (if poſſible) an office which procured me the annual ſum of eight thouſand pounds, I immediately exerted all thoſe powers with which I am ſo happily gifted, to perſuade the Houſe that the Conſtitution

was

was at ſtake, and could not poſſibly be ſaved, unleſs my noble friend in the blue ribband and myſelf had the direction of his M-----y's Councils. We declared the new Miniſter had not our confidence, and therefore that his M ----y ought to diſmiſs him.

We addreſſed, for this purpoſe; ſtopped the buſineſs of the nation; I threatened to ſtop the ſupplies; in ſhort, tried every means in our power to harraſs the beſt of K---s, and to bring the nation into anarchy and confuſion, and have at laſt moſt happily brought about a diſſolution of Parliament. Such, Gentlemen, has been my conduct. I intend firmly to perſevere in the ſame ſteps, and, if poſſible, to dupe the whole people of this great nation, and make them believe that I am the only man in England who is their friend, and that unleſs myſelf and my noble friend in the blue ribband are reſtored to office, this country is ruined beyond all redemption; that the K. who is emphatically ſtiled the Father of his People, is Nobody; that the L---s are cyphers; and that a ſmall majority of the Houſe of Commons is the Conſtitution as by law eſtabliſhed. Conſcious that in every ſituation (both in and out of office) my ſyſtem has been uniformly the ſame, I hope and truſt that I ſhall be ſupported by all honeſt men at this Election, and by all patriots in the Houſe, till the Couſtitution is completely demoliſhed; till the K---, L---s, and People are my vaſſals, and till the glorious days of the Protector ſhall again return.

Having thus fully and diſpaſſionately ſtated to you my political principles, and my political conduct, I can have no doubt in the world of meeting with every ſupport on the preſent occaſion.

I have the honour to be, &c. &c. &c.

March 31, 1784. C. J. F.

MISCHIEFS ariſing from GENERAL ELECTIONS.

1. The greateſt abuſe of the moſt ſolemn action of a man's life, the taking of an oath.---By this abuſe the ſenſe of the importance of an oath abates, and men ſwear falſehoods on all other occaſions with calmneſs and eaſe.

2. The propagation of falſehoods of the moſt glaring nature; the ruin of the peace of families and individuals, by ſlanders ſcattered with cunning, and ſeldom cleared up until too late. Hence friendſhip and philanthrophy are driven from the breaſt of men, and ſelf-intereſt and malice take place of thoſe virtues.

3. Duplicity, treachery, falſe promiſes, proteſtations, and artifices of the moſt baſe kind are publicly exerted in order to ſucceed. Hence mutual confidence is deſtroyed between man and man, and a ſpecies of barbarous hoſtility erected in the minds of man againſt each other.

4. Men loſe their temper, women loſe their modeſty, trade loſes workmen, voters loſe their ſenſes, and diſappointed candidates loſe their money. Hence general integrity is weakened, and univerſal diſſoluteneſs of manners advances haſtily.

5. More promiſes are made than ever will be put in practice; more patriotiſm boaſted than the country poſſeſſes; more aſſertions made than ever can be proved; more fools made than ever can be mended; and more idleneſs propagated than the country can admit. Hence the moſt ſerious things are turned into ridicule, and oaths, promiſes, &c. are conſidered as matters of courſe, and of indifference.

As for what may be ſaid to be gained by a General Election, we ſhall conſider that hereafter.

PRESENT POLITICS.

ELECTIONS.

Te venieunte die, te decedente canebat.

John Bull (God help *him* and a Parliamentary Reform) now thinks of nothing elſe but Elections.

He

He is therefore furniſhed with theſe maxims.

Chuſe no man--- who muſt be *perjured* when he ſwears *bona fide* he has a *qualification!*

Chuſe no man---who has *nulla bona* but now and then a Roulleau or two from the jocularity of fortune at Brookes's.

Chuſe no man---who lives in ready furniſhed lodgings, and hires his carriage by the month---of courſe, who has *nulla bona*, no goods ſeizable by the Sheriff!

Chuſe no man---who owes 20,000l. a year in gambling annuities.

Chuſe no man---whoſe expences at the laſt Election are not yet all paid.

Chuſe no man---who was to have been provided for by the late iniquitous Eaſt India bill.

Chuſe no man---like the Briſtol people---chuſe no man---who was an accomplice of the late blaſted coalition.

T. DOBBES.

Queries to the honeſt, loyal, and independent Electors of Weſtminſter.

1. Who is the notorious and infamous *liar* that formed a coalition with Lord North?

2. Who is the *thief* that attempted to ſteal three great provinces of the Mogul empire?

3. Who is the conſummate *hypocrite* that pretended to do this out of compaſſion to the natives?

4. Who *robbed* the India Company of their charter, trade, and revenue?

5. Who was the impudent *rogue* that profeſſed to do this for the *benefit* of the *proprietors and the nation?*

6. Who attempted to *filch the Crown* of its prerogatives?

7. Who hired a gang of ruffians to *murder* the King's Miniſter?

8. Who *ſtole the Great Seal* from the Lord Chancellor?

9. Will any *ſoldier* or *loyal ſubject* vote for a man who inſults his Sovereign?

10. Will any one with the feelings of a free Briton give his ſuffrage to the avowed contemner of the people?

The noted *Samah Houſki*, keeper of a caravanſera and trumpeter to *Carlo*'s body guard, is ſaid to be indefatigable in his endeavours to prevail on the troops to intoxicate themſelves with beer, brandy, and American opium; it having been obſerved, that few men are ſo warmly attached to the *Can*, as thoſe who are mad or drunk.

Mr. F--x, like his crafty name-ſake, the well-known quadruped of *Vulpine* race, is never without a ſly ſhift when neceſſity drives him to a pinch. Having firſt canvaſſed Weſtminſter on his own bottom, with little hopes of ſucceſs, he has now recourſe to a ſtratagem from which he expects ſome advantage, by coupling the reſpectable name of Lord Hood with his own, in his lateſt hand-bills, as being united in the ſame common intereſt. This is ſuch a barefaced impoſition on the underſtanding of the Electors, after being publicly and authentically informed that Lord Hood had already embarked his cauſe with that of Sir Cecil Wray, as challenges the moſt pointed demonſtrations of their indignation and reſentment. But ſuch impudent and deceitful policy is no new thing with that daring invader of *Chartered Rights*. He took the ſame liberty at the laſt General Election, with the name of Lord Rodney, then Sir George; but the friends who conducted the canvas for that gallant veteran, he being abroad himſelf on the public ſervice, ſcouted the idea of ſuch a connexion, by expoſing the falſehood publicly; though the artifice had wrought ſo far before it was deemed worthy of notice, that they were not able ultimately to defeat the end it was intended to anſwer. This, ſays a correſpondent, furniſhes an example for Lord Hood, if we could ſuppoſe he ſtood in need of any precedent to direct his conduct in the preſent emergency; and he may aſſure himſelf, if he is not

early

early in his endeavours to undeceive the public, that the intereſt of Sir Cecil Wray may ſuffer *now* in the ſame manner as that of Lord Lincoln did on the *former* occaſion.

Nothing can exceed the ſupine and inconſiſtent conduct of thoſe who have *addreſſed* the King, and thanked him for diſmiſſing his late charter-breaking Miniſtry, and yet refuſe to ſtand forth in a body to ſupport the tried friends of the Conſtitution, and to diſcourage the *creatures* of the flagitious *Coalition*. The *appeal* is made in vain, if the *people* will not ſeriouſly attend to it. Electors! awake! ariſe! or be *for ever fallen!!!*

The Electioneering Fortune is not the blind Goddeſs--Hitherto at leaſt in this buſineſs her arrangements are ſuch as perfectly to ſatisfy virtue and her friends.

The county of Middleſex, and the cities of London and Weſtminſter, are the grand exemplaries of public conduct, which never fail to be felt and followed by every diſtrict not venal, not implicit throughout the kingdom.

Poor "ſix to one" is quite chop fallen; *ſans* hopes; *ſans* votes; *ſans* caſh; *ſans* credit; *ſans* creditable friends; *ſans* every thing.

A certain Gentleman in his canvas has met with a few thruſts not eaſily to be parried! "Pray, Sir, where is your qualification?" was the laconic knock-me-down at more than one houſe he went to---"Sir pay me what you owe me," in another: In one of the markets he was hooted, and the dogs ſet at him; and in almoſt every ſtreet through which he paſſed, if his delight was in *curſing*, he did not go empty away.

It has been ſaid in ſome of the daily publications, that Mrs. H----- is retired to Weybridge *for the benefit of her health*. We are happy, however, to aſſure our readers, that ſhe is by no means *indiſpoſed*. Mr. H----- has a houſe there, and thinks that at this time of the year a little country air will not be unſeaſonable. Good *breeding* is not very prevalent in the country; yet there is not perhaps a ſpot, even in *Wales*, where the air is better adapted to that purpoſe.

The Prince of Wales has diſmiſſed ſeveral of his tradeſmen for not giving their ſupport to the faction, now in oppoſition to his Father's Government, and to the general ſentiments of the people. Among the reſt, his butcher, who is worthy a better name and profeſſion, was diſcharged for declaring, that with all due reſpect to his Highneſs, he ſhould vote according to the beſt of his judgment, and ſhould, in the preſent conteſt, follow the dictates of his own conſcience. His tallow-chandler was alſo diſcharged for the ſame delinquency. When theſe facts are known, and fully authenticated, ſhall we hear Mr. Fox complain of a *Miniſter*'s interference in an election, or of the undue interpoſition of the *regal influence*, to prevent the Crown from being enthralled, and the people ſacrificed?

Indifferent as the world may be, the only parliamentary return that can do honour to any man, is for ſome diſtrict of large and populous habitation, where at leaſt the majority of the inhabitants have to entruſt their Repreſentative with the confidence of a vote. As ſuch we recommend it to Mr. Pitt to take his ſeat for the city of London, for Middleſex, or Weſtminſter!

As far as the preſent view of the Electioneering Intereſts can carry us, it is at leaſt four to one againſt Mr. Fox in Weſtminſter---againſt Mr. Sawbridge for the City---and Sir Richard Hotham for the Borough.

Mr. Erſkine and Mr. Sheridan are expected to be returned for one of the Boroughs belonging to the late Marquis of Rockingham.

The *Man of the People*---ſo to be called from his large dealings among all ſorts of people, and his increaſing impoſitions---has lately been the means of having an execution ſent into the houſe of the *Silly Earl*, who, from the acceſſion of great property, has of late become one of the Firms to the late blaſted Coalition!

The execution above referred to was for the trifling ſum of 4500l. and is no uncommon favour imparted by the great abilities of this Gentleman to his boſom friends---witneſs a ſimilar ceremonial repeatedly performed at the Earl of C. Mr. C. Sir C. B. &c. &c.

Scarcely any public topic could be more diverting than the *ludicrous diſtreſſes* to which ſeveral conſpicuous individuals in *Oppoſition* have been reduced, in raiſing their electioneering ſupplies!

Wherever your *Political Adventurer* ſhall ſtart, let the *Qualification* be a thing ſifted to the bottom---let the perjured front of each *Inſolvent* be in all places hooted from the Huſtings!

Parliamentary corruption is by no means a novelty; but one of the moſt memorable inſtances of venality in a Britiſh Parliament was in the reign of Edward II, who was impeached and barbarouſly murdered by their being the dupes of an infamous woman. At that time the Knights of Shires, during the ſitting of Parliament, had ten groats a day allowed them; and if either of them happened to have the honour of being *dubbed*, his allowance was raiſed to four ſhillings. But the Parliament of theſe days, as has been hinted above, diſgraced their Prerogative: A ſpirit of faction annihilated every principle of juſtice. They depoſed their Monarch with the ſame facility they would have exiled a common individual. Edward fell a ſacrifice to their tyranny. and *Majeſty in diſtreſs* excited the tears of his ſubjects: For who could forbear to weep, when they ſaw *him* weep? Who could refrain to ſhudder at the thought of a red-hot iron being applied to the fleſh, and finiſhing the exiſtence of an amiable and virtuous Prince?

Several Candidates are much diſtreſſed for a ſteady friend to take the chair and keep it ---for one that can drink without flinching for three days and nights together, and ſettle a ſcore of Electors under the table at one time---who can, moreover, ſing a good ſong---give good ſentiments---toaſt eternally---and cajole every man that comes near him.

The French Ambaſſador is canvaſſing for Mr. Fox, and makes the moſt ſtrenuous efforts for that renowned patriot. His Excellency is in this inſtance the real friend of *his Court*; for while we are quarrelling about the Ins and the Outs, our enemies are vigorouſly preparing for ſome future war, when this kingdom may (thanks to the coalition) be irretrievably undone!

Mr. Randall, the great glaſs-man in St. James's-ſtreet, is the firm friend to Karlo. Perhaps he may find to his coſt, that his friend's promiſes are as brittle as the goods in his ſhop, and that he cannot receive any *luſtre* from the connection!

We have been very confidently aſſured, that were the bare names, without the moving details of the ſufferings and deſpair of *Fox's genuine Martyrs*, to be now publiſhed, it would far exceed in ſize all probable computation. By the above epithet are to be underſtood all thoſe who attached themſelves to his Eaſt India Bill, from the humble expectants of places of 50l. a year, promiſed by Sir Henry Fletcher, up to the Right Hon. Lord North.

The lovely Ducheſs of Devonſhire is ſtrong in the intereſt of Mr. Fox. Her Grace canvaſſes every day, and has cauſed a thouſand Coalition medals to be ſtruck on the occaſion; one of which (though ſurely not with a kiſs from her lovely lips) ſhe gives to every Elector who promiſes *a plumper* for Mr. Fox!

Allowing

Allowing Mr. Fox ten years to recover his character, the vigour of his intellects muſt by that time begin to decline; ſo that his ſun of glory has fairly ſet in meridian luſtre, never to ſhine with equal brightneſs more.

We underſtand that *Carlo Khan*, at preſent, conſumes a vaſt quantity of *ſoap*, in waſhing the *dirt* off his hands, contracted in canvaſſing, and in holding *greaſy handled pots* in the different *ale-houſes* of Weſtminſter.

Carlo's bronze front is of prodigious ſervice to him during his preſent canvaſs. He is obliged frequently to put up with the contumely of the very loweſt order of the people, more grating than even the taunts or inſolence of office.

Carlo Khan, dubious of ſucceſs, and miſtruſtful of the fidelity of his *black* troops, *alias* body *guards*, has lately viſited that noted *Bramin*, *Katterfelto**, and deſired him to canvaſs the celeſtial powers, as his confidence in the terreſtrial began to ſubſide. But we are informed, that the *Bramin* declined the office, and very honeſtly aſſured *Carlo*, that he was no more a *conjurer* than the other was a *patriot:* Notwithſtanding there was an expedient, by which he might ſecure ſucceſs with the vulgar, viz. by amuſing them with *promiſes* of doing *wonders* for them, together with a few *deceptions*, and a great deal of *talk*. This the ſage aſſured him, was the method which he himſelf had practiſed with ſucceſs on thoſe very perſons, whom *Carlo* now wiſhed to gain over to his intereſt.

It is ſaid that the D—— of B——, and the P—— of W——, are buſy in canvaſſing for Mr. Fox. It muſt be ſuppoſed, that in this employment, ſo admirably ſuited to their high rank, they cannot be otherwiſe than ſucceſsful.

It is pity the rough diſpoſition of Mr. Fox ſhould have made a diſmiſſion of the Parliament neceſſary, while ſo much time muſt be loſt in a regulation of India, agreed to be wanted on all hands: but ſurely there is a difference between taking a friend by the hand to raiſe him from diſtreſs, and knocking him on the head at once!

Col. Katterfelto is at preſent buſily employed in canvaſſing for his friend *Carlo*. There was never, perhaps before ſeen ſo *dark* a canvaſſing group, compoſed of the *Khan* himſelf, the man whom all the country people imagine to be the *devil*, and his *black cat*.

When a *certain* Gentleman ſent down an hundred guineas to the poor of Stafford, he wiſely recollected, that "Charity covers a *multitude* of ſins."

We underſtand, that notwithſtanding a certain Orator's reprobation of *ſecret influence*, he has got a petticoat Committee to canvaſs and manage his buſineſs for him. Mrs. ---------, of Bruton-ſtreet, is ſaid to be *chair-woman*.

Miniſters having been offered a Bill of Fare, on Tueſday laſt, we think it extremely hard that oppoſition ſhould not experience a ſimilar complaiſance, eſpecially as they are

* As Katterfelto has often been mentioned by the partizans of Hood and Wray, we beg leave here to acquaint our readers, that the ſaid Katterfelto is a moſt infamous impoſtor, and pretender to philoſophy; his native country Germany, probably a Hanoverian. For ſome time paſt he has collected money ſufficient of the ideots of this country to pay the expences of his advertiſements, beſides, we believe, ſome little emolument to himſelf. But will the populace never grow wiſe? Muſt a Katterfelto and a Pitt impoſe upon the public for ever with equal ſucceſs and equal ability?

at preſent more in *need* of a treat. We therefore preſent them with the following. N. B. The dinner is to be given at the Shakeſpeare. End of Courſe I. a ſong by *Lord Derby**.

BILL OF FARE.

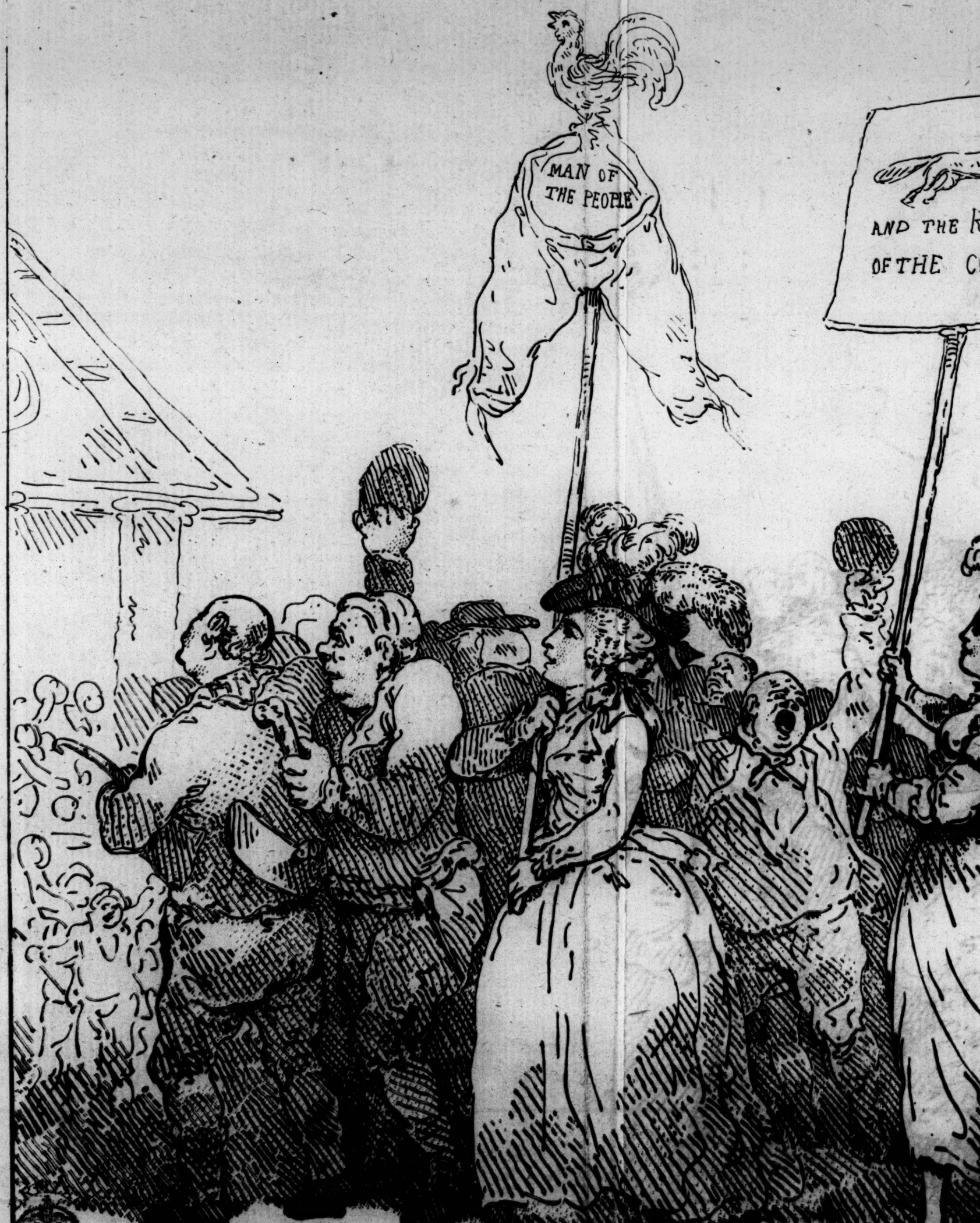
Lord North,	*Hung-beef.*
Colonel North,	*Calf's-head haſhed.*
Mr. Sheridan,	*Olives.*
Mrs. Robinſon,	*Rumps and kidnies.*
Mrs. Armſtead,	*Lamb's fry.*
Mr. Rigby,	*Suet pudding.*
Mr. Stanhope,	*Rabbits.*
General Conway,	*Minced veal.*
Lord Loughborough,	*Scotch haggis.*
Lord Mansfield,	*Scotch kail.*
Jack Lee,	*Haſty pudding.*
Lord Beauchamp,	*Potatoes and butter-milk.*
Mr. Courtenay,	*Haſhed mutton.*
Lord Derby,	*Wood pigeons.*
Lord Carliſle,	*A turkey pout.*
Mr. Foljambe,	*Yorkſhire pudding.*
Harry Houſe,	*Pickles, &c.*
Mr. Weltje,	*German puddings.*
Sam. Houſe,	*Porter and beefſtakes.*
Mr. Burke,	*Frogs fricaſeed.*
The Cyprian Corps,	*Marrowbones.*

A more patriotic or benevolent ſentiment was never uttered than Sir Cecil Wray's expreſſion reſpecting Chelſea Hoſpital; it has indeed been twiſted into all the horrid ſhapes that depravity could ſuggeſt; but it was nevertheleſs the effuſion of an honeſt and a generous mind. What perſon can hear, that each of the penſioners on the Chelſea eſtabliſhment coſts no leſs a ſum to this diſtreſſed country than fifty-one pounds per annum, knowing at the ſame time that they could be better ſubſiſted, and with more content to themſelves, for one-third of the ſum? Who can hear this without heartily wiſhing the fabric to be demoliſhed, and its revenue more beneficially applied? The munificence of the nation ſhould be directed ſolely to objects of compaſſion, to heal the wounded, to comfort the diſtreſſed, and to recompence the toils and dangers of the brave; but, alas! how different are the appointments, and how inadequate the rewards! Inſtead of affording an aſylum to the veteran who has fought in his country's cauſe---inſtead of proportioning penſions to the merits of profeſſional claimants, and conſequently admitting treble the preſent number to its comfortable participation; alas! who can but exclaim,---The bulk of the income is diſſipated by extravagant appointments, and ſinecure enjoyments of favourite females, patronized footmen, and the dependent friends of ſome Miniſter in power.

We hear that the D- ---ſs of D---- --- grants *favours* to thoſe who promiſe their votes and intereſt to Mr. Fox.

* This is a piece of wit of the *moſt witty* Mr. W. Editor of the Morning Poſt.---*Riſum teneatis amici.*

Few



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PROCESSION TO THE HUSTINGS

ND THE RIGHTS
OF THE COMMONS

No Tax on
Maid Servants

KEY OF THE
BACK STAIRS

Long Acre.

INGS AFTER A SUCCESSFUL CANVASS.

N. 14.

Few words are more frequently abuſed, in modern politics, than the word *reſpectable*. To ſay the truth, it is a word entirely of newſpaper creation, having no authority above a ſpeech in Parliament, or a Coalition pamphlet, to defend it*.

A *reſpectable meeting of Electors* is a meeting when nine out of ten have neither houſe nor vote in the place.

A *reſpectable member* is one who is more aſſiduous to pleaſe his patron than his conſtituents; and of ſuch *reſpectable* members the number has of late increaſed very much.

A correſpondent thinks, that in future thoſe members, who, *to ſerve their country*, give ten or fifteen thouſand pounds, or perhaps ſquander a whole eſtate upon a borough, ſhould make a bargain with Government that Parliament ſhould laſt its whole time. Some *reſpectable* gentry ſeem to feel very ſore on this point, and are wonderfully *nervous* on the mention of a diſſolution.

It is remarkable, that the meetings of *reſpectable men* generally happen to be held in taverns †.

The citizens of London have now an opportunity of evincing to the world, that they really poſſeſs ſome degree of conſiſtency, a matter at preſent much doubted. Mr. Pitt's Adminiſtration, and his conduct as a Member of Parliament, have hitherto deſervedly received every mark of their approbation; let men of Mr. Pitt's principles then, the true friends of their King and Country, receive that confidence and ſupport, which the abettors of an infamous and unprincipled faction have ſo juſtly forfeited.

Mr. Fox is an orator, and nothing but an orator; his whole conduct as a Miniſter proves his total want of experience or addreſs in foreign negotiation, as well as his deficiency of public virtue in the management of our domeſtic concerns. *Salluſt*, in one of his fragments, characterizes a famous orator of his country and times in this manner:---"*Cujus omnis vis virtuſque in Lingua ſita eſt.*"

In the conteſt between Lord Hood and Mr. Fox, it will appear whether the people pay the greateſt honour to the character of a crafty and ſubtle pleader, or to that of a plain and gallant ſoldier.

WESTMINSTER ELECTION.

April 2.] Yeſterday at eleven o'clock the Election for the city and liberty of Weſtminſter commenced at Covent Garden. The prodigious concourſe of people aſſembled on the occaſion conſiderably obſtructed the regularity of the proceeding, and ſo far favoured the deſigns of Mr. Fox and his friends, whoſe intention ſeemed directed to create confuſion.

Mr. Baker opened the buſineſs, by ſtating the nature and the importance of the truſt about to be delegated; and as to the merits of the ſeveral candidates, he ſaid he ſhould conſider them all as *equally honourable*. This expreſſion excited general reſentment; the auditors almoſt with one voice exclaiming, "Talk not of the honour of Mr. Fox." Others exclaiming, "What! compare him with Sir Cecil Wray, who is an HONEST "MAN!"

Mr. Fox then advanced to the front of the Huſtings, and amidſt the hiſſes, catcalls, and *execrations* of thouſands, proceeded to harangue the multitude. He ſaid he was extremely happy to meet his friends on the preſent occaſion; that he loved the people, and had been uniform in ſupporting their rights; that the cauſe he had ſo lately

* An idea of the moſt *reſpectable* Mr. W.'s, Editor of that moſt *reſpectable* paper "The Morning Poſt."

† Happening to know ſomething of the author of the above *newſpaper* aſſertion, we beg leave to inform our readers, that all *his* reſpectability *entirely* ariſes from tavern doctrines and hearſay evidence.

ſtruggled for, was the cauſe of the people; and that he conceived too well of their public ſpirit, to ſuppoſe them capable of deſerting a man, whoſe ſtrenuous efforts had been recently exerted in their behalf.

He was proceeding in this ſtrain, when the hootings from every quarter preventing a ſyllable from being heard, he declined; and that it might not appear he was ſo univerſally the object of diſlike, the *marrowbones and cleavers*, ſtationed for the purpoſe, ſtruck up, and thus overpowered by their diſcordancy, the noiſe reſulting from a general hiſs.

This manœuvre being happily adjuſted, Lord Mahon came forward, and was received with the loudeſt acclamations. His Lordſhip ſtrongly recommended Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, as two characters deſerving the moſt vigorous ſupport of the Electors. The one had gallantly diſtinguiſhed himſelf in the ſervice of his King and country; the other, as a Member for Weſtminſter, had acted with conſiſtency, uprightneſs, and honour. That his conduct had been unexceptionable was evident; becauſe, after the enemies of Sir Cecil Wray had exerted their utmoſt ingenuity to diſcover a cauſe for reducing him to a level with themſelves, all they had been able to advance againſt him was, that he had declared, "*even another tax on domeſtics would be leſs oppreſſive than the Receipt Tax*;" which had been the odious meaſure ſo ſtrongly ſupported by Mr. Fox.

Lord Mahon then retired to the back of the Huſtings, and Sir Cecil Wray and Lord Hood advanced, both of whom experienced every mark of approbation. Lord Hood profeſſed his intention of devoting the remainder of his life to the ſervice of his Conſtituents, and in ſupport of thoſe meaſures only which would benefit the country.

Sir Cecil Wray declared himſelf entirely at the diſpoſal of his Conſtituents. Their inſtructions he would always obey; their wiſhes he would conſider as obligatory on his conduct. To every meaſure of national utility, he declared himſelf a friend. The Reform of Parliament, the repeal of the odious Receipt-tax, were objects neareſt his heart. His late colleague Mr. Fox had deſerted him on ſeveral occaſions, particularly when the Receipt-tax was in agitation. That tax, ſo univerſally oppreſſive to trade and commerce, had been *approved by Mr. Fox*; but Sir Cecil ſaid, that it had always met his marked diſapprobation. He had ſpoken and voted againſt the Receipt-tax, in every ſtage of the Bill, from its firſt introduction to the final paſſing of it by the Houſe of Commons.

This declaration called forth a burſt of applauſe, and Sir Cecil Wray retiring from the Huſtings, the High Bailiff proceeded to the buſineſs of nomination.

Mr. Baker nominated Mr. Fox on the inſide of the Huſtings.

Dr. Jebb in the ſame place nominated Sir Cecil Wray. He requeſted the attention of the people, and addreſſed himſelf to them in nearly the following words:

"Before I ſpeak to the character and parliamentary merits of the gentleman, whom "it is my purpoſe to recommend to your ſuffrages, permit me to premiſe a few words "reſpecting a ſubject intirely unconnected with party, and which more immediately "concerns yourſelves. You are now met to exerciſe the moſt important franchiſe you "poſſeſs to delegate the moſt important truſt which can be conferred on man—the "power of making laws, which may poſſibly tend to your peace and welfare, but may "alſo be the occaſion, to yourſelves and poſterity, of diſtreſs, of ſlavery, and final ruin. "By the preſent unconſtitutional practice, you are called upon to delegate this truſt for "ſeven years. It is therefore your duty, until the ancient ſalutary cuſtom of annual "Parliaments ſhall, by the exertions of the people, be reſtored, to guard, with eſpecial "care, a delegation of a nature ſo important, and to uſe every precaution which can "ſecure you againſt the conſequences of its abuſe; and it is more particularly incum-"bent upon you at this important criſis, when the attention of the people is ſo

"ſtrongly

" ſtrongly called to that Parliamentary Reform, which alone can preſerve this country " from deſtruction. The city of London has ſet a noble example, worthy of imitation " by the whole kingdom. The principle is liberal, conſtitutional, and juſt. It is my " purpoſe therefore to call upon your Candidates to expreſs their aſſent to the following " declaration :

" I do declare upon my honour, that upon a fair ſignification of the wiſhes of a ma- " jority of my conſtituents, I will either act in conformity to their inſtructions, or " embrace the firſt opportunity of vacating my ſeat."

Dr. Jebb then proceeded to expreſs his abhorrence of that coalition which had effected ſo much evil to the country; and pointed out, by variety of arguments, the neceſſity of marking it with peculiar cenſure. He declared, that if after ſuch defection, men found they could regain the ſupport and good opinion of the people, others would be encouraged to trifle with the moſt ſolemn engagements, and at firſt delude with falſe ſhews of patriotiſm, and afterwards at their pleaſure inſult the honeſt feelings of their countrymen. He then entered fully into the character and conduct of Sir Cecil Wray, whom he warmly recommended to the citizens of Weſtminſter as a truly honeſt man; that his parliamentary conduct had always been ſteady and conſiſtent; that he had ever been ſedulouſly attentive to his duty; that he was the friend of parliamentary reform from principle, and that as he acted from principles of the pureſt kind, he truſted he would ever ſerve them with fidelity and zeal. With full perſuaſion, therefore, of his virtues, he with confidence nominated Sir Cecil Wray as a proper perſon to repreſent the City and Liberties of Weſtminſter in Parliament. He was warmly ſeconded by Mr. Vardy.

Sir Cecil, in his ſpeech, acquieſced in the preceding declaration.

The names of the Candidates being then ſeverally put up, the majority of hands was declared to be in favour of Sir Cecil Wray and Lord Hood. A poll, however, being demanded by the friends of Mr. Fox, the books were opened, and it began at one o'clock, and cloſed at three, when the numbers ſtood,

For Mr. Fox,	- -	302
Lord Hood,	- -	264
Sir Cecil Wray,	-	238

Several Ladies of a certain rank in Weſtminſter, are exerting very extraordinary *intereſt* for their friends.---Let who will rail againſt *ſecret influence*, and *back ſtairs*, there will always be ſome *influence*, and certain *ſtairs*, which honeſt men do not ſcruple to mount on certain occaſions.

QUERIES and REPLIES.

What is the meaning of the phraſe, Modern Patriot?---A man who, under pretence of rendering ſervices to his country, is aiming at the acquiſition of power to gratify his private ambition or avarice.

What is the meaning of the phraſe, Political Conſiſtency?—Acting directly in contradiction to ſtrong profeſſions and promiſes; ſpeaking one thing to-day, and contradicting it to-morrow.

What is the meaning of the phraſe, Secret Influence?—A political bugbear, uſed by ſome to alarm others; as nurſes frighten children, by crying, *raw head and bloody bones!*

What is the Man of the People?—A barking dog of the *Fox* breed.

What is a Lord Chancellor?—Except one, the greateſt man in Britain, if his name happens to be *Thurlow*.

What

What is a Lord?—A Lord is a *Temple*, which the people decorate with laurels.

What is the Crime of Youth?—To be eminently virtuous, and to poſſeſs the wiſdom of old age, with the ſtrength and ſpirit of manhood; to refuſe aſſociating with public plunderers, blacklegs, and ſharpers.

The proper anſwer the public ought to give to thoſe long winded orators on the *Source of the Evil, Back-ſtairs*, &c. is the reply of Cleomenes, the Spartan General, to the Ambaſſador of Samos, viz. "As to what you have ſaid, the firſt part I do not re-"member; the middle I do not underſtand; and the laſt I do not approve."

The public are reſpectfully informed, that in caſe of a vacancy in Chelſea Hoſpital, *General Blackbeard* intends offering himſelf as a Candidate; the dangerous wounds he received in the battle of Leadenhall-ſtreet, his loſs of popularity, honour, and conſcience, he truſts, will be the beſt recommendations in his favour.

The learned *divine* at the *Evangelical* Cockpit obſerves, that *election* muſt imply that there is a *re-probation*. It is imagined, that the enſuing General Election will verify his aſſertion, and that the number of the *reprobates* will be conſiderable.

The majority by which *Carlo* was admitted a *Knight of the Bruſh*, was of the ſame reſpectability with that by which he carried his laſt motion againſt the Miniſter. He was within one of being black-balled.

An eminent grocer being ſolicited by Mr. Fox to give him his vote, laconically replied, "We have tried your profeſſions long enough already, and I'll be d--d if I "give my conſent to make any further experiments, either of your *honour* or "*honeſty*."

How ſanguine ſoever Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray may be of the ſupport of the *Chairmen* of Committees, their friends the *Chairmen* at Brooks's are determined to ſupport the cauſe of Cataline, and to *poll* for him in Covent Garden in the ſame ſpirited manner *they did in St. James-ſtreet*; and it is ſaid they have received their orders accordingly.

One cannot heſitate on which ſide to declare from the very emblems of the two parties that now contend for Weſtminſter. On one ſide you ſee a union flag diſplayed over the colours taken from France and Spain, and their true motto is, the *Conſtitution*. On the other ſide the pitiful device of No Tax on Maid Servants, and a wretched alluſion to what was never ſaid reſpecting *Chelſea Hoſpital*, and their true motto, *Coalition*.

It is remarkable that two celebrated Ducheſſes are no leſs opponents in *politics* than rivals in *beauty*. Their relative condition ſeems to be much the ſame in both; the one is gradually declining, while the other is riſing to her meridian.

We are much pleaſed to find, that *no-body* ſends to our paper paragraphs to counteract matters of fact. It is alſo a happy circumſtance that *no-body* takes an active part in ſupporting a faction againſt the united efforts of the King, the Lords, and the people.

Humphrey Cotes, Eſq. ſet up, a good many years ago, as a Candidate for the Repreſentation of Weſtminſter on a very ſlight intereſt. At the cloſe of the Poll, while the other Candidates were ſupported by thouſands, for Humphrey Cotes there appeared only eighty; on which Mr. Cotes ſaid, "I am ſurpriſed that I had ſo many, I did not think there had been that number of honeſt men in Weſtminſter."

St.

St. James's pariſh have promiſed at leaſt fifteen hundred *plumpers* to Mr. Fox. St. Clement's, St. Martin's, St. Anne's, and St. Paul's, are ſaid to be at leaſt five to one againſt him; the others are divided with tolerable equality.

A Gentleman paſſing through Covent Garden yeſterday, obſerved, that he had long prognoſticated what Mr. F's violent and factious diſpoſition would bring him to in the end, yet he had not expected, three months ago, to ſee him ſo ſoon upon a *ſcaffold*.

It is expected that the preſent Election for Weſtminſter will afford the warmeſt conteſt, ſince the time of Sir George Vandeput and Lord Trentham. Weſtminſter is ſaid to contain not leſs than forty thouſand Electors, one half of whom are expected to poll on the preſent occaſion.

We are informed that a huge foreigner goes about to the P. of Wales's tradeſmen, with pretended orders for them to vote for a certain candidate, on pain of loſing his R. H.'s cuſtom. If he has no ſuch orders, it ſhould be diſavowed; if he has them, his employers ſhould be told ſeriouſly, that a menace is as unconſtitutional as a bribe, and a violent infraction of the rights of the Electors, and of all the people; and is a mean, cowardly action.

Nothing but a Poll can ever aſcertain the inclinations of the people of Weſtminſter, as the place of meeting is open to all diſtinctions of ſociety; and accordingly Covent Garden was on Thurſday filled with chimney-ſweepers, draymen, chairmen, pick-pockets, whores, bullies, blackguards, barrow-women, &c. &c. without number. Such, we aver, compoſed the majority of the Thurſday's meeting.

The motives which actuate *voters* in diſpoſing of their votes, are rather curious. One gives his vote to a member, becauſe he has known him many years: Another, becauſe he knows nothing at all about him, and therefore ſuppoſes he may be honeſt: Another, becauſe he expects a favour from him: And another, becauſe a friend of his was once obliged to him. Thus, not once ~~in one~~ hundred times do we find a voter qualified by knowledge, or by integrity, to give his vote to the man who deſerves it.

The *Bub* and *Grub* Committees have already been very ſucceſsful. Hardly a *rotten ſheep*, or a bottle of *bad wine*, to be got in London, or its environs.

On Saturday a friend of Mr. Fox's, who had conſtantly obeyed the ſignal to *huzza*, given with a Fox's tail from the Huſtings, was detected with his left hand in a gentleman's pocket, while he was waving his hat with the right. He was immediately conſigned to the proper officers to undergo the uſual diſcipline, from which neither his numerous friends, nor the blue cockcade with his hero's name upon it, could protect him. Several *ſeals* were found about this rogue, and it is imagined, from the money in his pocket, that he had been *bribed*.

Among the many artifices uſed by Mr. Fox's friends to obtain votes, has been that of promiſing different tradeſmen to procure them his R. H.'s cuſtom. Some have been ſeduced by theſe means; but they will find themſelves the dupes of their own credulity.

We hear that Joſeph Surface, Eſq. who has long officiated as *Jack Pudding* to *Carlo Khan*, has lately ſworn horribly, that if he loſt his Election, he would reſign that poſt, and leave his friend Charles to eat fire, ſpin ribbands, and play on his own ſalt box.

Mr. F---'s great attention to the property of the Eaſt India Company proves that he has no indifferent qualification for the place of an *overſeer*.

The puniſhment for *bribery* is fine and impriſonment, though frequently the *pillory* is ſubſtituted in lieu of one or both of them. Should a certain *orator* be convicted in conſequence of the bill of indictment found againſt him, he may poſſibly have an opportunity

portunity of haranguing the mob at Bridgewater, and having his brows crowned with a *wooden* laurel.

After having been once mad, when the people again return to their ſenſes, it is ſeldom they relapſe into their former folly. The leaders of the Coalition may flatter themſelves with the hopes of a return of their popularity; but it is not to be expected that the public will be a ſecond time duped by theſe *pretenders* to patriotiſm and virtue.

Mr. Fox is certain of at leaſt five votes in the pariſh of St. James's. However his *Majeſty* may be affected towards him, his intereſt is ſtrong in *King's Place*. The *Ladies* from that ſeminary appeared at the Opera-houſe on Saturday, decorated with Fox's tails, and ſeemed determined to ſupport, with all their influence, whether open or *ſecret*, their favourite Candidate. Hence an argument for the truth of an old adage, which the reader's recollection will render it needleſs to repeat.

Not long ſince a Gentleman, who was thought to be a well-wiſher to the preſent Miniſtry, happened, in a mixed company, to aſſert, that of all men in this country, Mr. Fox was the moſt proper for a Prime Miniſter. How, ſaid one preſent, is that *your* opinion? Yes, ſaid the other, it is allowed on all ſides, that theſe are *deſperate* times, and by H--- ns, he is the moſt *determined* v------ I ever knew.

Lord North loſt his election at Banbury, by a ſingle vote, which was given by the Mayor againſt his Lordſhip. When this defeat was firſt reported yeſterday to Mr. Fox, on the Huſtings, he offered a bet of *five to one*, it was not true; but a friend, more in the ſecret than Mr. Fox, adviſed him to make no bet on the ſubject, as it was an undoubted fact*.

Nothing has more maimed a certain miſcreant on his canvaſs, than the ſilly zeal of ſome of his adherents---ignorant as unprincipled, they miſtook time and place, and treated the independent and ſubſtantial tradeſmen of *Covent Garden pariſh*, like the groveling vaſſals of *Taviſtock!*

Chelſea Hoſpital.- -Sir Cecil Wray wiſhes to provide for the old ſoldier---Charles Fox wiſhes to provide for a number of foreign footmen and other drones in Chelſea Hoſpital. Thus Mr. Fox's friend, Rigby's man, one Petonet, a Frenchman, has a ſuite of rooms, that ought to hold a dozen old ſoldiers, at 100l. a year ſalary and other perquiſites, which according to Sir Cecil's plan would feed and clothe ſix or eight of our decrepit warriors---Mr. Fox's friend, Rigby, has alſo a brother-in-law, who poſſeſſes the deputy government, a uſeleſs ſinecure, with emoluments and apartments, that, if Sir Cecil's plan (as every good man muſt wiſh) was carried into execution, it would provide for half a regiment!!!!!!!!! &c. &c. &c. Bakers who never bake, waſherwomen who never waſh. *Look at the red book.*

Nothing can equal the joy of the wiſe and good at Cambridge on the ſucceſs of Mr. Pitt and Lord Euſton. It is ſomething more than a perſonal affair---it is the triumph of parts and virtue, over their deplorable oppoſites.

The conteſt for the city and liberty of Weſtminſter is likely to prove ſo warm, that, in all probability, the Election will be ſpun out to the laſt poſſible hour for returning the members; and after that, ſhould Mr. Fox be one of the two, it is ſtrongly reported, that a ſcrutiny is reſolved on. It is certain, that the majority of thoſe who have hitherto polled for that Gentleman, had a moſt ſuſpicious appearance. Their *drapery*, and other circumſtances about, renders the validity of their votes extremely queſtionable.

The mode that prevails ſo much at preſent, of aſperſing the characters, or otherwiſe miſrepreſenting the conduct of competitors in Elections, is no leſs unmanly, than wicked

* Poor Mr. Editor of the Morning Poſt was obliged ſoon after to retract the above aſſertion, which appeared in his paper. He owned it a LIE, and begged pardon of the public for telling it.

and

and diſhonourable. The late attacks on Sir Cecil Wray and Mr. Atkinſon can only excite the indignation of men of liberal ſentiments, inſtead of anſwering the malignant views of their authors, or ſerving the odious and diſhoneſt purpoſes for which they were made. Calumny muſt ever give a bad title to recommendation. It is therefore, in good policy, as well as in common juſtice, the laſt expedient that a man of ſenſe or honour ought to have recourſe to for procuring favour: and none ought to truſt thoſe who think a crimination of others neceſſary to give an advantage to themſelves. It is a ſure ſign that they cannot ſtand on the bottom of their own merits. The ſpirit that ſhewed itſelf in Covent Garden on Saturday proves the impotence of detraction in the one caſe; and it is to be hoped that Guildhall will exhibit a like laudable example in the other.

It muſt be a matter of indifference to Mr. Fox whether he is ſucceſsful or not in his Election for Weſtminſter: for ſhould the indictment againſt him at Taunton Aſſizes be eſtabliſhed upon trial, the immediate conſequence muſt be an *expulſion* from Parliament.

It is not true that the late *watchmen* of the people were diſmiſſed and ſent home to their pariſhes for *ſleeping* on their ſtands: the fact is, that more than half of them were detected in the attempt of plundering that very property, which it was their duty to *guard* and defend.

The tradeſmen at the weſt end of the town ſhew altered countenances on the events of the Elections, as they have hitherto turned out. *Writs*, very different from thoſe of Election, are already preparing. In a word, *Capias!!!*

"Let 'em look to their bond" is now the exulting language of the ſhopkeeper and money lender, on the near proſpect of being able to *arreſt* ſome of the *honourable ſharpers*, who, under prophaned protections, have ſo long preyed upon the metropolis.

If the nation for their ſins ſhould ever be again viſited with an Adminiſtration formed out of the club at Brookes's, and that incapable villainy which blundered through the American war, Mr. Weltje, and two or three of the head waiters, are certainly to be brought into Parliament; and, perhaps, made Bank or India Directors.

Mr. Fox's property is really ſpoken of as next—to the Duke of Bedford's!!!

Beautiful ladies, in all future Elections, it is thought, will be provided by all Candidates to aſſiſt them in ſeducing the Electors. Girls will be brought from Armenia, and the Grecian Iſlands; Covent Garden, with its environs too, will ſupply females for electioneering. In ſhort, ſince it has become faſhionable to ſeize the voters by this *handle*, there is no ſaying what may not be done.

Can there be a greater proof of the freedom of Election being *attempted* to be *deſtroyed by oppoſition*, than the threats which are daily making by *young hopeful*, the *lately* prolific Ducheſs, &c. denouncing *bankruptcy* on all thoſe honeſt tradeſmen who *dare vote* according to their *judgment*.

Mr. Fox, one day laſt week, on attempting to ſpeak to his *little audience* at Covent Garden, found them rather vociferous and turbulent; on which he obſerved, that he did not think "he ſhould *ever* be able to make them hear him again." Why, I fear not, ſaid a gentleman that ſtood by; if you want your ſpeeches to be heard, you muſt make them of a very different kind from what you have hitherto done; and you muſt now and then endeavour to ſubſtitute *actions* for *words*. My Lord Hood, added the Gentleman, is, you ſee, very well attended to; but then, you muſt obſerve, he has been on actual duty, and *his works ſpeak for him**.

* Neither Lord Hood or Sir Cecil Wray ever addreſſed the Electors on the *out* or *inſide* of the Huſtings during the whole Election. The ceremony they performed each day after the Poll finiſhed was to come in front of the ſtage, and join hands in dumb ſhew—bowing to the populace, and exhibiting the pantomime painted on many ſign poſts, known by the name of "*The Salutation.*" Mr. FOX ſpoke every day for ſome time together.

The publication of the poll, confronted with the names of thoſe who ſigned the Addreſs, will be a ſtrong *teſt* of the conſiſtency and independence of the Weſtminſter Electors.

Mr. Fox, at the cloſe of the poll yeſterday, attempted to harangue his *old friends the mob*, but the noiſe of *hiſſing* was ſo great, it was impoſſible for him to be heard; his carriage ſtood near the Huſtings, with the harneſs *loſened* and *unbuckled*, and ſurrounded with a *choſen band*, in readineſs for the buſineſs which was to follow. On his returning to the carriage, the horſes were *inſtantly* taken out, and his *hireling few* drew him to his houſe in St. James's-ſtreet, *not* amidſt the acclamations of the populace, as was expected by his friends who planned the ſcheme, for the manœuvre was *too paltry* and *too* clearly ſeen through, to excite any thing more than a *contemptuous laugh* at the abſurd attempt to recover the popularity of a man, who ſeems to have loſt every ſhadow of right to public favour.

When the Ducheſs of D———re was canvaſſing for Mr. Fox's party at St. Alban's, as ſhe ſtepped out of her carriage to go into the houſe of a butcher, by ſome accident her ſhoe was torn, inſomuch that it was with difficulty ſhe could keep it on her foot. In this embarraſſment, the beautiful politician acquitted herſelf with great vivacity and good humour; ſhe kicked the ſhoe from her, and ſaid, "I gladly ſerve my friends, even bare-footed." When Julius Cæſar landed in Africa, as he jumped out of the veſſel he ſtumbled, and fell to the ground. The ſuperſtitious ſoldiery would have been diſcomfited at ſo ominous an incident, had not Cæſar with great quietneſs turned it into a favourable prognoſtic. He graſped the earth, and exclaimed *Teneo, te Africa*. "I hold "thee Africa." As if he would conquer in ſpite of fortune. What an excellent couple Julius Cæſar and the Ducheſs of D——e would have *formed*?

Monday at three o'clock, as one of the clerks appointed to take the Poll for Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray was retiring from the Huſtings, he was aſſaulted in a moſt outrageous manner by a chairman, who ſtruck him ſeveral times on the ſhoulders with a bludgeon. The clerk endeavoured to make his eſcape to Wood's Hotel, but the chairman purſuing him, made a ſtroke at his head, and he fell down. The mob perceiving the tranſaction, protected the clerk from further violence, and they endeavoured to ſecure the chairman, who had alſo ſtruck a ſailor on the eye with his bludgeon, and it is ſuppoſed that the poor fellow will loſe his ſight.

The chairman being thus taken, was carried to Covent Garden Round-houſe, and the clerk's head was examined by a ſurgeon, who adviſed bleeding, the application of a poultice, and he pronounced the wound to be of a nature which rendered it impoſſible to anſwer for the conſequence.

In the evening the chairman was removed from the Round-houſe to Bow-ſtreet, where Sir Sampſon Wright attended as the acting magiſtrate. The perſon of the chairman was identified by ſeveral witneſſes; the fact of his giving the blow, was proved on oath, and every circumſtance was inveſtigated with the greateſt impartiality. The chairman of courſe denied the charge, and a perſon attended in quality of Solicitor to offer bail for his appearance. The conſequences which might reſult from the contuſion being not, however, yet aſcertainable, the tender of bail was refuſed, and Mr. Patrick Joyce (for that is the chairman's name) was committed to priſon.

It is curious to obſerve how the Candidates of every deſcription, at the preſent moment, aſſume to themſelves the title of *Friends of the People*. The venal and the ambitious, the tyrant landlord, the profligate gameſter, the encroacher upon legal rights and conſtitutional privileges, all boldly pronounce upon the integrity of their paſt conduct, and talk of virtues which they never knew. Amongſt the foremoſt of theſe bold Hypocrites, are the very perſons who, in the conteſt for power, trampled upon the

the great charter, inſulted their conſtituents, and would have ſacrificed the *three* branches of the legiſlature to a *fourth* unnatural, hateful, monſtrous *power* of their own creating. But let theſe truths be impreſſed upon the mind of every Elector throughout the kingdom:

1. The friend of the people is the friend of the conſtitution, as ſettled at the glorious *Revolution*.

2. He that would lop off any *one* branch of the legiſlature, is an enemy to *all*.

3. *Paſt* good conduct is the beſt teſt of *future* integrity.

Mr. Fox, in his canvas for the city of Weſtminſter, met with many rude and mortifying refuſals, but his great affability and facetious diſpoſition gained him over ſome friends, who declared they could not refuſe him a vote, (though they diſliked his political principles); but his great ſupport is from the Bedford and Devonſhire intereſts, who ſtrain every nerve to ſerve him.

Yeſterday the beautiful *coalition Ducheſs* again exerted herſelf in the cauſe of her friend. Her Grace was dreſſed in a *black riding habit*, probably lamenting the hopeleſs condition of the party. The weather being rather cold, her Grace had Paddy L——, the blanket merchant, in her carriage. It was remarked, that affairs muſt be in a deſperate way indeed, when the ladies were obliged to have recourſe to brandy.

It is ſaid, that ſpeedily will be publiſhed, a new *Liſt of the Covent Garden Ladies*.

When the *canvaſſing Ducheſs* ſolicited a tradeſman in *York-ſtreet* for his vote and intereſt in favour of Mr. Fox, he ſaid he could not have refuſed her requeſt, if ſhe had been in company with a *gentleman*.

It had been reported, that *Perdita*'s carriage was diſtrained upon for a debt of ſeveral hundred pounds; but the *fair one* gave the lie to the report, by appearing yeſterday in the Covent Garden cavalcade.

Notwithſtanding the aſſiduity of our modern Venus, in her canvaſs of yeſterday, to her great diſappointment, ſhe could not ſecure a ſingle *plumper*.

The D—ſs of Dev——re ſays, at all events, if her friend Charley ſhould be diſcharged at Weſtminſter, the *only borough in her gift* is at his ſervice.

If men find themſelves abaſhed on being under the neceſſity of applying for votes among ſtrangers, and people of rude aud unpoliſhed manners, what are we to expect from women? What are we to think of their female *ſoftneſs* and *delicacy*, who bounce from ſhop to ſhop, inſiſting on men giving their voice according to their deſire? In truth, theſe ladies may mean well; and it ſhews them to be friendly *at bottom*, but it alſo ſhews, that they have parted with that feminine modeſty, and unaſſuming delicacy which form the characteriſtic of an amiable woman.

Though the tide was againſt the *Hood* and *Wray* men of war at their firſt ſetting out, yet the wind changed ſo favourably on Saturday, and the Commander of the former, being an experienced ſailor, knew ſo well how to make a good uſe of it, that, taking his conſort in tow, he ſhot rapidly a-head of the Fox fireſhip, which is left now beating up aſtern. Poor "*ſix to one*," what a ſad reverſe! If ſome fair breeze, of which there is no appearance in the hemiſphere at preſent, does not ſuddenly ſpring up, he will, in all likelihood, be obliged to invert the former reckoning of his log-book, and, in place of it, ſet down only *one to ſix*.

A certain beautiful lady of quality, who has for ſome days paſt canvaſſed on foot for her favourite Candidate, met lately with ſuch a reception as ſhe might reaſonably expect; one man offered 100 votes *for one of her favours*.

A tradeſman of the Prince of W. being aſked by his friends, whether he had voted for Mr. Fox, replied, "Yes, d --n him: but I have procured nine of my own depen-"dants to vote againſt him." This anecdote, which proves how difficult it is to reſiſt the popular current in a free country, may be depended on as a fact, although, from a regard to the intereſt of the ſpirited tradeſman, we avoid giving any hints of his name, profeſſion, or place of abode.

Anecdote.—The Ducheſs of D---- aſked a butcher for his vote, "I will give your "Grace a *plumper*," ſays the tradeſman, "and procure you *five* more, on a certain con-"dition." "What is that?" "That your Grace will give me a kiſs." "Why then," ſays the charming Ducheſs, "*take one.*"

A gentleman, who had a vote both for Weſtminſter and Surry, being very ſtrongly ſolicited, by a certain Ducheſs, to vote for Charles Fox and Sir Robert Clayton, anſwered, "That he was very ſorry that it was not in his power to oblige her Grace, "but that he had made an unalterable reſolution, neither to vote for *Fox* nor *Gooſe.*"

Extract of a letter to Mr. Fox, from a certain canvaſſing Ducheſs.

Dear Charles,

"Yeſterday I ſent you *three* votes, but went through great fatigue to procure them; "it coſt me *ten kiſſes* for every *plumper*. I'm much afraid *we are done up*---will ſee you "at the *porter ſhop*, and conſult ways and means.

Yours,

D—— e Houſe. S——A D——E.

N. B. Clare Market is a *filthy* place--keep up your ſpirits; I have a borough—you know where.

The Ducheſs of Devonſhire yeſterday canvaſſed the different alehouſes of Weſtminſter, in favour of Mr. Fox. About one o'clock ſhe took her ſhare of a pot of porter at Sam Houſe's, in Wardour-ſtreet*.

Mr. Fox, it is ſaid, means to ſtand for Middleſex, in conjunction with Mr. Byng.

Carlo Khan preſents his compliments to his approved good friends, and requeſts them at leaſt to *countenance* his cauſe, and not any longer to caſt a damp upon his *hopeful proſpects* by ſuch *rueful* and *woe-begun* looks, as he has reſources yet unexhauſted. His *chairmen*, *porters*, *linkboys*, and *ballad-ſingers*, who have not yet polled, are requeſted to give an early attendance to-morrow. The *great coats*, purchaſed by the ſubſcription-money, and the *ſhirts* and *ſmall clothes*, furniſhed by her Grace the Ducheſs of ——, will be delivered out at the ſeveral places of rendezvous.

On Tueſday night laſt it is certain that a very ſerious encounter was apprehended between the Iriſh chairmen and Lord Hood's ſailors. The ſcene of action, it was expected, would be St. James's-ſtreet. A regiment of guards had orders to be in readineſs.

Wedneſday evening, about five o'clock, a ſtrong party of chairmen purſued a few fugitive ſailors into a Mews in Charlotte-ſtreet, Portland-place, where they abſolutely killed one man: another ſeaman had his ſkull fractured, and many others were very much hurt.

Notwithſtanding the exultation expreſſed by the opponents of Mr. Fox, upon his being rather behind upon the poll; and though appearances, it muſt be confeſſed, ſeem rather unpromiſing, yet it has been whiſpered by his friends, with ſome confidence, that ſhould human means fail, he is not deſtitute of other reſources, having been encouraged by repeated applauſive purrings, to expect the aid of the ſuperhuman talents and abilities of Dr. Katterfelto's thrice-celebrated *black cat*, the wonderful wonders already performed

* *Morning Poſt.* In the courſe of theſe paragraphs, we have only to caution our readers, that all the abuſe and illiberality againſt the virtuous and lovely Ducheſs of Devonſhire is taken from this infamous paper, whoſe ſlander, however ill-meant, can never take effect with the lovers of truth, and thoſe of the public, who know any thing of the Editor.

by

by whom can leave no room to doubt a favourable iſſue for Mr. Fox in the preſent conteſt.

The Weſtminſter Election, which now may be conſidered as ſettled in favour of Sir Cecil Wray, adds another proof to the old experience, that "honeſty is the beſt "policy," that nothing but ſhabby failure can attend a plan of impoſition and roguery.

The publication of the Poll for Weſtminſter will be the completeſt libel that ever was on the few individuals of decency and ſubſtance who have been ſurpriſed or forced among the infamous and inſolvent wretches who have been the ſupporters of Mr. Fox—pimps, brothel-keepers, quack doctors, uncertificated bankrupts, blacklegs, and blackguards of all denominations!

It has ingratiated Sir Cecil Wray with all ranks of men, that he has pledged himſelf, according to Doctor John Jebb's teſt, to be the faithful agent of his conſtituents; and of courſe, among other propoſed emendations of a public nature, is the faſt friend of a Parliamentary Reform.

It was Mr. Wilkes and Sir Cecil Wray who laid before Adminiſtration the plan for taking off the laſt tax upon porter; by which that wholeſome beverage will again be retailable at *three-pence a quart!*

The diſſenters, a moſt valuable body of men, as well as all the London clergy, are decidedly in favour of Sir Cecil Wray and Lord Hood.

The other day upon the Huſtings, but *where* our correſpondent does not mention, a Candidate, whoſe private character was of a looſe and profligate kind, was poſitively dunned for ſeveral debts in the hearing of all the byeſtanders.

Chelſea Hoſpital.—Look at the red book, and ſee how the French footmen, the foreign cooks, the runners, the paraſites of former paymaſters and their accomplices, are wallowing in coſtly and uſeleſs accommodations, to the excluſion and ſtarvation of the worthy old warriors. Petonet, Rigby's footman, eats up 150l. a year; Beaumont, the Ducheſs of Bedford's butler, 250l. Horſington, Lord Keppel's bailiff, 100l. Champion, the baker, 100l. though all the bread is bought from a contractor, &c. &c. Let Charles Fox anſwer this if he can.

The Political CONFESSION OF FAITH *of —— ——— before the great Congregation of the People, in ſolemn Meeting aſſembled on the 30th Day of the Month Abib.*

NEGATIVE BELIEF.

A Repreſentative ought not *to have*

Any eyes of his own,
Any tongue of his own,
Any judgment of his own,
Any purſe of his own.

AFFIRMATIVE BELIEF.

A Repreſentative ought *to have the*

Eyes of his conſtituents,
Tongue of his conſtituents,
Judgment of his conſtituents,
Purſe of his conſtituents.

Sic credo ſic volo.

Temple

Temple Bar and the Counter-gate now lift up their heads--in hopes of their *proper garniture*. Their "promotion cometh neither from the Eaſt, from the Weſt, nor yet "from the South!"

On the publication of the Poll for Weſtminſter, a bet was offered laſt night at the Cocoa Tree, that not *one* conſiderable ſtock-holder in the public funds would be found in the Poll of Charles Fox. The bet going on the principle of ſelf-intereſt, and each man's regard to his own property, was on its firſt face ſuch a truiſm, as makes it ſure of winning.

The friends of a certain deſponding candidate having exhauſted their immenſe ſtock of falſehood and abuſe upon thoſe real favourites of the citizens of Weſtminſter, Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, are determined at laſt to end the matter handſomely, by reſigning their pretenſions on the glorious 12th of April, and making the *amende honorable* to thoſe brave men, on whom they have ſo unmeritedly thrown the moſt ungrounded aſperſions.

We are aſſured that a certain Great Perſonage has ordered the German confectioner in St. James's-ſtreet to prepare an elegant model of the Ville de Paris ſtriking to the Barfleur, with the other profeſſional devices, to celebrate this ſecond victory of the gallant Hood on this great day, ſo fatal to the enemies of Great Britain.

This being the 12th of April, the anniverſary of that glorious day, when the empire of Great Britain was ſaved, perhaps from annihilation, by the victory over Admiral *De Graſſe* in the Weſt Indies; a victory which was acknowledged to have been obtained principally by the intrepidity and exertions of LORD HOOD; it is hoped that the people of this capital will not forget an occurrence ſo glorious and ſo beneficial to Britain, but will attend in Covent Garden to congratulate the brave veteran on the recollection of a triumph ſo flattering to the pride of every one, who deſerves the honour of being called an ENGLISHMAN.

Let this anniverſary be contraſted with that of the 27th of July; and then let a juſt compariſon be drawn beetween the Coalition Admirals, and thoſe who ſupport the preſent Adminiſtration.

The ſtory of Lord North's diſcomfiture at Banbury was an election manœuvre of good effect at Covent Garden, and well managed by Mr. Jackſon, agent to the Duke of Newcaſtle. Printed bills were paſted on the walls, poſts, &c. and parties brought to huzza the event. A note was handed up to the Chancellor, as he was hearing a cauſe. It threw him into a violent fit of laughter, from a ſtate of gravity bordering on moroſeneſs; and he communicated the occaſion of his merriment to the Court.

Which is the moſt genuine deſcription of *Secret Influence?* A Peer of the realm adviſing his Sovereign in great national concerns, and avowing it openly in the great national aſſembly, or a P----e obliging his tradeſmen by the terrors of diſmiſſion, and D----ſſes employing all the faſcinating attractions of female beauty, to cauſe them to vote contrary to their judgment, and in oppoſition to what they conceive to be for the public welfare?

We are aſſured, on authority not contemptible, that there is no borough at preſent vacant for Mr. Fox. The D. of P. kept one in reſerve for ſome days, till it was thought that Mr. Fox was certain of carrying his point in Weſtminſter. It is not to be imagined, however, that Mr. Fox will be in the ſituation of many among his friends. His great abilities entitle him to a ſeat in Parliament, and his uſefulneſs to the party will enſure him a ſeat for one of the Coalition boroughs.

What-

Whatever meaſures the Miniſter may attempt to carry, he will meet with a formidable and *conſtant* opponent in Mr. F. unleſs it be during the interval the latter will be on his trial, or anſwering for the conſequences of it in Somerſetſhire.

A certain Orator has lately won 15,000l. at Faro, and is ſaid to have near twice that ſum at his banker's. If ſo, it is not extraordinary that he ſhould be ſo expenſive to his friends.

Mr. Fox has met with great ſupport, during his canvaſs, from the officers of the Pipe Office. This uſeleſs office was founded by Oliver Cromwell, and is now under the direction of the Duke of Portland's *eldeſt* ſon.

CROSS READINGS.

During the Election Mr. Fox has received the free, independent, and unbiaſſed ſuffrages of---A large body of Iriſh Chairmen, armed with cutlaſſes, bludgeons, &c. for the purpoſe.

Mr. Fox's Committee are ſtill ſanguine in their expectations of ſucceſs---Should a majority of votes *appear* in his favour.

The Weſtminſter Poll will cloſe the end of next week---With the entertainment of the Devil to Pay.

When the D—— ſs of D—— e alighted, on Friday, at a tradeſman's in T——ſtreet to ſolicit his vote for Mr. Fox, the man told her Grace, that her perſon was charming, her eyes bewitching, her *mouth inviting*; but all theſe made no alteration in the principles or conduct of Mr. Fox, he ſhould adhere to his former declaration in the addreſs, by giving his vote to Sir Cecil Wray.

A certain lady of great beauty and high rank, requeſts that in future when ſhe condeſcends to favour any ſhoemaker, or other mechanic, with a ſalute, that he will *kiſs fair*, and not take improper liberties.

Good *velvet* cuſhions will prevent the ladies, who drive about the town on canvaſſing buſineſs, from being too much joſtled with the motion of the carriage.

Henrietta-ſtreet is now become the reſort of all the faſhionable *reps*. *Perdita* attends conſtantly, and throws out Fox's colours. Query, How many voters may *Perdita*'s fair face gain over to the cauſe?

Perdita ſeems to have *loſt* her bloom, as well as her ſpirits. Is the P—— ſtill *inſenſible?* Or does ſhe lament the *decay* of the party? By the little baſkets of flowers, which ſo exactly reſemble *coronets*, one may eaſily diſcover what her mind is fixed on.

Ladies of Pleaſure have ever been of prodigious ſervice to *conſpirators*. Not only *Cataline*, but alſo the famous *Jacques Pierre*, and ſeveral other contrivers of miſchief, have carried on their operations through the medium of a *Courtezan*.

Conſidering the quantity of *brimſtone* uſed by a certain candidate in his canvaſs, it is rather extraordinary that he ſhould be *over-matched*.

We can aſſure the public, that the beautiful and accompliſhed Ducheſs of Rutland does not drive about the ſtreets and alleys, or otherwiſe act in a manner unbecoming a lady of rank and delicacy.

The three *ſeducing* Ducheſſes have been *indefatigable* in their canvaſs, which they have managed in a *different way*. The old Dowager Ducheſs of Portland has attacked with

chit

chit chat and volluble perſuaſion. The Ducheſs her daughter with *mildneſs* and ſenſible moderation; while the *lovely captivator* has enſnared with a glance, and carried her point by the majeſtic ſweetneſs of her graces.

As Reynard was lately canvaſſing in Hedge-lane, and ſoliciting a nocturnal nymph there for her huſband's vote, the fair one threw the contents of a *looking-glaſs* in his face, accompanied with a polite oath of denial, and a laugh, telling him not to be angry at her favour, as it was only ſome of the true *Devonſhire brown!*

The modeſt women have now almoſt entirely deſerted the *Fox Corner*, Covent Garden; ſo that the "Man of the People" is at preſent ſupported by the *Women of the People* only.

A treaty of marriage is ſaid to be in agitation between the Hon. *Charles Fox* and the *Ducheſs Dowager* of Bedford, through the medium of Mr. Rigby.

Among the *faireſt* of the *fair* canvaſſers on the part of the *Man of the People*, none was more ſucceſsful than the *Corbina*, alias the *White Crow*, not the *Bird of Paradiſe*, nor the *Perdita*, ſent ſo many *polls* to the Huſtings.

The Ducheſs of Devonſhire commenced her canvaſs at St. Martin's Le Grand, and concluded it in St. Margaret's pariſh: This was right, the *ſun* ſhould always riſe in the *eaſt* and ſet in the *weſt*.

It was obſerved of the Ducheſs of *Devonſhire* and Lady *Duncannon*, while they were ſoliciting votes in favour of Mr. Fox, on Saturday laſt, that they were the moſt *perfect pieces* that ever appeared upon a *canvaſs*.

We can aſſure the public, that the Ducheſs of Rutland, far from driving about from ſhop to ſhop on the buſineſs of *ſeduction*, has not been in the capital ſince the Election began, and is now ſuppoſed to be in Ireland.

Who would not purchaſe the *kiſs of a favourite one* at any price? Does not the *Ducheſs* who gives a *kiſs* for a *vote*, pay for it a *valuable conſideration?* Have a care, fair *D—n*; bribery is by common law either impriſonment or the pillory.

While Mr. Fox and his people are at their laſt gaſp, Sir Cecil and Lord Hood are in the fulleſt ſpirts; not one of their Committee is yet polled, nor any of their moſt intimate friends!

If Mr. Fox has any regard for the peace and welfare of Weſtminſter, he would have given up the conteſt on Saturday. His friends have long ſince abandoned all hopes; but added, "The poll ſhould be kept open, if it was but to *vex the tradeſmen*, who "thus dared to think for themſelves!"

It is hoped the crowd, however exaſperated by the provocation of undue influence, will not again inſult the *faireſt of culprits*. However faulty on this occaſion, however calumniated, we dare believe her zeal can proceed from no improper motive!

Dr. Heberden, Mr. Jonas Hanway, and the Rev. Mr. Madan*, three of the moſt wiſe and virtuous characters of the time, on Saturday voted for Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray.

The miſcreant who on Saturday was detected in his attempt to poll more than once, and therefore underwent the diſcipline of ducking, is ſaid to have been ſeduced into this iniquity, by *arguments more ſubſtantial* than common zeal. Several gentlemen in our hearing expreſſed themſelves with much aſtoniſhment and abhorrence at the fellow's iniquity. A venerable gentleman in the crowd replied to them, "God help him! his

* Author of Thelipthora, or Treatiſe on the Lawfulneſs of a *Plurality of Wives!---Morning Poſt*, as uſual.

"guilt

" guilt is not half ſo attrocious as that of *a Candidate*, who ſinking under the load of " *notorious inſolvency*, muſt *be alſo perjured* when he ſwears to his qualification !! !"

A debt of 150 pieces was claimed in a moſt mal-apropos manner on the Huſtings at this Election. The thing was getting wind, when one of the Committee, obviouſly with more money than wit, took the creditor home, and ſatisfied him !

The reaſon why Mr. Fox keeps open the Poll ſo long in Weſtminſter, is becauſe every day brings to town ſome few of the Coalition Members of the late Houſe of Commons, who make it a point upon their arrival to repair to the booth in Covent Garden, and give a plumper to the Coalition Generaliſſimo. Quere, What are the friends of Mr. Pitt and Sir Cecil Wray about ? Why don't they adopt the ſame mode ?

The young Lord Holland is again thought to be irrecoverable by his phyſicians. On his deceaſe, Mr. Charles Fox ſucceeds to the Engliſh Peerage.

The *woman* ſent about Weſtminſter in a carriage with *Ducal Coronets*, to canvaſs for " the Man of the People," is, we have reaſon to believe, not the owner of the carriage, but the pretty *Femme de Chambre* of the *Perditta ! !!*

Again we ſay to the Electors of Weſtminſter, imitate the inborn ſpirit of the county of Somerſet—Determine againſt ariſtocratic aſſumptions—Let no man in the remainder to a Peerage be forced upon you. Again we ſay to all the Electors, chuſe no man who is notoriouſly *worſe than nothing*, who muſt be *perjured* when he ſwears to a qualification !

The *female* intereſt daily making for Mr. Fox, only ſerves to expoſe the wretchedneſs of his cauſe ; for, the Candidate whoſe ſole dependence is on the Ladies, muſt be *put to his Shifts.*

The very *decent* conduct, and modeſt exertions of certain ladies in favour of Mr. Fox, demonſtrably prove the Right Honourable Candidate to be the meer creature of female influence ; indebted for the ſupport he has met with to thoſe numerous Hoydens of quality, who, like Macheath's ladies in the Beggar's Opera, always ſympathize with *a great man in diſtreſs.*

Peereſſes being intitled to all the privileges of Peers (as was held in the caſe of the Ducheſs of Kingſton, who was exempted from burning in the hand, though convicted of *felony)* of courſe they are liable to every *incapacity* annexed to the *peerage.* It is clear, therefore, that as it is held *unconſtitutional* and *unlawful* for *Peers* to *interfere* at *elections*, it is equally ſo for *Peereſſes*, and this may be further ſtrengthened by another legal *reaſon*, that the act of the *wife* is the act of the *huſband.*

We are pleaſed to hear, that Mr. Lambert, the P——'s tallow-chandler, neither *ate his words*, nor retracted from his principles, but in ſpite of the ſolicitations of Mr. W——e, on whom he retorted the charge of deluſion, gave his vote to Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray.

Mr. *Wilkes* polled on Monday for Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray.

The Poll for the city ended on Tueſday. The very next morning Mr. *Alderman Sawbridge* proceeded to Covent Garden Huſtings, and gave a ſingle vote for Mr. Fox. Theſe are the firſt fruits of obedience to the inſtructions of Conſtituents.

As Mr. Fox began his Election on the 1ſt of April, he ſeems likely to prove himſelf an *April-fool* in the conteſt.

Her Grace the Ducheſs of Devonſhire having lately diſcarded her *black hair-dreſſer*, perhaps, as the ſex is fickle, ſhe may ſoon diſcard her *black patriot.*

While her Grace is buſied in canvaſſing the Conſtituents, her domeſtic huſband is employed in the nurſery, ſinging, "*Hey my kitten! my kitten!*" and comfortably *rocking the cradle!*

Many of Mr. Sawbridge's friends, who were preſent at Guildhall coffee-houſe on Thurſday laſt, are much ſurprized at having ſeen an advertiſement in all the daily papers, ſtating a reſolution to have been entered into by them for aſſiſting Mr. Fox in his canvaſs for Weſtminſter. The Livery of London may be aſſured, that no ſuch reſolution was ſigned by the Chairman of that Committee, nor did he ever give his authority for ſuch publication; it may therefore be conſidered as an Election ſquib.

A fact.—A few days ago, as a certain ſpeechifier was on the *canvaſs hunt*, he went into the houſe of a man, with whom he had no manner of acquaintance. On aſking him for his vote, he was deſired to walk into the parlour, where the wife and daughter, he ſaid, were impatient to receive him, that they might have the honour to ſalute ſo *great a patriot*. After Mr. Fox had favoured them with a kiſs, now ſaid the man, I think you ſhould go through the family. You have nothing elſe to do, but to kiſs my ----, and then inſtantly leave the houſe, *for if I had a thouſand votes, you ſhould not have one of them.*

Mr. Fox is now ſerving up his *ſecond courſe*; which conſiſts only of the firſt, *en hachis & fricaſſee.* No wonder that low wretches may be found to *perjure* themſelves for a *bribe*; but it is rather extraordinary that a man of eminence ſhould be a *candidate* for the pillory, by poſſeſſing both *qualifications.*

When Mr. F—— and his partners in the *Pharoah Bank* are ouſted, the hoſt of *Pharoah* may be ſaid to be again overthrown; not in the *Red Sea*, but in a *Pit.*

In order to ſhew the deteſtation in which are held the meaſures, which have been purſued by the *Man*, who has arrogated to himſelf the title of *the Man of the People*, the day after the concluſion of the Yorkſhire election, an air-balloon aſcended from the Manorſhore, amidſt a very numerous circle of people of the firſt faſhion and conſequence of the county and city; to the lower part was affixed a halter, at the end of which dangled the effigy of a Fox, ſuſpended by the neck, *ſontis more*, from whoſe mouth iſſued a label with the following inſcription: PRO PATRIA*.

Mr. F. ſeems to be gaining ground in his Election; and it is not to be wondered at, ſince the D---ſs and his other *female friends*, have left no *ſtone* unturned, in order to ſecure it. It, however, requires only a little exertion on the part of Sir Cecil and his Committee, to counteract all their *manœuvres.* They ſhould be particularly attentive to detect the unqualified voters, by having a proper number of intelligent perſons from every pariſh in Weſtminſter on the Huſtings.

It ſeems to be chiefly by good *management* that Mr. Fox has gained a little ground. A certain gentleman has marched the whole *corps dramatique*, from *King Richard* down to the *Carpenters*, *Scene-ſhifters*, and *Candle-ſnuffers*, to vote for their brother *actor.*

Sampſon's manœuvre, in faſtening firebrands to the Foxes tails, is now thought, by ſeveral ſage people in Weſtminſter, to have been a prophecy of the preſent times---as the firebrand of one Fox has been found infinitely more miſchievous and deſtructive,

* Alas! how changeable are all ſublunary things! The date of this publication (27th July, 1784) gives us an opportunity of informing the public, that within the diſtance of two months from the time of the meeting of the new Parliament, the Yorkſhire people have quite changed their ſentiments; the immaculate Miniſter, Mr. Pitt, was publicly burnt in effigy at York a few days ago, and all his adherents ſcouted for their ſlaviſh obeiſance to the nod of a *Prerogative Premier!*

in the preſent age, than all the firebrands that ever were before employed ſince they came firſt in faſhion.

A man yeſterday morning, who had juſt given his vote for Mr. Fox, was aſked by ſome perſons about the Huſtings, "What part of the town he lived in?" but giving an equivocal anſwer, and afterwards owning he had *no vote*, but had been *prevailed on* to poll, the mob thought him a proper object to make an example of, which was inſtantly done, by giving him a moſt ſevere *pumping* on the ſpot.

It is generally believed, that not leſs than *one hundred* bad votes polled yeſterday in Covent Garden; it is not a queſtion on *which ſide* this happened, as the object of a *certain Candidate* is *now*, only to get at the head of the poll, for which purpoſe the town is ranſacked for people deſperate enough for the buſineſs.

Yeſterday the *noted Barrington* voted for Mr. Fox; and, it was reported, at the *earneſt ſolicitation* of her *Grace of D*——*.

We hear the celebrated Mr. Green, who made his eſcape out of Newgate (in the riots, when it was burnt) where he was confined on a conviction of perjury, and ſentenced to ſtand in the *pillory*, has been very buſy collecting a new *family*, many of whom have offered to ſwear themſelves hired by the Court party for the purpoſe of rioting, though known to be inſtructed, and paid by an agent, on the other ſide. Mr. Green was the boſom friend of the noted *Tyrie*: no wonder he ſhould be ſtaunch to the *quondam Man of the People*.

A *certain Right Honourable Beauty*, in her canvaſs on Saturday for Charles Fox, met with ſeveral ludicrous rebuffs. Not being the beſt of pay, ſhe was in more than one ſhop unexpectedly ſaluted with her *bill*. In the ſtreets ſhe was harraſſed with low obloquy, and much indecent reference to the "*Fox's tail!*"

It is a certain fact, that in the ſubſcription for the electioneering ſupport of the principal inſolvents and inſurgents, the leading proſtitutes and ſharpers at gaming tables have ſupplied the largeſt individual ſums!

During the Newmarket gambling, expreſſes are to be brought without intermiſſion to Covent Garden. The ſober Electors will have the goodneſs to take care they are not run over. As to any caution about their pockets being picked, they now *underſtand characters* too well to make any caution of that kind neceſſary!

It is aſſerted on good authority, that Mr. Fox offered on Monday to let the poll for Weſtminſter be finally cloſed, on condition that the oppoſite party would agree to pay one half of his expences; but they peremptorily refuſed to accede to ſuch terms. It is to be wiſhed they may not have reaſon to repent their refuſal, as the *fillip* in his favour, both on Tueſday and yeſterday, may give a new turn to the ſcales.

The Committee and the large body of perſonal friends of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, all of whom are known not yet to have polled, ſhould now poll without delay; not only to ſcout the ridiculous miſchief of a ſcrutiny, but to terminate a poll, which however reputable in its progreſs to the Candidates they ſupport, is extremely injurious to the trade and morals of the metropolis!

When fifty pounds to five guineas, Wray againſt Fox, were offered the other night at the Mount Coffee-houſe---By the Lord, exclaimed George *Bon-Mot*, "Give my

* The LIE of the noted Editor of that noted lying paper, The Morning Poſt. We would adviſe the proprietary of this print, ſo long as they continue their preſent Editor, to ſubſtitute in the title of their paper, after the words Morning Poſt, "*Daily Liar*," inſtead of "*Daily Adverti ſer*." This would prepare the reader (to ſpeak after the manner of the Iriſh) for the *truth* of that which was to follow.

" friend Charles *but* character and property, and Sir Cecil would ſtand no chance " with him." An ironical ſtroke, that cannot eaſily be parried.

Nothing could do more violence to us who are partial to beauty and modiſh levity, than the inſulting language, and indeed outrageous indecencies, on Tueſday offered to ſome *ladies* on their canvaſs. Without calling their exertions either meritorious, or *meretricious*, their ſex ſhould at leaſt entitle them to an eſcape from all *perſonal inſult!*

A gentleman juſt arrived from the country, meeting a friend in Covent-garden, aſked him how the poll ſtood, and whether a certain Candidate had any hopes of ſucceſs? To which the other anſwered, in the words of Dryden,

" *As much as when Phyſicians ſhake their heads;*
" *And bid their dying patients think of Heaven.*"

A greater number of perſons have already polled for *Weſtminſter* than was ever known at any former conteſt. Is that city increaſed, or are the bidders multiplied? Is perjury leſs dreaded, or are the *temptations* irreſiſtable by *fleſh and blood?*

The falſity of Mr. Fox's Committee in their aſſertion, that there were 200 bad votes on Lord Hood's Poll, is too obvious to impoſe on any but an idiot. If there were 20 bad votes known to be ſuch, can it be doubted but for the purpoſes of an Election they would have been named---time when, and place where? &c. &c.

As an additional inſult on the freedom of Election, there have been, with the undue influence of canvaſſing Counteſſes and Ducheſſes, all the upper ſervants of their families hurried into empty houſes, and in this indefenſible manner made houſekeepers of the hour, have been brought forward in an illegal manner, to obſtruct and overbear the free judgment and fair opinions of the qualified Electors.

We have authority to ſay, that the late unjuſtifiable exertions of the *electioneering ladies* are extremely offenſive to their reſpective Lords. They feel how much their fortunes ſuffer, and how much more theſe equivocal attachments are injurious to their fame!

The Dukes of —— and — have behaved with very becoming ſpirit on the preſent conteſt. Yeſterday they ſent for a tradeſman, whom they found had, at their Ducheſſes ſuggeſtion, taken an active part on the canvaſs; and after reprimanding him very ſeverely, *diſcharged* him from ſerving their reſpective Houſes.

Yeſterday a conſultation was held on the ſubſcription to the " Man of the People," when it was agreed that he ſhould put in his pocket as much as he could, and that therefore *credit* ſhould be got to the extremeſt inch of poſſibility! This, we hope, will be a hint to the credulous.

It is an abſolute fact, that if a perſon on going up to the Shakeſpeare, can ſhew a *piece* of a ſhirt *only*, the Committee declares him *duly qualified.*

This day the *elegant* inhabitants of Borough-clink, Rag fair, Chick-lane, &c. go up with an addreſs to Mr. Fox, at his *ready-furniſhed lodgings*, thanking him for his intereſt in the late extraordinary *circulation of handkerchiefs.*

A gentleman ſeeing the Ducheſs of D————e, and a few other *free* and *eaſy* females of faſhion, canvaſſing for CARLO, who is well known *not* to be the MAN *of the Women*, however he may be the Man of the People, obſerved, that their conduct was " *Love's Laſt Shift*, or, The *Knave* in faſhion.

Should a ſcrutiny take place on the preſent Election for Weſtminſter, it is ſhrewdly ſuſpected from the amazing number of *Cordwainers* who have polled for the Coalition Candi-

Candidates, that by far the greater part of them will be found to inhabit *houſes of one ſtory*, commonly called *Cobler's-ſtalls*.

His Grace of D----e has hurried his *Cara Spoſa* into the country, where it is thought ſhe will undergo a pretty ſevere *ſcrutiny*.

The Duc de Chartres declared lately to his Grace of Queenſberry, that he preferred the ſport he enjoyed in the *Covent Garden Fox hunt*, to all the other hunts either in France or Britain.

A new political farce is in rehearſal at Devonſhire-honſe, called the *Borough Beggars*, the principal characters by Lord John Cavendiſh, Lord Lucan, Mr. Erſkine, &c. Mr. Fox intends to ſpeak the *Epilogue, riding from Burlington-houſe on an aſs*.

A gentleman yeſterday obſerving Mr. *Prater*, the *linen-draper* very buſy in bringing up Fox's *reſpectable* Electors to the Huſtings, remarked, that he wondered any linen-draper could promote the intereſt of a man, whoſe partizans could not produce *three whole ſhirts* among the twenty voters then preſent. To which another replied, that his motives were the more intereſted, as he no doubt expected to furniſh all Fox's Egyptians in linen, who were no better than Falſtaff's ragged regiment.

Yeſterday the notorious *Lady G--v--r* carried in her coach, a *marble poliſher* of the *pariſh of St. Pancras*, a ſtout *butcher's 'prentice* of Carnaby-market, and a *journeyman lamp-lighter* of Tyler's-court, to poll for *Mr. Fox*.

The *amuſement* of *pumping* is continued every day in Covent Garden on the *friends* of the *Coalition* Candidate, many of whom are *modeſt* enough to poll *five* or *ſix* times each.

It will be ſometime before the canvaſſing Ducheſs can poſſibly appear at Court, as it will be neceſſary for her to undergo a courſe of bathing, in order to cleanſe her from the effluvia of *mutton-fat*, *ſoot*, and *charcoal*.

The idea of Mr. Pitt's raiſing the price of porter to four-pence a-pot is ridiculous to the laſt degree, that article having been already raiſed in many places to *five guineas* a-pot, by a celebrated *female canvaſſer*.

Yeſterday ſe'nnight a poet who had gone to have his *lyre unſtringed* at one of the delightful haunts in Hedge-lane, ſeeing the Ducheſs of D-----re ſpringing out of the ſame before eight in the morning, could not help invoking his muſe. At ſo early an hour, however, the muſe was inexorable. He therefore pulled Pope out of his pocket; and thus began---

" Round her fair brow, a ſpanking tail ſhé wore,
" Which Dukes might kiſs, and Wales himſelf adore;
" Her nimble ſtrides two lovely legs diſcloſe,
" Quick as her eyes, and more unfixed than thoſe,
" Favours to ſome, to all ſhe ſmiles extends;
" Oft ſhe rejects, but never once offends."

Yeſterday Lord John Cavendiſh being juſt returned from York, where he has loſt his ſeat, appeared on the Huſtings in Covent Garden, admoniſhing his friend to take warning by his ſad example, to turn from his evil ways, and not wickedly keep open a poll, contrary to the ſenſe of the real Electors; but *Carlo*, with all that violence which the late Lord Holland (*good* man!) uſed to ſay would one time or other be fatal to his *darling boy*, rejected with diſdain the ſage advice, and ſwore the books ſhould not be cloſed while a *ſingle man* could be picked up from Marybone to Whitechapel, in ſupport of his *popular* cauſe.

The

The following is part of Sir Cecil Wray's ſpeech to the Electors of Weſtminſter:

" I have no private intereſt or ambition to gratify; the King has not a place in his " gift, which I would accept; *I never have* accepted nor *ever will* accept of any office " or emolument whatever. I will either be the *independent repreſentative* of *independent* " *Electors*, or I will not ſit in Parliament." Such is the language of Sir Cecil. Can Mr. Fox, with truth, make a ſimilar declaration?

It is neceſſary to acquaint the public*, that the agents of a *certain party*, which has long been aiming, either by violence or corruption, to ſubvert or undermine, all that remains of independence and integrity in this kingdom, have neither by *threats* or *promiſes* ſucceeded in their *attempts* to proſtitute the property of *The Morning Poſt* to their purpoſe. Alarmed at the increaſing demand which has lately been made for the Morning Poſt, inconſequenc of its *ſpirited* and *truly conſtitutional* principles, they have inſidiouſly endeavoured to counteract its uſual circulation; and have even had recourſe to the *pitiful practice* of employing hireling wretches to *ſteal the paper* from ſeveral Coffee-houſes in London and Weſtminſter, relying on ſuch means to prevent the *dark* and *deſperate* manœuvres of the *Coalition* being expoſed to the *world*. It is hoped that the ſpirit of the people will revolt at theſe unfair attacks on the freedom of the preſs, and that thoſe who chuſe to honour *The Morning Poſt* with their preference will henceforward take care not to be impoſed upon by the ſubſtitution of any other paper, as well as to guard againſt ſimilar practices in future†.

" In the time of Antichriſt, a *Fox* ſhall make his den in the ſame place where King " Alexander did make his gates, and he ſhall dig in the earth ſo long till he pierce it " through, and come among the *Jews*; and when they ſee the *Fox*, they ſhall have great " marvel of him, for they never ſaw ſuch a beaſt; but other beaſts they have among " them many. And they ſhall chace this Fox, and purſue him until he be fled again " into the hole he came from, and then ſhall they dig after him, until they come to " the gates that Alexander did make of great ſtones, well laid with mortar; then ſhall " they break theſe gates, and find the way forth." *Mandeville's Travels, Chap.* 84.

It is no great wonder that the friends of a certain Candidate in Weſtminſter are ſo witty, as moſt of them have been uſed to the *attic ſtory*. A Candidate ſhould canvaſs in a high phaeton, as it is more probable he will meet his friends in the *garret* than in the *cellar*.

The beautiful and accompliſhed Ladies *W----e* are among the Ladies who intereſt themſelves for the *Black Protector*. They lately gave a treat to above 150 of the *mob*, and preſided themſelves at the entertainment.

Mrs. E----'s child lies between *Lord C----* and the *P---* of *W----*. The *Lady* inſiſts upon it, that it is the *Prince's*; but the latter denies it on account of its complexion, which greatly reſembles that of *Carlo Khan*.

* We give this long paragraph (copied *verbatim* from the Morning Poſt) to our readers, as the moſt remarkable piece of Editorſhip impudence, as well as folly, that perhaps has ever occurred in the annals of newſpaper management. Were all the PUFFS of that noted puffing impoſter, Katterſelto, ſelected, and climax after climax picked out of the aggregate for the purpoſe of forming ONE great and tremendous Puff, that ſhould almoſt blow truth to the Devil, we are decidedly of opinion, ſuch an exaggerated *Puff* would hardly equal, much leſs exceed the LIE here told, which, for curioſity's ſake, we preſerve in our collection, as the moſt *laughable* piece of aſſurance we ever met with in a newſpaper.

† Here ends the *Puff*. Now, good Mr. Editor, are you not a little out of breath? Has not this *exceſſive* exertion of your *lying* faculty rather *overſtrained* you?—Pray ponder well, and examine yourſelf. We are rather doubtful that this very groſs *lie* muſt have overſtretched the finer ramifications of your brain in its workings, and probably injured the texture of thoſe beautiful ſerpentine windings that are ſo often ſet a calculating ſchemes for the country's good, and the overthrow of this *damned Coalition*. Do, dear Mr. Editor, be careful ourſelf, or you will certainly burſt!—Then, alas! what muſt poor Mr. Pitt do?

Carlo's

Carlo's *black* troops relieve guard regularly every morning. A certain number of houſes are taken in Weſtminſter, and the leaſe made over once in twenty-four hours, juſt after the tenant has *done his duty* at the Huſtings.

Thurſday, at the poll for Weſtminſter, it was remarked that the *light troops were polling*. "It is very true (obſerved a gentleman) and the *ſky-light troops* too."

Yeſterday three *friends* to the *Man of the People*, were taken into the cuſtody, for *too great* earneſtneſs to ſerve their patron, by offering to vote without a legal qualification.

The metropolis is no longer to be looked up to as the great exemplar of political conduct to the reſt of their fellow-countrymen. The free and honeſt yeomanry of York did not heſitate to brand the *vice* and *idiotiſm* of the times †;---where then, ye *Weſtminſter* Electors, where are your appoſite emotions of ſcorn and execration? The preſent conteſt is not between Wray and Fox, but between the Conſtitution and its natural enemies—between private character and infamy—between public credit and national bankruptcy—between England and France—between God and Belial! Halt not then between two opinions—chuſe ye this day—Wray, Pitt, and truth for ever!

It appears to many people rather extraordinary that the Duc de Chartres and other affluent foreigners ſhould at this time, above all others, have taken up their abode in London.

It was pretty currently given out, for theſe two days paſt, that Lord Hood was dead. What end ſuch a report could ſerve, even for *electioneering* purpoſes, we are not quick ſighted enough to diſcern; but we are happy to have it in our power to ſay, that it is totally without foundation.

Moſt people think Mr. Fox's late ſudden riſe on the Poll a very extraordinary circumſtance; and a correſpondent, who is not very apt to put the worſt conſtruction on things, cannot help expreſſing his own doubts, along with thoſe of others, that every thing is not altogether as it ought. If, however, any have been ſo weak or ſo profligate hitherto, as to be induced, either through threats or promiſes, to act an improper part, it is to be hoped, now, ſuch criminal practices will go no further, and that all others who may happen to be tampered with, will take proper warning. Independent of the enormity and guilt of taking a falſe oath, every one muſt ſee the legal hazards he runs from the reſolution publiſhed by the oppoſite party, of demanding and ſupporting the moſt rigorous ſcrutiny.

Yeſterday morning Mr. Fox canvaſſed St. Martin's Le Grand, for near two hours, attended by a great crowd of people. He has been for ſome days afflicted with a bilious complaint.

"I'll lay you five guineas," ſays a celebrated canvaſſer, and ſtake the money in your own hands, that you will not vote for Mr. Fox." "Done," ſays the Independent Elector of Weſtminſter. Thus one more vote is procured for the Man of the People, and the Independent Elector boaſts of winning his wager.

Lord Holland's death will kick Mr. Fox up ſtairs, as the late Lord Cheſterfield expreſs'd it, and by giving him a ſeat in the Houſe of Peers, ſave the city of Weſtminſter from the toil and turbulence of the Scrutiny threatened by the clubs.

The preſent ſtruggle for Weſtminſter is rather for example ſake, than for any other purpoſe, to ſhew their ſenſe of public credit and public virtue.

† See Note, page 234.

Lady

Lady Groſvenor, Lady Dornhoff, Lady Cr—, juſt come from Paris, and Lady Worſley, are among the canvaſſers who have the *modeſty* to attempt to *dictate* to the honeſt tradeſman and independent artizan.

The Duke of Devonſhire, who is certainly, though a ſilent yet a very ſenſible man, foretold the events of the preſent Election as they have happened, and urged Mr. Fox to accept of Knareſborough or Derby.

The *ſudden inflation* of Charles Fox's Poll, is the worſt of all bad ſymptoms to his cauſe—the morbid bluſh of an expiring hectic—the taper blazing before its final cloſe—the phrenzy of deſperation.

The game now played againſt Sir Cecil Wray, is aſcertained to be on the following principle of jockeyſhip. The clubs are all jockeys, to make a fictitious muſter on the Poll; outnumbering the real voters of Weſtminſter; and to frighten Sir Cecil from his determined purpoſe of a Scrutiny.

There can be no doubt but there muſt be no ſmall number of bad votes on both ſides; but Mr. Fox has moſt, as near as can be in the proportion of ſeven to four.

Yeſterday two more executions were ſerved in the houſe of Lord ——; his Lordſhip having been ſecurity for his *friend*, the ſon of "Unaccounted Millions!!"

The ſupport of Mr. Fox, from drabs and ducheſſes, ſwindlers, uncertificated bankrupts, and foreigners, is exactly that which alone could be expected, and which would have been exhibited to any other hero, whoſe *property* and *principles* could have been equally depended on.

The following words of the late Dr. Gregory are humbly recommended to a certain *female canvaſſing character*.—"When a woman ceaſes to bluſh, ſhe has loſt the moſt "powerful charm of beauty. I like to ſee an eaſy dignity in a woman, in public "places; but not that confident eaſe, that unabaſhed countenance, which ſeems to ſet "people at defiance! Wit is the moſt dangerous talent ſhe can poſſeſs; it muſt "be guarded with great diſcretion and goodnature, otherwiſe it will create many "enemies."

No leſs than one hundred *unwaſhed, unſhaven, and ſhirtleſs rogues*, (alias journeymen *Spitalfields weavers*) tendered their votes for Mr. Fox on Friday and Saturday laſt, but, owing to the excellent precaution of having the pariſh books at the Huſtings, they were rejected. This accounts for the majority which Mr. Fox acquired on two days poll. The plan being now defeated, we may expect the Weſtminſter Election will be declined in a few days.

The only reaſon that can be aſſigned why the *women of the town* are ſo much on the ſide of popular members, is, that they are in the habit of obeying the wills of their conſtituents.

The late Man of the People has coſt ſome of the younglings of the party 100,000l. at leaſt in counter ſecurities, beſides the Coalition.

A great deal of nonſenſe has been induſtriouſly circulated, concerning Sir Cecil Wray's propoſal relative to Chelſea Hoſpital, as if he had made a propoſal at once unjuſt and inhuman. Sir Cecil only propoſed, for the public good, a commutation of coſtly lodgings, and ſtated invariable fare, for an annual penſion to be enjoyed by the old ſoldier, how and with whom he pleaſed; an option which would undoubtedly be agreeable to almoſt all the inhabitants of Chelſea Hoſpital. Sir Cecil's humanity in this inſtance is perhaps not leſs conſpicuous than in his generous motion in the Houſe of Commons, reſpecting the defects of priſons, and the ſufferings of priſoners.

There

There were no leſs than *ſix* Ducheſſes of D---n---e on the town yeſterday, canvaſſing for Mr. Fox. Her *Grace*, *four* of her Grace's *women*, and *Nicky Noodle's* wife, the *needy* Squire of Northamptonſhire (who, though he has got *glaſs eyes--ſcurvy politician!* cannot ſee the *end* of his wife's *canvaſs)* all *equipped* and *titled* as her Grace. A tallow-chandler, who had been *careſſed* by theſe *mock* Ducheſſes, humorouſly burſt from his ſhop, and exclaimed with King Richard---

"Sure there be *ſix* Ducheſſes in the ſtreets,
"*Five* have I *kiſſed* to-day, inſtead of her!"

A correſpondent obſerves, that Mr. Fox muſt *unavoidably* get the Election, as there are many hundreds of the inhabitants of *Spitalfields* in that Gentleman's intereſt, who have not *yet* polled.

A certain Duke is quite charmed with the public and political conduct of his amiable Ducheſs, and regularly calls for the Morning Poſt at breakfaſt, to read the hiſtory of her Grace's canvaſs.

The current prices of Weſtminſter voters for the laſt four days, as ſettled by a certain Committee, are as follow:

From Spitalfields, and parts adjacent, ſeven ſhillings and ſix-pence.

From Old Gravel-lane, Whitechapel, Field-lane, and Black-boy-alley, a quart of gin and bitters, hot with nutmeg.

From Kent-ſtreet to Rag-fair, two drams of Uſquebaugh.

If, however, any voter was found to faulter in his oath, or otherwiſe miſconduct himſelf at the Huſtings, the agreement to be void, or elſe to remain in full force and virtue.

Brookes's and Weltjie's now exhibit a moſt uſeful, though agreeable ſcene, of the weeping, wailing, and gnaſhing of teeth, of thoſe political devils, who were expelled lately out of Paradiſe! each accurſing the impetuous temper of the other! *all* lamenting! *few* conſoling! and *none* amending!

It is highly gratifying to find what good ſenſe and decent firmneſs has appeared among the Weſtminſter Electors on the late extraordinary exertions of undue influence by our female canvaſſers. Several ſhopkeepers plainly told them, that they ſuffered no creature breathing to controul their opinions and affections; and one very ſenſible tradeſman in Bond-ſtreet, very ſhrewdly ſuggeſted to the Ducheſs, his admiration of all the mild and unaſſuming perfections of the Queen; and above all, in reference to politics, the unmedling ſpirit that had never ceaſed to adorn her throne. Foreigners are horridly chagrined at the Elections going ſo univerſally in favour of Adminiſtration. There is now no longer any hope for them of a public bankruptcy, or the conſtitution being changed to a republican ariſtocracy.

The little wantons, who with happy effrontery paraded it about the town, repreſent-the Ducheſs of ———, and Counteſs of ——, are to be portioned by a ſubſcription purſe from the firſt money they may have at Brookes's, and to be married to thoſe waiters who ſhall moſt diſtinguiſh themſelves in the fabrication of votes!

No leſs than three hand-bills were circulated on Saturday, relative to Lord Mountmorres's intention to impoſe a bad vote for Weſtminſter upon the High Bailiff. The truth is, that upon the objection being made by Mr. Fox's agents, the leaſe was examined, and it appeared, that it was ſpecifically mentioned, that he was rated, and paid

the cuſtomary taxes, and he was allowed to poll for Hood and Wray, the High Bailiff declaring that if he had not a good vote, he could not tell what a good vote was. Such are the little ſubterfuges of party---ſuch the mean arts of the partizans of the late man of the people, and ſuch their groundleſs inſinuations and vain attempts to depreciate a worthy and valuable man.

Horace's fine ſentiment of *Integer Vitæ*, &c. may be applied to Sir Cecil Wray's conſcious integrity, and his unexampled mercy towards the character of his opponents. Though they are naked and ſore all over, and of courſe muſt have crouched before any attack, Sir Cecil has not offered the ſmalleſt annoyance whatever.

Another correſpondent, not ſo favourable to Sir Cecil, imputes this ſilence of his to other motives, and cautions the Baronet not to inſult Mr. Fox with ſuch marks of killing contempt.

The influence of the fair and frail, joined to the authority and conſequence of the houſes of Bedford, Portland, and Devon, and the gaming houſes, have deterred many very worthy but dependant voters of Weſtminſter from coming forth and ſupporting the cauſe of the Conſtitution. It is true, conſiſtency is a noble virtue, but every honeſt man has not courage and reſolution enough to bid defiance to the threats of haughty opulence and diſappointed ambition.

Lord George Gordon, who is well known *to love fun*, certainly made his appearance on Saturday morning at the Huſtings with a view to indulge *his humour*. His Lordſhip is not fond of calm retreats-- he loves buſtle; a little earthquake, and whirlwind, and hurricane, agree admirably well with the conſtitution of his brain; and there is no doubt but his Lordſhip took his rout to Covent Garden with a ſerious expectation of contributing to that electioneering ſpirit for which Mr. Fox's friends have been diſtinguiſhed.

A perſon who ſells oranges within a mile of Mount-ſtreet, Groſvenor-ſquare, was honoured a few days ago with a viſit from the lovely Ducheſs. The Ducheſs examined his fruit; ſhe pronounced them fine; they were truly excellent; they were incomparable! then ordering the ſervant to take a certain quantity into the carriage, ſhe coolly placed five pieces in the palm of the orange merchant's hand, ſignificantly obſerving at the ſame time ſhe did it, that the oranges were fine, and ſhe had *paid* for them. And now, ſays her Grace, I am ſure you will oblige me, in giving Mr. Fox a plumper. The man pauſed—ſtared—examined the caſh--and then putting it quietly into his pocket, proteſted he was infinitely ſorry he could not oblige her Grace, as he had polled for Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray about half an hour before.

Carlo's Khan's troops conſiſt of *Iriſh White Boys* and *Engliſh Black-guards*, from whoſe adulation his friends collect what is called the *ſenſe of the people*.

If, in the preſent conteſt, her Grace of *Devonſhire* expoſes her *perſon*, ſhe muſt *give pleaſure* to every man, conſequently the *indecent* animadverſions of a correſpondent are below notice.

It cannot be denied that Mr. *Fox* has *proſtituted* his parts; as *the women of the town* are deeply intereſted in his favour.

One of the men wounded by the Chairman in their late riot in Covent Garden, is pronounced irrecoverable by the medical people who attend him. If the event ſhould be a fatal one, it will be alſo fatal to the Gentlemen who inſtigated theſe ruffians to the riot.

The

The termination of the bribery buſineſs at Taunton will again give us an opportunity of vindicating our rights, ſhould bribery, falſe votes, and undue influence at laſt be able to overbear the integrity and ſenſe of the Electors of Weſtminſter.

Hint on the canvaſſing Ducheſſes and Counteſſes.- When theſe Ladies may again give, as it can be proved they have given, five guineas for a bundle of brocoli, eight guineas for a leg of mutton, &c. &c. the tradeſman may certainly take the money with a ſafe conſcience, if he votes on the other ſide; and this already has been done in three inſtances in Weſtminſter.

Now that the poll is check'd by the rate books of each pariſh, the event of the Election is about ſeven to four iu favour of Sir Cecil Wray.

On the two days in which Charles Fox's poll advanced the moſt rapidly, the majority of legal votes in favour of Sir Cecil was 17 the firſt day, and 29 the ſecond day.

By an accurate inveſtigation, it already is determined that there have been 389 bad votes polled for Mr. Fox. Should a ſcrutiny ever take place, there can be no queſtion but that the abovementioned number would be doubled. The number of bad votes for Sie Cecil Wray and Lord Hood, is 93.

Suppoſing Mr. Fox as much in advance as he is behind hand on the Poll, the manner in which his Election has been carried on by the moſt outrageous exertions of undue influence, the ariſtocracy Peereſſes, if not Peers,—nay the unbluſhing influence of ——, the —— himſelf!—When this is all taken into the account, Mr. Fox will not, as the Duke of Devon ſo well foretold, prove any thing by this Election but the downfall of his acceptance with the people, and the yet more violent reprobation of his cauſe.

The extreme uncertainty of young Lord Holland's life; the yet greater uncertainty of the event of the Taunton buſineſs; either of which would make neceſſary another Election for Weſtminſter; the exceſſive diminution of Charles Fox's Poll by the detection of bad votes; all theſe cauſes to a certainty producing a new Election, to a certainty alſo operate againſt any but *compulſive* voters going to the books for Mr. Fox.

The Committee have come to the reſolution of proſecuting, with the extremeſt rigour, any attempt to impoſe on them unqualified votes; and in the firſt inſtance, the name of the impoſtor, and his abode, if he has any, will be poſted about the town.

The Poll at Covent Garden, by agreement between the Candidates, is to cloſe tomorrow, the 21ſt of April, at three o'clock.

The expences of a ſcrutiny for Weſtminſter are computed at about 9000l. each candidate. Mr. Fox and his party have conceived that an idea of the expence would deter Sir Cecil Wray from proſecuting a ſcrutiny. It is not the firſt time that a great genius has been miſtaken.

It is a very ſingular fact, that the French Ambaſſador, at the commencement of the Weſtminſter Election, laid particular injunctions on his different tradeſmen *to vote for Mr. Fox.*

Yeſterday an eminent weaver gave information that near ſixty diſtreſſed manufacturers in the neighbourhood of Spitalfields, had been ſeduced to poll for Mr. Fox; and deſired at the ſame time that proper ſteps might be taken to prevent ſuch ſhameful ſcenes of perjury and corruption. The intelligence was received with thanks, and attended to with care; the return of the poll beſt beſpeaks its conſequences, a dead majority appearing in favour of Sir Cecil Wray.

It certainly was an overſight in thoſe friends to the conſtitution who framed the different laws againſt bribery at elections, that a penalty was not laid on handſome women,

who went about kiſſing men out of their votes, which ought to be conſidered as undue influence, eſpecially where the women are married ladies, and the favours they grant are not for the immediate ſervice of their huſbands.

The Ducheſs has been diſtinguiſhed as a *firſt-rate---the ſalutes* ſhe has received have been general from every thing that paſſed her.

We are to happy to find, that Mr. M'Nally has turned all the *lead* of the hypercritics into ſterling *gold*; for bold *Robin Hood* has gained ſo much into the good graces of the public, that they have given him a beneficent *Retaliation*, and the ingenious author, to uſe his own words,

" May ſing merrily, merrily."——

To-day Mr. *Fox* and his Company will perform " *The Recruiting Officer*." The part of *Captain Brazen* by Mr. Fox, that of *Serjeant Kite* by Sam Houſe, and the other characters as uſual.

Her Grace of Devonſhire has now directed the efforts of her canvaſs to the purlieus of Peter-ſtreet, Petty France, and Tothill-fields Bridewell. *Sam Houſe* and her Grace form a very agreeable *tete-a-tete*, and appear to canvaſs with equal ſucceſs.

Nothing can be more ridiculous, nor more unlikely, than that Lord George Gordon has given his intereſt in Weſtminſter to Mr. Fox; it ſurely would be the height of inconſiſtency in that nobleman to ſupport one who has already polled 300 Catholics, and whoſe warmeſt advocates are among the friends to popery.

It is a poor and pitiful excuſe that the Electors of Weſtminſter make uſe of to avoid taking a part on the preſent occaſion, and to emancipate themſelves from the tyranny of a capricious and tyrannizing ariſtocracy—" I have cuſtomers on both ſides, " whom I do not wiſh to diſoblige." Be it known to thoſe who adopt this reaſoning, that they are relinquiſhing their franchiſes to a mob, the birth-rights of a freeborn Engliſhman, to pleaſe their haughty deſpots, and by ſo abſurd a conduct, inſtead of making friends on one ſide, are more to be deſpiſed by both; and not ſatisfied with this, they are extending a wide and pernicious example to the freeborn inhabitants of Britain. Had the reſt of the counties and boroughs reaſoned in this way, would they have ſet the glorious example of overturing an odious and execrable combination, tyrannizing and lording it at once over the King and over the people?

During the whole of our electioneering Ducheſs's canvaſſing excurſion, ſhe was never obſerved to *wince* at the general diſapprobation ſhe met with till yeſterday morning in Cannon-row, Weſtminſter; on hearing an antiquated ſervant of Lord S——r exclaim, " Ah! ſure your Grace's father never was an enemy to the people." Shame and confuſion were ſo viſible as to induce her *two gallants* to order her carriage to drive on, " ſnatching the bluſhing fair" from the enraged mobility.

Such are the attractions of the Queen of Golconda, that it ſeems we overlooked the electioneering-mad Ducheſs on Tueſday, and that ſhe ſpared near an hour from her more important avocations in order to be preſent at part of the above Opera. She was ſo highly pleaſed with the performance, that ſhe almoſt forgot her appointment with ſeveral of the party to conſult ways and means.

The friends of Mr. Fox endeavour to repreſent Mr. Churchill's going out of town as a ſymptom of deſpair, but it certainly was his health only that obliged him to leave London at a moment, when his preſence was ſo eſſential to the intereſt of the cauſe he has eſpouſed.

It is credibly reported, that if Mr. Fox ſhould be diſappointed of his Election for Weſtminſter, he will be returned for a diſtrict of Scotch burghs, which he will repreſent until he ſhall be elected for ſome populous city or county of England.

A Scotch gentleman, who had received an office from Mr. Fox of about an hundred a year, on the fall of that Miniſter, deſired leave to reſign it into the hands of Mr. Pitt. The young Miniſter told the gentleman, that he knew he had a large and encreaſing family, and deſired him to keep his office, aſſuring him that he had no deſire to deprive him of it. The gentleman, however, with more knight-errantry than either good ſenſe or public virtue, perſiſted in his reſolution of reſigning his place, and has actually gone to Scotland, to oppoſe a very reſpectable adherent of Mr. Pitt, on the weſtern coaſt of that kingdom, in the General Elections.

Mr. F-x applied to Mr. C—y of Weſtminſter for his vote; on which Mr. C. told him, that he did not mean to give his vote to any man. Mr. F. having expreſſed ſome aſtoniſhment at the reply, Mr. C. told him, "Knaves ſhall never have my protec-" tion, and honeſt men do not ſtand in need of it."

A gentlemen looking at Mr. Fox as he was haranguing the mob one day laſt week, wondered that he ſhould be out in ſo cold a day without gloves. A friend who ſtood by confeſſed, that it was indeed odd; but added, at the ſame time, that it was an oddity which would ſoon ceaſe to exiſt; for he was perſuaded, *that the moment he got into office, he would make gloves of all the breeches pockets in his Majeſty's dominions.*

A correſpondent thinks, that Mr. Fox, ſupported as he now is, by the late *Man of the People*, Lord *George Gordon*, and his *very old* and faithful friends, Mr. *W. Adam* and Colonel *North*, cannot, from any concurrence of circumſtances, fail of carrying his Election. So great is Lord George's zeal ſaid to have been, to have his friends from the regions of *Boreas*, to give their *pious voices* for the great ſupporter of *Church and State* on an early day, that he would not wait till the breeches which the Ducheſs of D———e had ordered were got ready, but repaired to Monmouth-ſtreet, where he left not a ſtitch ſufficient to keep out either wind or rain.

"*Liberty Hall*" was formerly one of Lord Derby's favourite ſongs, which he generally humdrummed at the Shakeſpeare meetings; but as he lately wanted to pull down that venerable fabric, by uniting with the Man of the People, in ſupport of the India Bill of infamous memory, he has wiſely changed his tune, and now joins Lord Surry in his much-eſteemed ſong of "*Puſh about the Forum.*"

Mr. Fox is acknowledged to be a great orator, and a moſt acute logician. The firſt is not conteſted; and to thoſe, who might be inclined to diſpute the ſecond, we beg to ſubmit the following ſyllogiſms of his fabrication.

1. The King's Prerogative is that power which he has independently of Parliament. But the King is not to exert this prerogative, in oppoſition to the ſenſe of Parliament.---Therefore the King has no prerogative.

2. The King can govern only by influence or prerogative. He muſt not govern by influence, becauſe it is corrupt; nor by prerogative, becauſe it is violent---therefore he muſt not govern at all.

On Monday a publican, who had intereſted himſelf greatly in the cauſe of Mr. Fox, cut his throat through deſpair of that Gentleman's ſucceſs in his Election. We *heard*, though in ſo delicate a matter, we ſhould not chuſe poſitively to *aſſert* it, unleſs on better authority, that the miſguided man was Mr. Samuel Houſe of Wardour-ſtreet.

Mr. Fox and his colleagues took care whilſt in office, to *ſecure* to the Miniſter that ſhould ſucceed him ſuch a *weight* of unfunded debt to provide for, that he is not without

out hopes it will turn the ſcale of popularity in his favour. This probably it what he calls, ſecuring to the people their due weight in the balance of the Conſtitution.

Mr. Fox bears a ſtrong reſemblance to Lewis XIVth, in *love* and *ambition*. The one is boundleſs, and the other marked with a predilection for *antiquated beauties*.

The Dutch, as well as the French, have been under great obligations to Mr. Fox, and have not ſhewn themſelves ungrateful. The former ſupported the Coalition in the city, while the latter are exerting every nerve for them in Weſtminſter.

However well we may wiſh to the ſucceſs of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, it is the height of impolicy to argue from our hopes, and not from our reaſon. The Weſtminſter Election demands the utmoſt energy, the utmoſt exertion on their ſide, or Mr. Fox muſt prevail; no means fair or unfair are left untried; *fair ladies* and *unfair bribery*---are the powerful engines of *Oliver Cromwell*.

The ridiculous hand-bills and ſquibs that have been circulated about Lord Mountmorres's vote are the moſt impolitic matters that have taken place in the preſent conteſt; public principle may ſurely be ſuppoſed to guide that noble Lord; for candour muſt confeſs, that no man has been more active, more ſucceſsful in the cauſe of freedom in another country; but if folly leads a certain party to be duped by every gambler and adventurer, and to ſhew their ingratitude to men of principle and honour who have ſerved them, there is no reaſon that the public ſhould follow the tone of folly and abſurdity, and ſuffer the leſſening of ſuch men in their opinion.

We are told by the puffers of Mr. Fox, that he was very active in bringing about a peace between Ruſſia and the Porte. We believe it; but do they inform us of a material circumſtance, that this Gentleman, who never plans any thing for nought, expected, and has ſince obtained, a handſome preſent from the Empreſs?

QUERIES.

1. Is it allowable for foreign noblemen to take a part in Election?

2. Is it not a proof of the general opinion of our enemies in reſpect to Carlo's principles, that the Duke de Chartres, Fitz-James, &c. ſhould ſo very ardently eſpouſe his cauſe, and even take a part ſo far as their powers go?

3. Does the D—— of D—— intend to keep up her acquaintance with the *ladies* ſhe lately viſited in *Brick-ſtreet*, Park-lane?

By a paragraph in one of the Coalition papers of Wedneſday, it ſeems that the *ladies* in the intereſt of Mr. Fox, finding the arts hitherto practiſed of kiſſing, coaxing, &c. leſs efficacious than uſual, are come to a reſolution of canvaſſing in *buff*. They think they muſt then infallibly *carry the point*; though it is to be hoped every man of reſolution will *withſtand* them.

The *D——ſs of D.* is at preſent in the ſituation of *Dido*; who after trying in vain the *celeſtial*, proceeded to invoke the *infernal* Deities. Her Grace ſometimes rides about in a *black* riding habit, which is very convenient in caſe ſhe ſhould be obliged to enter into contact with a *Chimney-ſweeper*.

The miſchief of canvaſſing indiſcriminately is that one is ignorant not only of the *principles*, but alſo of the *morals* of the houſe one goes to. A *certain lady* has been obſerved to call frequently at a *B——y-houſe*, not far from the corner of St. Martin's-lane; and the *Major Domo*, being a man of gallantry, has frequently declared that he will not give a *plumper*, unleſs eſcorted by the *D——ſs* in her own carriage!*

When *Lady A——r* comes again to *Fox corner* to add the influence of her *matchleſs beauty* to the power of the *Black Mogul*. ſhe need not load herſelf ſo much with

* We have ſuffered this infamous paragraph to be inſerted, that the public may judge how impudently thoſe two ſcandalous daily papers, the Morning Poſt and Public Advertiſer, have dared to attempt at traducing One of the moſt virtuous, moſt dignified, and moſt lovely of women this or any other nation can boaſt.

a *certain*

a *certain commodity*, as there is a ſhop at hand, whence ſhe may be plentifully ſupplied.

As a reward to the *Iriſh chairmen* for their aſſiſtance in the preſent emergency, they are to be made *palanquin bearers* to their countryman Dr. Edmund *Cantwell*, when he goes to exhibit the *phenomenon* of a *grey head* in India.

John Wilkes is a man of humour, and therefore pleaſantly obſerved to Mr. Manwairing, at Brentford, on Friday laſt, that he ſhould not be at any expence, as his old friends *the blackguards would walk down, the mode of travelling they were moſt uſed to*..

Mr. Edmund Burke is writing a kind of *political elegy*, on the late Houſe of Commons; the plan is copied from Grey's Church Yard. There is to be a great quantity of ſentiment in it, and ſuch a diſplay of *tropes* and *figures*, as ſhall make *old womens* eyes twinkle while they read it. Alas! poor Edmund!

It is a maxim of policy among pickpockets to be the firſt to cry, "Stop Thief!" Thus a certain Committee, in the intereſt of a once popular Candidate, have never failed to precede the moſt groſs falſehoods and palpable forgeries, by accuſing their opponents of ſimilar practices, which they are conſcious the cool proceſs of law, and other modes of legal inveſtigation, muſt bring home to themſelves as ſoon as the phrenſy of Election has ſubſided. A reference to the advertiſements from Ireland's room will ſufficiently juſtify this obſervation.

We have every reaſon to think that Mr. Byng, ſhould the poll continue, will not again make ſo reſpectable an appearance as yeſterday. Extraordinary exertions were made by the friends of the Coalition; they were ſo extremely anxious for Mr. Byng to head the poll, that they did not ſcruple to anticipate the fond hopes they had conceived of ſucceſs, by putting up in large characters on Mr. Fox's alehouſe in Covent Garden, that *Wilkes was beaten*, and that *Byng was, by* 200, *foremoſt on the poll!*

Mr. Cornwall's *new correſpondent* ſhews either a great ironical vein, or *treacherous memory*, in praiſing Mr. F--x; he compares him to Sir Robert Walpole; if he does not wiſh to couple his friend Charley with the acknowledged "Father of Corruption," he ſurely has not that great reccollection for which he thinks he has an excluſive patent.

Yeſterday after the poll cloſed at Covent Garden, Mr. F. was extremely buſy in canvaſſing the few unpolled Electors. About ſeven o'clock he went into the houſe of a lottery-office-keeper at Charing-croſs, to ſolicit the vote of his brother *dependent* on *the chances*.

We underſtand it was not *Sam Houſe* that cut his throat on Monday, but one of Mr. F.'s partiſans in Drury-lane.

A few days ſince, one of Mr. *Fox's ſelect friends*, a gentlemen of the party coloured tribe, who thought proper to perſonate his maſter, in giving a *plumper* to his virtuous friend, was detected in the fact by the very gentleman whoſe name he aſſumed, and who was ſtanding unperceived at his elbow.---He was immediately handed over to a party of pumpers, who were hurrying him away in order to adminiſter a copious ablution; when ſeveral of the crowd enquiring eagerly the cauſe, were anſwered, "*only for taking his "maſter's name in vain.*"

The public may be aſſured, that all the aſſertions relative to tradeſmen having been influenced, or other perſons obliged to vote, on pain of diſmiſſion, for Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, are equally founded in truth, with the late ſtory of Mr. Whitehead being deprived of his place, for giving his vote to Mr. Fox.

So

So long as the Weſtminſter Election was left to the free ſuffrages of the independent and uninfluenced Electors, Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray had every day a conſiderable advantage; but now, ſince the introduction of *bribery* and *petticoat manœuvres*, the tide has taken another turn.

It has been obſerved, that Mr. Fox has continued to gain ground ever ſince the return of the *Duc de Chartres*, and the other French noblemen from Newmarket.

The people of this country have long complained of the conduct of their Repreſentives in Parliament; and yet, when they have it in their power, as at preſent, to chuſe men of different principles, how often do they not return the ſame, or others, perhaps, no more worthy to be truſted? Though the ſpirit of the country was ſo much rouſed of late, its exertions in producing the neceſſary reformation in the ſenate have fallen far ſhort of what might reaſonably have been expected. From what we can at preſent judge, as motley a *group* as ever, is likely to occupy the benches in St. Stephen's for ſeven years to come. We ſee the moſt oppoſite characters, the ſpendthrift and the miſer, the ſwindler and man of honour, the *real* and *pretended* patriot, the firm friend to his King and Country and the factious demagogue, all promiſcuouſly combined as legiſlators and truſtees for the public. How far it is poſſible for ſuch an heterogeneous aſſemblage of parts to unite into an uniform and conſiſtent body, we wiſh we may find no other cauſe to doubt than from our experience of former times.

We have it from good authority, that upwards of 300 bad votes on Mr. Fox's Poll have already been detected in one pariſh. If ſo, and a proportionable number is found in other pariſhes, (a thing moſt likely to happen) with what a vengeance muſt he fall, at laſt, from his preſent towering height? He is now full blown, and floats in air; but, like a crackt balloon, he will then tumble down by his own weight.

Anticipation. As the majority of the new Houſe of Commons is not likely to be on Mr. Fox's ſide, we may expect to hear him, if he comes in for any place, revert to his former language in Lord North's Adminiſtration, and deny that the people are repreſented, or their voice heard, within the walls of St. Stephen's. Let the Miniſter be ſupported by ever ſuch great numbers, he will maintain that the *virtuous* minority in which he ſtands himſelf, ought to carry every point, entirely forgetting that he argued a few months ago, that a majority, however ſmall, was every thing. Superior numbers will be nothing but when they are for Mr. Fox. All who preſume to be againſt him, will be termed venal and corrupt; and all the Reſolutions and Acts of the Houſe, to which he does not chooſe to aſſent, will be pronounced illegal and unconſtitutional.

The *attractive* power of Carlo K--, not only draws to his ſtandard the *wives* and *maidens* of moſt unblemiſhed characters, but even the *women of the people*, and to conclude his triumph; the whole body of *Saphonian votaries* have turned out volunteers to ſupport his cauſe.

The *Ducheſs of Devonſhire* tranſacts buſineſs in a very *expeditious* manner, and therefore deſerves much praiſe from her *favourite member*, as in her canvaſſing for voters ſhe avoids being loquacious---but *kiſſes* and comes at once to *the point*.

Harry Houſe is as happy as his heart could wiſh --talk to him of *oils*, he anſwers Mr. *Fox*---of *pickles*, he replies Mr. *Fox*---of *church* and *pudding*, it is all the ſame.---*Fox* fills up every cranny of his brain, and dances on his tongue eternally.

A gentleman, who waited on Mr. Fox's Committee laſt night, declares they were all in confuſion, like *Old Hardcaſtle*'s ſervants in the play, no man knowing his office, but referring eternally to his neighbour.

No

No neighbourhood was ever ſo *be-vermined* as Weſtminſter is at preſent; we are over-run with Foxes; but, as is generally the caſe, the b---h Foxes are by much the greateſt nuiſances to the *honeſt* and *decent* inhabitants.

It is to be hoped, that Mr. Fox's conduct *per ſe, et per alios*, during the preſent conteſt, will have a national mark ſet upon it; ſuch bare-faced impudent bribery and corruption can no more be forgotten than the Coalition. May it be as much reſented and ſcouted all over the kingdom!

The hired mob of armed ruffians too ſhould be remembered by the peaceable inhabitants, who on Wedneſday laſt (as they have done before, ſometimes more offenſively) paraded before Mr. Fox and his women at Jennings's in Henrietta-ſtreet.

What a figure Mr. Fox would have made on the Poll, had he been left to his own boaſted popularity, inſtead of being *taken up* by thoſe who ought to be *taken up* in another way for their iniquitous ſupport of an iniquitous cauſe!

It is believed by the knowing and impartial, that the Man of the People could not of *himſelf* have muſtered 500 votes.

Mention it not in Gath! Let it not be known in the ſtreets of Weſtminſter, that the free and worthy Electors have been prevailed upon to make that man the ſteward of their deareſt rights and privileges, whom they have every reaſon not to credit for a *ſingle Guinea!*

Mr. *W--jie* has been within this laſt month in more ſtreets and alleys in Weſtminſter than he has ever viſited ſince he rolled his wheel-barrow about with *good ſpice gingerbread ſmoaking hot!*

If a *certain young Gentleman* ſhould ſucceed to a *certain* inheritance, it is expected that Mr. *W--jie* will be appointed Lord Chancellor, and Mr. *M--lls* Ambaſſador to the Court of France.

The D——ſs of D. is ſo *jaded* by the fatigues of canvaſſing, that ſhe muſt ſtep down from the *niche* ſhe has hitherto occupied among the *Bevy of Beauties*. *Perdita* is nominated for the ſucceſſion by the *High Prieſt* of the Temple.

According to the books of *one* pariſh only in Weſtminſter, Mr. Fox has 240 bad votes; Sir Cecil Wray 46; Lord Hood 32.

Even bets to a large amount are daily offered in Weſtminſter, that if Mr. Fox is 200 a-head upon the poll, he will loſe his Election on a ſcrutiny, by an hundred and fifty votes.

A certain *black* candidate's zealous partizans have taken an uncommon manœuvre to ſecure his Election, which accounts for the aſtoniſhing majorities of late on the poll. Of the whole *real* houſekeepers in the city of Weſtminſter, there are perhaps ſeven or eight hundred, either unnaturalized foreigners, or men of ſuch ſingular feelings, as cannot, or will not vote for any party; the former from incapacity, and the latter either from a delicacy of mind, that cannot ſtand the hiſſings and hootings of the oppoſite party while at the Huſtings, or who are afraid of diſobeying one ſet of men, by voting for the other. The names of almoſt all thoſe perſons have been carefully taken down by Cromwell. His party, and their *election crimps*, have been ſent into Spitalfields to kidnap neceſſitous weavers, at three half-crowns per man. Theſe tag-rag pot-wallopers * are conducted to Monmouth-ſtreet, and a ſuit of cloaths hired there to make them appear ſomewhat decent. They are afterwards conducted to the Secret

* We recommend the Morning Poſt to our readers, as a paper peculiarly calculated to teach *elegance* of language, and *ſublimity* of thought!

Committee, the lists of those housekeepers who have *not* voted looked over, and from thence a name is adopted by each. They are then introduced to one of their rendezvous houses as Mr. Such-a one, of such a profession, living at such a number, in such a street, court, or alley. After a hearty cold collation, they go in a body to the Hustings, and all their *adopted* names being in the parish books, their votes are never disputed. The above mode of proceeding is a well known fact, and, what is very laughable, several of the weavers have forgotten the way back for their original tattered garments. What can the public think of the integrity of a party who thus act in such an unprincipled manner *?

Among the various characters which ought to be considered as disqualified for having seats in Parliament, none should operate as a stronger bar than that of the profligate and prodigal. Liverpool has wisely rejected *one* candidate of this description; and Westminster is in a fair way of paying a like courtesy to *another*. As nothing can be more impudent than for such men to solicit trusts of so much importance, so nothing can be more absurd, on the other side, than to grant them. And yet, how many instances are there on the present occasion, of counties and boroughs trusting certain persons with their all, to whom none of those very Electors, in their individual capacities, would lend a single shilling! As the motives of such a conduct are out of the reach of common sense, we shall not, says a correspondent, pretend to account for it. Some may endeavour to reconcile it to themselves, as is but too frequently done, by that fallacious argument, that private vice does not necessarily preclude public virtue. Whether this position has ever been clearly proved in any case, we shall not determine; but the instances, we will venture to say, are so few, that it seems dangerous ever to try the experiment. In regard to the present point, who could rationally expect that a man, who has been an ill manager for himself, should prove a good steward for others?

Had those, who have re-elected the supporters of the India Bill, considered duly what they were about, they would certainly never have incurred the reproach, nor risked the other hazards, of chusing such Representatives. To expect that the breakers of former laws should prove good law-makers for the future, is just as wise as to imagine, that any necessary reforms in our Courts of Justice could be brought about, by filling the Benches in *Westminster Hall* with convicts from *Newgate!*

Authors of good repute have said, that Charles the Fifth sent to this country, at a time like the present, a sum of no less than 1,200,000 crowns, to enable certain leading men to carry on Elections. By the great quantity of *Louis d'Ors* now said to be circulating among the friends and supporters of that champion for British freedom, *Carlo Khan*, it would appear that Louis the Sixteenth is pursuing the same plan of policy.

We are credibly informed, that a certain *black-legged* society, not far from St. James's-street, have risked in bets above one hundred thousand pounds upon the success of their Khan, in the Westminster Election. This accounts for the Election being so protracted, to the great inconvenience of the metropolis. We are informed also, from the same quarter, that the means used by a certain canvassing D——s is, to lay Ten Guineas against One, that they do not, or dare not vote for her *dear Charley*; and if a poor woman appears pregnant, her Grace offers to be godmother. Such are the constitutional modes used to force a member upon the Electors of Westminster.

* The scrutiny now carrying on, unfortunately for the author of these infamous assertions and insinuations, gives the Lie direct, in solemn and legal testimony, to every circumstance this paragraph contains. But we are tired with remarking on these newspaper falsehoods; so in future "rest ye perturbed spirits"—*Morning* and *Public*; your subsequent effronteries we shall pass over in silent contempt!

The

The ſtraddling activity of our female canvaſſers has gone near to ſave Weſtminſter, or rather to do the office oppoſite to ſalvation,—in the manner of Othello's "You "miſtreſs, that do the office oppoſite to St. Peter." And as to St. Alban's, there the female miſchief has had its perfect work.

A certain flute player went a few days ago to vote for Mr. Fox, but, on examination, was compelled to be *tacet* on the occaſion, as he was found out to be a foreigner.

Nickey Noodle's wife, of Wimpole ſtreet, yclep'd *Madam Lingo*, becauſe, like *Domine Felix*'s butler, ſhe is not only a *ſcholar*, but was once a *teacher* of ſcholars, has made ſeveral *learned harangues* to the populace in Covent Garden, in favour of Mr. Fox, and was very near loſing her *raw-boned hacknies*, and being drawn in her *dingey* vehicle by the *better-fed* animals, the mob. It is thought, if this Lady could have carried her *canvaſs* through Taviſtock-ſtreet, Mr. Fox muſt have been ſucceſsful; but, for *particular* reaſons there, ſhe ſtood *aloof*. *Squire Nickey* too attempted to ſeduce a *ſhopboard of taylors* to vote againſt their conſciences; but *Maſter Snip* returning in the interim, preſented a long manuſcript copy of *ſtay-tape and buckram*, bearing date *anno domini one thouſand ſeven hundred and ſeventy-nine*, which made him *ſheer* off without the help of his *ſpectacles!*

To convince the public of the ſhameful effects of undue influence in the preſent conteſt for Weſtminſter, we hear from a correſpondent that a certain D—ch—ſs ſent an order on Thurſday night to two hair-dreſſers of the name of J—kſ—n in Wardour-ſtreet, for 50lbs. of hair powder each, at their *own prices*, and requeſting them to vote for her Grace's *Ciceſbeo*. Their alacrity to *ſerve* her Grace need not be doubted*.

The Ducheſs of *Cockades* had ſo far recovered from her temporary indiſpoſition, as to attend yeſterday in Covent Garden. She wore, as uſual, the inſignia of the order in her hat, and by her extraordinary beauty, attracted the eyes of the gaping multitude. A band of *greaſy* muſicians ſtruck up with marrow-bones and cleavers in honour of her *Grace*, and ſhe was followed down the whole of Southampton-ſtreet, with the acclamations of her *new* admirers.

It was remarked, that not even the ill ſucceſs of her favourite *Member*, when the numbers were declared, could cloud her Grace's all-enlivening countenance.

If Mr. Fox is no longer the *Man of the People*, he muſt be allowed from the number of females who attend to give him their ſupport, to be at leaſt the *man for the ladies*.

The D---ſs of D———e's attendance at Covent-garden, perhaps, will not ſecure Mr. Fox's Election; but it will at leaſt eſtabliſh her pre-eminence above all the *other beauties* of *that place*, and make her a ſtanding toaſt in all the alehouſes and gin-ſhops of Weſtminſter.

Iriſh chairmen, under the direction of a *certain Gentleman's* friends, are become the firm ſupporters of the conſtitution; they are found uſeful in demoliſhing Miniſters, and in times of Election, they manage *a pole* with great ſpirit.

When a celebrated wit was told of lady ----'s predilection for Signor P--tti, of the Opera, he obſerved, that it put him in mind of a *Middleſex* Election.

In the city, *Bacchus* and *Ceres* aſſiſted the Candidates--In Weſtminſter, *Mars* and *Venus* lend a helping hand--Conſidering that they are *Gods*, they make a *deviliſh* noiſe in that neighbourhood.

* See an explanation of this paragraph in an advertiſement publiſhed by Mr. Jackſon himſelf, page 195 of this work.

The ladies who intereſt themſelves ſo much in caſe of Elections, are perhaps too ignorant to know that they meddle with what does not concern them, but they ought at leaſt to know, that it is uſual, even in theſe days of degeneracy, to expect *common decency* in a married woman, and ſomething of *dignity* in a woman of quality.

The unſucceſsful Candidates declare, that they never experienced ſo much *agitation* in *paſſion* week before *.

It is rather ſingular, that the Covent Garden Election goes on as it does, conſidering the coalitions daily forming between *ladies of all qualities*, for the ſupport of their friends.

Yeſterday the ſpirit of rioting again prevailed in Covent Garden; the chairmen in the intereſt of Mr. Fox ſoon cleared the Piazza's, not only of their adverſaries, but of every man whoſe ill fortune led him in their way. The underſtanding is ſaid to lie near the *pericranium*; if ſo, theſe gentry took the ſhorteſt method of applying to the *good ſenſe* of the Weſtminſter Electors.

The liberty of a Weſtminſter Elector, according to certain definitions of it, ſtands thus: Sir, you are an independent man, and therefore will be kind enough to vote as the *Prince*, or the *Duke*, or the *Lord*, or the *Ducheſs* directs you; that, Sir, is Liberty, the boaſt and birth-right of Engliſh Electors alone!!!

An ingenious friend of Mr. Fox's is preparing a pretty *little treatiſe*, to prove, beyond a doubt, that *bribery* is wholeſome, and *perjury* the moſt innocent and agreeable amuſement imaginable.

The *butchers* and *chairmen* were a certain Candidate's ſupport at the beginning of the Election. Some time ſince the *playhouſe* troops were marched to his aſſiſtance; afterwards *Spital-fields* poured forth their *legions*; and this day, being the firſt of the term, the *priſons* will be ranſacked for adherents to the cauſe of *ſwindling* and *inſolvency*.

The motto with ſome Ladies may now be,—"*All for Fox, or honour and reputation* "*well loſt*."

Conſidering the frequent viſits they pay to *Covent Garden*, it is no wonder that the Ladies catch the *contagion* of party ſpirit, and are ſo *warm* in ſupport of their favourite *member*.

A ſecret friend and admirer of the *Ducheſs of Devonſhire*, wiſhes to recommend to her peruſal (if belles can fatigue their eyes with the **Black Letter**) an act of Parliament of the late King, which ſubjects thoſe who give money at Elections to a proſecution, and a penalty of 500l. for each voter that has been bribed.

There are three different motives aſſigned for the alacrity a certain Ducheſs ſhares in her preſent canvaſs of the Electors of Weſtminſter. The firſt is, to ſecure the yielding affections of a certain great Perſonage, which ſhe fears are now *ſinking* under *the weight* of her *encreaſing* charms. The ſecond is, a love for her huſband's family, part of which, it is apprehended, muſt ſoon ſtarve, unleſs Mr. Fox is again Secretary of State; or rather, unleſs the Duke of P. is *Roy*, and, as Trincalo ſays, Mr. Fox is *Viceroy over him*. The third, laſt, and weakeſt motive is, her perſonal regard for Mr. Fox himſelf —*utrum horum mavis accipe*; and to do juſtice to her Grace's taſte, we muſt pronounce the latter motive to be the leaſt probable.

* It is hardly worth our while to elucidate the elegant and truly *attic wit* of the *Morning Poſt*; but to give this *pun* all its force, our readers muſt be put in mind that the Election, at this time going on at Covent Garden, rather in favour of Sir Cecil Wray, happened to fall out in the laſt week in Lent, commonly called *Paſſion-week*.

Mr.

Mr. Pope ſays,

" Thus Papiſts refuſe
" The Bible to uſe,
" Leſt the flocks ſhou'd be wiſe as their guide."

And we preſume the *Jeſuit of St. Omer*'s proceeded upon this principle, when he contemptuouſly threw the Bible away on the Huſtings at Covent Garden, the day he took the election oath. He certainly feared, that if the people continued to read and reſpect that ſacred book, they might ſtumble on ſuch an adviſer as Solomon, who thus cautions the buſy policitian: " My ſon, fear thou the Lord, and the *King*; and meddle " not with them that are given to change." Yet, perhaps, Mr. B. might have thrown the book over his ſhoulder for good luck in a bad cauſe, and to court popularity, by ſhewing he was not ſuperior to popular prejudices.

Lord Chatham conquered America in Germany; General Waſhington conquered America in the Britiſh Houſe of Commons; and Mr. *Fox* is now attempting to conquer the city of Weſtminſter in *Spitalfields!*

After the impudent contradiction of a matter of fact, inſerted in this paper, reſpecting Mr. Whitehead, lately one of the Yeomen of the Guard, he is bound in honour, if we are to expect that principle in a *beef-eater*, to come forward and declare the real ſtate of the affair. This we do not require for our information, but for the ſatisfaction of the public. We are already well informed, that ſo far from having been diſmiſſed, the favour of a permiſſion to ſell his place was granted him in oppoſition to the uſual cuſtom, which does not allow the yeomen to ſell, though they have purchaſed, for *their own benefit*, the ſale of theſe appointments being the perquiſite of the Captain. We may add alſo, that he ſold out at his own requeſt, and was not directed to do it, as was the caſe with Captain Nugent, under the corrupt and vindictive adminiſtration of Lord North*.

The Weſtminſter Election has been reduced to a mere betting buſineſs. The idea of their Candidate being the ſitting Member, having been long given up by Mr. Fox's party, the grand object is to get him returned, for which purpoſe poor deluded wretches of every deſcription have been picked up in every part of the town, and voters been brought from four to ten guineas a head in Chandos-ſtreet, with almoſt as little ſecrecy as recruits are inliſted for government or the Eaſt India ſervice. By theſe *honourable* manœuvres the Man of the People and his adherents, it is calculated, will realize near forty thouſand pounds among them.

The print-ſhops exhibit in the moſt ſtriking colours the depravity of the preſent day, and laudably expoſe the *temporary familiarity* ſo very predominant between the great and little vulgar. When titled perſonages deign to become aſſociates with the loweſt publicans, to copy their manners, and meanly ſolicit their favours, the ſarcaſms and indecencies to which they expoſe themſelves cannot be too plainly or too publicly held out as the juſt rewards of their affected humility, and ſpecious condeſcenſion.

Except for example ſake, nothing can be leſs intereſting to the community than the queſtion, whether Mr. Fox will or will not be in for Weſtminſter? As by the virtuous wiſdom exerciſed by the people in moſt of the new Elections, the Coalition corruptors are almoſt entirely cut off; and Mr. Fox, unſupported and almoſt alone, will move as emptily as poor Goody P. or the Iriſh Lord B.

* This tranſaction being fully explained, and impartially related, from the authority of Mr. Whitehead himſelf, in our Introductory Preface to this work, we ſhall not here comment upon it. The reader is referred to the Introduction.

The

The late advances on the Poll by the inſolvent gambler, are ſaid to be particularly gratifying, not ſo much in a political view, as on motives of jockeyſhip, there being ſeveral bets pending to a great amount.

A certain Duke converſing a few days ago on the ſtrictures paſſed upon his amiable Ducheſs, declared with an inexpreſſive ſimplicity of face, *that he could not believe one half of it.*

As a proof that Government has not uſed its influence in the preſent conteſt for Weſtminſter, the *players*, who are all the King's *ſervants*, have voted almoſt to a man for Mr. Fox. Query, Have any of the Prince of Wales's ſervants voted for Lord Hood or Sir Cecil Wray?

A certain Orator boaſts of his ſupport from the Electors of Weſtminſter. He has undoubtedly great reaſon to boaſt of the ſupport he has received from a banditti of diſcarded courtiers, ruined gamblers, Iriſh chairmen, butchers, weavers, and common proſtitutes!

The Ducheſs is much enamoured with the prints which condeſcend to notice her Grace, in ſuch a variety of canvaſſing poſitions. Strict orders are given to buy all that come out, and to place them in one particular light apartment, which is to be called the Ducheſs's *Exhibition* *.

Mr. Fox has declared, in the Houſe of Commons, times without number, that there is a *maſs* of good ſenſe in the people of this country. The General Elections will prove this propoſition in a very ſtriking manner; and in the next Parliament, no doubt, the good ſenſe of the people will be ſung by the great Orator of England, in higher ſtrains than ever.

There is certainly a great ſimilarity, in ſeveral particulars, between Cromwell and Fox; but there is at the ſame time this ſtriking difference, that Cromwell was ſupported in the *accompliſhment* of his meaſures by an army of *ſaints*; and Fox, in his *attempts*, by a band of *ſinners*.

All the Devonſhire connexions are cloſely leagued and linked with Mr. Fox. All their hopes of places and penſions are centered in his coming once more into power. Should an event, ſo baneful to the whole empire, take place, all the ladies' expences will, doubtleſs, be amply repaid from the Treaſury.

Certain perſons are much irritated at the print-ſellers. But it ſhould be remembered that when people of rank deſcend below themſelves, and mingle with the vulgar for mean and dirty purpoſes, they give up their claim to reſpect, forfeit their privileges, and become fair game for cenſure.

All advertiſements relative to the Weſtminſter Election ſhould be in the Ducheſs of Devonſhire's name. She is the candidate to all intents and purpoſes. Mr. Fox has not of himſelf polled a man this fortnight.

The turn of the Poll has already given ſuch elevation of ſpirits to a certain deſcription of deſperadoes, that it is reſolved to eſtabliſh an anniverſary dinner, which ſhall be

* The prints that illuſtrate this work are ſuch *alone* as we could, with any regard to *decency*, ſubmit to the public eye. By ſome indelicate and illiberal partizans of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, poſſibly, we may be accuſed of partiality, in having ſo many on Mr. Fox's ſide of the queſtion, and ſo *few* againſt him. Be this as it may, we have only to aſſure the public, that the Gentleman who ſelected for us is a *connoiſſeur* of the firſt claſs, and took great pains to procure all the *beſt* on *both ſides*. If the enemies of Mr. Fox had employed ARTISTS of *real* merit and ingenuity to ſatirize his cauſe and party, we ſhould with great readineſs have brought forward their productions. But really the poor thoughts, indecent alluſions, and pitiful execution of the deſign, deterred us from incumbering our work with repreſentations that are a ſcandal to morality, a reproach to the arts, and a diſgrace to the country that encourages ſuch a proſtitution of time and genius.

called

WIT'S LAST STAKE OR THE COBLING

...ING VOTERS and ABJECT CANVASSERS.

called *the black-legged Jubilee*. Many Knights and Squires of the Poſt have already ſubſcribed their names, poſtponing the depoſit to a more convenient opportunity.

Charles inſiſts, that Captain Morris's Jenny Sutton and his *plenipotentiary* have brought him at leaſt five hundred good votes, as the memory of thoſe choice ſcraps of poetry gave a kind of reliſh to her Grace's ſolicitations.

A certain Duke is in the high road to the land of Annuities; two ſuch expenſive Elections as the preſent would try the largeſt fortune in Europe.

The Weſtminſter firm is, "Fox, Derby, Devonſhire, Weltjie, Houſe, and Co.'

The Fair Captive, who was lately removed to the country by a warrant under the ſtatute *Jus Mariti*, has found means to elope from her confinement. She was ſeen, within theſe few days, very buſy in the *Purlieus* of Spital-fields---not in chooſing patterns for ſummer ſilks---but in raiſing recruits for the ſervice of her dear *Carlo*. Her common enliſting money is a guinea, as uſual on other occaſions of beating up for volunteers; but the additional perquiſite of a *crown* is not given to *drink* his Majeſty's health. That part of the bounty is compounded for ſmiles, hugs, and ſmacks; a commutation much reliſhed by ſome; though others, it is ſaid, would like the broad pieces better.

What a change do we find in the ſtyle of a certain candidate of late! While Sir Cecil Wray was ſo much a-head, *Carlo*'s advertiſements, though aſſuming an air of confidence, betrayed evident ſigns of deſpondency; but now, that he has got along-ſide of his adverſary, how does he bluſter and ſwagger! Let him remember the old adage, however, and not *hollow till he is out of the wood*. Triumphant and ſwoln as he is at preſent, the ſtrong hand of a ſcrutiny may come to ſqueeze him to nothing. The *Shuttles* of Spital-fields, like the *marrow-bones* and cleavers of Carnaby and Newport, may add to the bulk of his poll, but not to its ſolidity. When weighed in the balance, both will be found wanting.

The Man of the Mob is ſuppoſed to be as legally qualified for a ſeat in Parliament, as many of his Electors are to vote for him. He would lately have been arreſted for 400l. upon the Huſtings, had not ſome kind friend (ſuppoſed to be the Piccadilly Duke) ſatisfied the demands of the creditor. Reynard and the *D----ſs* may dance, but the poor *Duke* pays the piper.

Mr. Fox's addreſs of the 28th, to the independent Electors, is, in his true ſtile of compoſition, a *chef d'œuvre*. It abounds with bold aſſertion and falſe inſinuation, and contains but one truth, namely, "that his public life is too well known to them, to make any profeſſions neceſſary."

Mr. Fox's ſucceſs in Weſtminſter, on Tueſday, threw down the funds one-half per cent. in leſs than half an hour.

It is as certain as that the ſun gives light, that among Mr. Fox's friends there are already twenty-ſeven returned who muſt go to the Houſe with borrowed qualifications, not being worth one ſhilling in the world.

A certain Lady's conduct has been defended, and even applauded, on the virtuous ground of friendſhip and ſolicitude for her friends. But her motives are nothing leſs than diſintereſted. Notwithſtanding her huſband's princely income, he is, to the great regret of his tradeſmen, much in debt; and it will require ſome of Mr. Fox's *bold meaſures*, an *India Bill or two*, to pay them off.

The quondam Man of the People is certainly a moſt extraordinary character; in whatever ſituation you find him, he is never out of his way, anxiouſly engaged in his honourable *vocation*. It ſeems even in the buſtle and confuſion of the election he has found leiſure to bet upon his own ſucceſs, and has won large ſums in conſequence of his

his obtaining a majority. Who ſhall now dare aſſert, that no man, that is not either an ideot or a knave, will commence gameſter?

The ſeven weavers from Webb-ſquare, Shoreditch, *who polled twice as Weſtminſter Electors*, poſitively received no more than one guinea per man!

Her Grace's coach has received ſo much *company* for the laſt three weeks, that it is not likely to be *without* in a hurry. It is therefore to undergo a complete *purification*, as the *young colony*, has already been found exceedingly troubleſome, and thrown her Grace's family into ſome diſorder.

The honeſt baker in St. Martin's-lane has his ſtory at his fingers end: he cons it over morning and evening, in order to be prepared to lay the Ducheſs before the Committee. When the twenty pounds were offered for a French loaf, the Scotchman ſwore he would be d---d before he'd damn himſelf for any Ducheſs in England.

The *Call-boy* of Drury-lane Theatre, among many others of the theatrical *attic* inhabitants, gave Reynard a plumper!

Spitalfields is now as full of caſh, owing to Reynard's douceurs, as the town of Portſmouth when the ſhips are paid off.

The Committee at Wood's Hotel having omitted to inſert their uſual advertiſements in the news-papers, for the two firſt days of the week, the public were much at a loſs how to account for ſuch a ſeeming relaxation, eſpecially at a time when the advantages daily gained over their opponents rendered the utmoſt exertions neceſſary. Some thought that they had abandoned the matter altogether, as deſpairing of being able, by a fair canvaſs, to combat the flagrancy of the methods uſed by the other party; while it was the opinion of others, that either they were confident they had already a majority of the good votes, or that they were in poſſeſſion of ſuch proofs of illegal proceedings on the ſide of their competitors, as would, when brought to trial, ſet aſide any ſuperiority, whether of good or bad ſuffrages, that might be acquired by ſuch means; and conſequently, that, in either caſe, they ſaw no reaſon to give themſelves or their friends much further trouble. It would ſeem, however, from the re-appearance of their ſeveral advertiſements yeſterday morning, and from Lord Hood and Sir Cecil being ſeen ſo buſy canvaſſing through the day, that, whatever after-blow they mean to ſtrike, they are determined, in the mean time, to diſpute the victory by numbers.

Mr. Fox has called Sir Cecil Wray the Court Candidate. But the aſſertion is not true, and is only advanced to prejudice Sir Cecil in his Election. It is true, however, that there were great rejoicings in Paris when the news arrived there, of the late ſudden turn on the Poll for Weſtminſter. Let any one judge from that, and ſome other *concurring* circumſtances, whoſe *Candidate* ſomebody elſe is. We wiſh not, in this country, to have Candidates impoſed by any Court whatever; but ſurely, if the two ſhould ever happen to come in competition, it might naturally be expected, that the *favourite* of St. James's would meet with full as good acceptance as the *tool* of Verſailles.

As ſoon as *Carlo Khan* had got 20 a-head, it was reſolved there ſhould be a new triumphal print of him, ſuperbly mounted, as on a late occaſion; and, accordingly, a capital Engraver was immediately engaged for that purpoſe. The buſineſs, however, is yet at a ſtand for want of a proper figure to repreſent the Elephant. The former Repreſentation, it ſeems, will not do, having received ſo much damage on his *proboſcis* in an unlucky ſquabble at Banbury, as to render him unfit any more to exhibit in that character; and the party, it is ſaid, cannot eaſily furniſh another equally well adapted to become the *beaſt of burden*.

April 30.] Yeſterday the Independent Electors of Weſtminſter in the intereſt of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, dined together for the third time at Wood's Hotel, Covent Garden.

The number aſſembled on the occaſion amounted to 400. The dinner was ſerved with elegance, and conſiſted of great variety. The wines were excellent. After the removal, the following toaſts were given:

" Woman, with three times three. By Mr. Churchill *.

" King and Conſtitution.

" Our amiable Queen, and the Royal Family.

" The Free and Independent Electors of Weſtminſter. Given by Lord Hood.

" Our Candidates, and may the Faction of a Cataline never triumph over the " Friends of the Conſtitution. Given by Mr. Churchill.

" Mr. Pitt.

" The Independent Freeholders of Middleſex.

" Duke of Northumberland †.

" Duke of Newcaſtle †.

" Lord Mahon.

" Mr. Hood, and his ſpeedy recovery.

After this toaſt was given and drank, the Rev. Mr. Jackſon aroſe and ſaid, " That " as the health of one invalid had been propoſed, he would ſuggeſt to the company " the propriety of giving that of another, The newſpapers, Mr. Jackſon ſaid, in- " formed him, that a gentlemen, whoſe character was held in general eſteem, had been " obliged to viſit Bath for the recovery of his health; Mr. Churchill being thus ſent " to drink the waters, it would be doing only common juſtice to his merit, to wiſh " him a ſpeedy recovery, as the nature of the caſe would admit, in a bumper of " wine."

The abſent Mr. Churchill was then given and drank, and the Mr. Churchill then in the chair aroſe and ſaid,

" That it was very true, as the newſpapers ſtated, he had been at Bath; but an ex- " preſs having been ſent by an Air Balloon to inform him of the honour done him by " the company, he had taken poſt horſes and returned to town to thank the meet- " ing."

The next toaſt given was,

" The Independent Electors throughout the kingdom."

This called up Lord Galway, who addreſſed the meeting to the following purport: He ſaid, " That having had the honour to be returned a ſecond time the Repre- " ſentative of the city of York, he conſidered the toaſt given as including his Conſti- " tuents; for they had acted in the nobleſt and moſt diſintereſted manner; ſeveral of " them reſiſting every ſpecies of influence, embracing poverty and danger rather than " ſacrifice the honeſt dictates of their conſciences. Lord Galway truſted this would be " the caſe with the Electors of Weſtminſter. Shameful influence had been proſtituted " to gain their votes; very diſtinguiſhed perſonages had demeaned themſelves on the " occaſion; the conduct of ſuch perſonages ſhould be marked, and they ſhould be pu- " niſhed; but not the poor deluded creatures who obeyed their mandates."

The toaſts were then reſumed, and the following were given:

" Lord Galway."

* Surgeon, Apothecary, and *Man-midwife!*

† It is no trivial obſervation to remark, that after toaſting the independent freeholders of Middleſex, immediately theſe two Noblemen are given, whoſe notorious influence was at that time exerting itſelf over the freedom and independency of both the county of Middleſex and city of Weſtminſter!—Vide Introductory Preface.

"The Lord Chancellor," given by Mr. Atkinſon.
"The Officers of the Navy."
"May the exertion of the unpolled Electors render a ſcrutiny unneceſſary."
"A reſtoration of the people's rights by a reform of Parliament."
"The army, and may the ſword never be drawn but in defence of liberty and our "country."
"Lord Viſcount Mountmorres."

His Lordſhip thanked the company in a moſt animated ſpeech; and an adjournment being propoſed by the Chair, the meeting broke up with a determination to proſecute a vigorous canvaſs, and be prepared for a ſcrutiny.

It is now clearly underſtood at Brookes's, that the poll was kept back on purpoſe to leave room for betting, as a certain jockey always had his horſe in hand, and knew when he got ſight of the poſt, he could paſs his opponent at diſcretion.

We hear the ſole reaſon the Chairman of the Committee for conducting the Election of a *certain black Candidate* has for reſigning is, that he can no longer forego his favourite amuſement of nocturnally viſiting that celeſtial place the Dog and Duck, where he has been of late a conſtant attendant.

A certain Ambaſſador ſends regular diſpatches from Hyde-park Corner to Paris, with an account of the ſucceſſes of his friend in Covent-garden.

On Saturday evening about eleven o'clock, a gang of ruffians, armed with bludgeons and cleavers, attempted to force into Wood's Hotel; but, meeting with a brave reſiſtance, were obliged to retire. They ſoon returned with a reinforcement, and broke open the outer doors of the houſe, which had been ſhut for the purpoſe of excluding them. The attack was then renewed with redoubled fury. Several perſons were maimed and wounded, and the glaſs in the doors demoliſhed. Some gentlemen from the hotel recommended it to the rioters to diſperſe, and told them that if they entered the houſe they would be inſtantly fired upon. They nevertheleſs perſiſted, till at length, after infinite forbearance, a piece was diſcharged. A party of the guards were brought from the Savoy, and ſeveral of the ringleaders (particularly the notorious Cockran) were apprehended at the Queen's Head, in Taviſtock-row. On the next morning, the offenders were brought before a Magiſtrate, when ſeveral of Mr. Fox's Committee attended to give bail for the appearance of their friends.

We are pleaſed to find that none of the *Committee* were amongſt thoſe who were apprehended.

Mr. Fox's ragged regiment reſembles in many particulars, that of Sir John Falſtaff; indeed he cannot ſay with the fat Knight, that he has abuſed his Majeſty's preſs moſt d——y, becauſe he is not truſted at preſent with a Treaſury commiſſion; but they are patched and pie-balled and party-coloured, like Sir John's men; and though they may not have ſtolen a ſhirt from *mine hoſt of Daintree*, yet there are many in the *corps* that cannot produce *clean linen* which is paid for.

Among the *female canvaſſers* there is none more formidable from perſonal charms than *Mrs. S——n*; her features ſeem to meliorate by time, and to mellow into an *irreſiſtable ſweetneſs**.

The *Ladies W——e* are in the right to make the beſt uſe of their time. Their beauty is by no means of the *keeping kind*; and in another ſeven years, it is probable, they will not be able to ſecure *a ſingle plumper* in the whole diſtrict of St. Giles's.

* We can at laſt give an *approving note* to the *Morning Poſt*. But it is the *irreſiſtable* lovelineſs of *Mrs. Sheridan alone* that can ameliorate the Editor's periods—"*'Tis* BEAUTY *that conquers and keeps the fair field*"—!

The

The *K---ls* are aukward in the buſineſs; they have not yet learnt the *method of kiſſing*; they can only ſerve to act the part of mutes in a tragedy, or that of thoſe who are employed to ſwell the pomp in a proceſſion.

Lady *Sal-ſb--y* is the only woman of rank who has interfered on the Miniſterial ſide in Elections. But her proceedings have been marked with ſuch *delicacy* and *dignity*, as to ſhame the *mobbing conduct* of her rivals.

Mr. Fox's phalanx (ſo low is the mighty fallen!) is reckoned, when all his levies are complete, to amount to about one hundred and twenty! invalids and paupers included.

Showers of gold are ſcattered by the hands, and *ambroſial nectar* is diſtilled from the *lips* of *Venus*, among the too happy inhabitants of Weſtminſter, in favour of her beloved *Viceroy* *.

The Prince appeared at Ranelagh laſt week, with a *Fox cockade* in his hat, and a ſprig of *laurel*; if he ſhould ever be ſent a *bird's neſting* by Oliver, it is to be expected he will prefer the *laurel* to the *oak*.

At the Election Turf in Covent Garden, *even bets* are now laid, that Mr. Fox heads Lord Hood on the poll. This is not only poſſible, but probable, for the unpolled *weavers* are yet very numerous.

The Huſtings at Covent Garden now reſemble the Stand at Newmarket; "*an even bett that he comes in ſecond!*" and "*five to four on this day's poll!*" being the language hourly vociferated from every part of the building.

The *Faro table*, which was laſt winter kept at Brookes's by the confederates of a Right Hon. Candidate, ſhould be opened at the Huſtings in Covent Garden, and the ſcene would then be quite complete. An *hazard table* in *the Veſtry* would be ſtill more in character.

A correſpondent reading Lord Mountmorres's remark upon the *extraordinary numbers* who have polled at the preſent Election for Weſtminſter, begs leave to mention a circumſtance which muſt render it ſtill more aſtoniſhing.

He has had the curioſity to enquire of ſeveral reputable tradeſmen (to ſome of whom he was known, and to others not) and their anſwer has, almoſt without exception, been, that *they have not polled at all*; ſome, becauſe they would not give up their own opinion to the ſolicitations of their great and powerful neighbours and cuſtomers, whom yet they dare not directly diſoblige; others, becauſe they were ſo urged by both parties, that they ſaw no chance of avoiding offence, but by promiſing each that they would not vote againſt them.

If a ſcrutiny ſhould take place, the gentleman will certainly have the further curioſity to ſee whether ſome of the above have not been perſonated by others.

The Weſtminſter Election engroſſing at this time the public attention, the following facts are ſubmitted to our readers. This paper has ever profeſſed and obſerved a ſtrict impartiality, and we flatter ourſelves that through the medium of the Public Advertiſer many uſeful truths have been conveyed to the public eye †:

* The God of Blackſmiths, and the *Black*-ſmith among the Gods. This immortal, although a cripple, was the favourite of the Goddeſs of Love and Beauty.

† This paper, at the time of the riots in 1780, gave all thoſe *inſinuations* to the fanatical mob engaged in deſtroying property for the ſake of the *Proteſtant Religion*, that ſhould inſtigate them to acts of violence againſt every perſon who *favoured* of *Popery!*—a term ſtill *dreadful* to the Editor, and which he trumpets forth upon every occaſion with all the *terror* of a *new reformer!*—Go, good Mr. Editor, and *reform* yourſelf.

The right of Election in Weſtminſter is confined to thoſe houſeholders who pay, or are *liable* to pay poor rates:

Of thoſe who *have* paid, the pariſh books are a ſufficient evidence, if their identity has not been perſonated by others, as is ſuppoſed to have happened in many caſes;

But under the word *liable* a large field of impoſition is opened:

Upon a doubt of any vote, the Returning Officer aſks, Where do you live? St. George's, Hanover-ſquare. Are you a houſeholder? Yes. How long have you been ſo? Before the diſſolution of Parliament? Yes.. Do you pay poor rates? Yes.

If any man anſwers theſe queſtions, he is allowed to be a good vote:

There is no impeachment of the impartiality of the Returning Officer in this mode of proceeding; for if the vote is a bad one, there is a remedy by a ſcrutiny or a petition: If a good vote is diſallowed, the only remedy is an action againſt the Returning Officer:

Thus circumſtanced there is no wonder in Mr. Fox's majority: for he has nothing to do but to procure a ſufficient number of rabble to anſwer theſe few queſtions directly and without heſitation. The negative is upon the moment impoſſible to be proved by witneſſes, and the Returning Officer is not empowered to adminiſter an oath to the party:

Thus the wonder will ceaſe when we reflect that any man, without the arts and machinations of Cataline, could carry an Election in the ſame way, if he will condeſcend to the ſame tricks.

It is ſuppoſed that Cataline will procraſtinate and delay the Election by one means or another, till the 18th of May; and then preſs the High Bailiff to make a return without a Scrutiny.

If any body aſks why Sir Cecil Wray is out-generalled, the anſwer is plain,---becauſe he is an honeſt man, and has applied to thoſe only who are real Electors.

Every body remembers the celebrated conjuror Jonas giving his adverſary nine, and the deal at whiſt, and winning the game. Why? Becauſe his adverſary played fair, and he played the whole game.

Upon the whole ſtate of the Weſtminſter Election, it is clear that the inhabitants muſt do juſtice to themſelves by a Scrutiny. That will ſet the preſent Election in its true light, and for the future it ſhould be regulated by *act of Parliament*.

There is a report, but we pretend not to vouch for the fact, that *Carlo Khan* has been elected for the moſt northern diſtrict of boroughs in a neighbouring kingdom. We ſincerely pray this intelligence may be true. His party muſt bring him in for ſome place or other, as their cauſe could not long ſubſiſt without the aſſiſtance of his factious genius; and we wiſh not this end of the iſland to bear the ſtain or reproach of delegating a man, who daringly avows principles incompatible with liberty and property; long therefore may he be conſigned to Hyperborean regions. Thither let him go, and with the *fire* of his eloquence warm the *frigid* Minos of his half rational admirers. There, too, let him for ever dwell, the *grim* idol of a *Gothic* race. *Illa ſe jactet in aula.*

Among other inſtances of exaggerated eſtimate on the importance of the Weſtminſter Election, an Election no otherwiſe important than for the ſake of example; for as to the operation of Mr. Fox in the Houſe of Commons, the unſubdued, unſophiſticated ſenſe and ſpirit of the reſt of the kingdom have effectually antidoted that, by kicking out moſt of his adherents; among the ſubſtances of ſuch exaggerated eſtimate, are the expreſſes daily into different diſtant diſtricts, on the concluſion of the Poll, to Lord George

George Cavendiſh, Lord John*, Lord Melbourne at Brocket, &c. &c. and as they are *no conjurors*, and cannot waft their intelligence through a leſs reſiſting medium than that of the turnpike-road, the great expence of this idle folly is obvious.

The friends of the Coalition have been ſtigmatiſed as bankrupts, common beggars,- - nay common cheats—But wherefore? What can be more appoſite than for public men to *live upon the public?*

Had the antients foreſeen the proſtitution to which the laurel would have been ſubjected in theſe degenerated and ill-judging days, they would have avoided the uſe of it as a badge of fame, or any mark of public or private merit.

We are are well informed that near 7,000 pounds are already ſubſcribed to carry on the Scrutiny for Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray.

By the laſt mail from *Mr. Fox's Committee*, we learn, that all the *butchers* in Whitechapel, and the beſt part of the *thieves* from Gravel-lane, have not yet polled for Weſtminſter.

They write from *Devonſhire Houſe*, that the Ducheſs's conduct in ſupporting Mr. Fox, is highly ſpoken of in all that neighbourhood.

The laſt letters from *Sam Houſe's* make no mention of his wearing a tye-wig; neither do they notice his French frock with ſilver frogs, or give any particular account of his *chapeau-de-bras*.

A ſpecial meſſenger from *Brookes's* brings the pleaſing intelligence, that *moral honeſty* is of no conſequence; that *public virtue* is private convenience; that being *in debt* is the very eſſence of independence; and that *knavery* is the moſt becoming quality in nature.

Accounts from *Berkeley-ſquare* ſay, there is not ſo much buſtle there as heretofore. The ſuperb *vis-a-vis* is ſent to be *finiſhed*, and the horſes are gone to *graſs*.

" A Chelſea Hoſpital for wounded honour and broken reputation," was an excellent deſcription of the motives which drove ſeveral notorious delinquents into oppoſition.

" Evil communications corrupt good manners." That property is equally baned by bad company appears moſt woefully in the *ſhrunk ſubſtance* of thoſe who were the *firm* of oppoſition---Securities out of number forfeit---executions---and new Elections---33,000l. in Weſtminſter—9,000l. at York—11,000l. Bedford—10,000l. Buckinghamſhire, &c. &c. &c.

Sam Houſe, *Sweep Jack*, *St. Giles's Tom*, and the other members of the *ragged corps*, need never be without amuſement, as the *boſom friends* which infeſt them are ſufficient to keep the adherents of General Blackbeard in *perpetual motion*, and this makes ſome alledge, that they have found out the *primum mobile*.

Three bricklayer's labourers, who lived in a garret in Long-Acre, having polled for a certain candidate, received a letter of thanks, which not being able to read, they carried to their maſter, who by this means diſcovered the infamous tranſaction.

* Did there ariſe nothing to condemn the *Morning Poſt* and *Public Advertiſer*, but this ſingle *ſlander* againſt Lord John Cavendiſh, it were enough, with a generous public, to conſign the prints to execration and contempt. The inhabitants of York at this moment repent their rejection of him as a Member, and the whole nation are ready to ſubſcribe to his character as the moſt worthy of men. Upon what principles muſt that Houſe of Commons be conſtructed, that made a point of excluding from a part in their deliberations ſuch a man as LORD JOHN CAVENDISH?—The Editors of this work, perfectly unknown to his Lordſhip, think it their duty as Engliſhmen, and much more ſo as publiſhers, to pay this tribute to his truly immaculate character, and to expreſs our heartfelt wiſh, " *May the Britiſh Senate never want ſuch a defender of the Engliſh laws, nor the oppreſſed of a kingdom ſuch an honeſt ſupporter of the rights of individuals!*"

Hint

Hint to tradeſmen in Weſtminſter, &c.—Now is the time to *arreſt* for debt each honourable gambler and *un*protected cheat!—Verbum ſat.

When the laſt accounts were received from Mr. Fox, there was no mention of *public virtue*.

Spitalfields. We underſtand in thoſe parts, that perjury is an unexceptionable qualification.

It is reported in *Queen Ann-ſtreet*, that a *Brown Crow* is not ſo uncommon an animal as a *Black Swan*; and that a certain lady is henceforward determined *to be open to all parties, and influenced by none*.

It is certain that Mr. Fox, deſpairing of ſuch an Election for Weſtminſter as might ſtand the teſt, has been trying for a ſituation in various other places, but uniformly rejected in them all. Such was the ſpirit againſt him in a certain Corniſh borough, that Sir Francis Baſſet, one of the Repreſentatives, loſt his own election, for propoſing "The Man of the People" as his colleague.

The mob are rather too violent in their reprobation of the electioneering ladies. They ſhould conſider, that women of faſhion may go to their haberdaſher's, or linen-draper's, on other buſineſs beſides canvaſſing.

A correſpondent, on whoſe veracity we can rely, informs us, that he has ſeen a letter juſt received from India, the particulars of which will ſoon be made public: All he can ſay at preſent is, that it brings news good in a high degree, and that Mr. Haſtings has made ſuch reforms, and put matters into ſo good a train, that had *The Man of the People* carried his point, we ſhould have been all afloat again in that corner of the globe.

The preſent Weſtminſter Election is, perhaps, in many circumſtances, the moſt extraordinary that ever was. The Public Advertiſer of Monday has given us a true portrait of the arts by which Mr. Fox has gained a majority. Nothing is clearer, than that while any body of men can be hired to anſwer a few queſtions directly, ſuch as, whether they are houſeholders, pay poor's rates, and have rented the houſe before the teſt of the writ? which is all that is required--there will be no end of the Election. A Scrutiny is what alone can ſet this matter right.

It is a popular error, that the production of the pariſh books have proved the goodneſs of Mr. Fox's voters. The names which are not found upon the books, are ſubjected to enquiry, which can only end in the above queries.

It is alſo an error, that the return which the High Bailiff will be obliged to make, will prevent a ſcrutiny; for a ſpecial report, ſtating the particulars of the caſe, will be his return.

The caſe of Trentham and Vandeput, is in point, and that mode took place at that time; it is a diſtinction without a difference, that one was at a particular, this at a general Election; for all writs, either particular or general, ſhould be returned in forty days.

Circumſtanced as the Election is at preſent, it may go on three weeks longer, or if Parliament did *not* meet the 18th inſtant, the Electors of Weſtminſter might eat their Michaelmas gooſe, if their purſes were long enough, at the expence of the ſupporters of the SCOURGE OF THE PEOPLE.

We announced to the public, in the Morning Poſt, about the commencement of the Election, that if Mr. Fox's friends were doubtful of his ſucceſs in Weſtminſter, they would get him returned for ſome Scotch borough. This has ſince been verified; he being choſen for a diſtrict in the north of Scotland.

Mr.

Mr. *Whitehead*, lately one of the Yeomen of the Guard, is called upon *once more* to declare the *fact* reſpecting the aſſertions made in the Morning Papers about ten days ago, that he had been diſcharged from his place for voting in favour of Mr. Fox. The world has been induced to believe, from the poſitive manner in which the *friends* of Mr. Whitehead made the firſt public appeal, that he really was diſcharged; but it remains for them to be informed, that, ſo far from being diſcharged from his office, Mr. Whitehead was indulged in a very particular manner, by being allowed the privilege of ſelling his place, which is very unuſual, it being the perquiſite of the Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard to ſell the place of the Yeomen on their deceaſe, which, of courſe, makes it his intereſt to prevent old men from ſelling for the chance of the reverſion; but the preſent Captain of the Yeomen, with a generoſity which does him honour, on Mr. Whitehead's application to ſell (in conſequence of being tired of his place), inſtantly gave him leave to appoint his ſucceſſor; and the *gratitude* he has apparently experienced from Mr. Whitehead in return is, an inſinuation that he had been diſcharged by his Captain for voting for Mr. Fox. If this is not the fact, let Mr. Whitehead ſtand forward, as an honeſt man, and declare the truth, for the purpoſe of doing juſtice to his own character, and of thoſe from whom he has received more than one favour*.

If both the great political parties were to be examined according to the juſt rules of criticiſm, the difference would be this :---Mr. *Fox* and his partizans have too much *braſs*; Mr. *Pitt* and his friends have plenty of *ſterling gold*. The former leader would, to gratify his inordinate ambition, brow-beat the devil; the latter loves his country, and honours and ſupports his ſovereign.

Great complaints are made by the Coalitioniſts of the diſmiſſion of Mr. St. John from the Bedchamber. It is very probable they will ſoon maintain the doctrine that his Majeſty cannot appoint his own footman or coachman, without the approbation of the Houſe of Commons. Would any private gentleman keep a ſervant cloſe to his perſon, who had aſſiſted robbers in attempting to break into his houſe?

The Election of Mr. Fox for the borough of Kirkwall, in Scotland, may be recorded in the ſame page with the election of Mr. Burke to be Lord Rector of the Univerſity of Glaſgow. In the one there is a diſplay of *principles*, in the other of *taſte*.

State of the Political Stocks.---The *Coalition credit* below par---None of their *bills* negociable, ſince their attempt to impoſe on the people by the infamous *India bill*.---Mr. *Pitt's credit* is of great value---riſing daily in the eſtimation of the public; his *bills* will be accepted at ſight, immediately on the meeting of Parliament.

The election of Mr. Fox for Kirkwall, in Scotland, evinces how fond he is of the *Coalition*, by throwing himſelf into the arms of the *North*.

The *would-be Abingdon* of Drury-lane has agreed with her *Lord*---not to renew the game at *noſey*, till Mr. Fox is returned for Weſtminſter. The Lady has been very buſily employed in canvaſſing for her *Charley*; and apprehending that there will very ſoon be a final cloſe of the poll, ſhe, like a certain diſtinguiſhed female, is moſt active *when things come to the puſh*.

Yeſterday morning at eleven o'clock, the High Bailiff was prepared to read the Proclamation for cloſing the poll for Weſtminſter, when an elector appearing and voting for Sir Cecil Wray, the books were kept open and the poll continued.

According to the ſtate of the poll for the City of Weſtminſter for theſe few days paſt, another week may poſſibly put an end to this long conteſt, which has already laſted five

* See this explained in our Introductory Preface.

weeks.

weeks. Subſcriptions are opened at different banking-houſes on the part of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, for the purpoſe of a ſcrutiny, when it is expected many curious election anecdotes will be produced, which, if they do not ſhow the delicacy of ſome fair canvaſſers, will at leaſt be a convincing proof of their ſpirit.

It is declared to be a fact by a gentleman who has the beſt opportunities of knowing, that upwards of three thouſand bad votes have been already polled at the Weſtminſter Election.

A correſpondent obſerves that the people of this couuntry cannot have more ſtrongly proved to them the intention of the ariſtocratic faction among the rich and great compleatly to enſlave them, or at leaſt to ſubject them to the ſame ſpecious ſyſtem of liberty they have been ſo long duped with (from the influence the Nobility have conſtantly had over the Houſe of Commons, by their abſolute appointment of, or by threats and corruption cauſing their relations, connections, and dependents, to be elected repreſentatives) than the ſhameful depraved efforts of male and female gentry of all diſtinctions on the preſent General Eelection, and particularly on that of the City and Liberties of Weſtminſter, diſhonourable to both, but to the latter diſgraceful, and an exemplification of their deficiency in ſenſe, prudence, decency, modeſty, and of every delicate effeminacy which alone render them ſuperior to the brute creation.

The *D — ſs of D —— e* eſtimates the private intereſt of a party higher than the public good opinion; Lady *M. D.* likes half a cake better than none at all; and *Perdita* prefers a *Colonel* to a *calf*, and reliſhes a *puff* more than any other kind of paſtry.

An hair-dreſſer, not many miles from the Adelphi, was determined not to give his vote in the preſent Election; he reſiſted many ſolicitations on both ſides, nor could even her Grace either coax or kiſs him out of a promiſe; mark the ſequel: the Hair-dreſſer of the P—— of W——, (who of courſe is the *Prince* of Hair-dreſſers) was ordered to talk to his brother of the comb. This royal mandate got Mr. Fox a plumper. Is it not clear then that a great man and a great woman now and then lay their heads together?

Mr. Fox's main force lay in St. James's pariſh, the majority of which diſtrict have polled, ſo that a ſort of calculation is now making in the weſt, not very favourable to the wiſhes of Mr. Fox and his friends.

Nothing can be more ill founded, than the idea which the partizans of the infamous Coalition have ſo induſtriouſly exerted themſelves to inculcate, that Sir Cecil Wray is unfit for the repreſentation of ſuch a city as Weſtminſter, being an illiterate and unimformed man. Our readers may reſt aſſured that this worthy Baronet is a ſolid, though unoſtentatious ſcholar; he poſſeſſes much more real knowledge than ſeveral of the flippant friends of faction, who make ſo proud a diſplay of it, and affect to ridicule Sir Cecil for the want of it. Our correſpondent ſpeaks from poſitive knowledge, and hopes this intimation will be a compleat anſwer to the illiberal and unjuſtifiable inſinuations alluded to *.

It has been a controverſy amongſt theologiſts at what period the power of working miracles ceaſed. The tranſaction at Covent Garden, however, demonſtrate that the miraculous age yet exiſts; for ſcarcely a day paſſes without *the dead being raiſed to life*, numbers of whom have come from their graves, where they have ſlept in peace for many years, to poll *for Mr. Fox*.

* See our collection of poetry as a *ſpecimen*.

Anecdote

Anecdote of the D----ſs. This Lady happened lately to enter a paſtry cook's ſhop, near Golden-ſquare, in order to ſolicit a vote for her friend Charles. A child happened to come in at the ſame time, in order to purchaſe a halfpenny bun, when the D---ſs, taking it for one of the children of the family, ſlipped five guineas into its hand, which the little urchin ran of with immediately. On finding that the money was expended to no account, her Grace was overwhelmed with ſhame and diſappointment, and left the houſe without making any further progreſs in the canvaſs.

Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray's friends have adopted lately an excellent mode, on the polling of Fox's friends, to know immediately whether they be good votes or not. Whenever a Foxite comes to poll, and that his *name*, &c. tallies with the pariſh-book, a perſon is inſtantly diſpatched to the neighbourhood, to enquire into the character of the voter. Fifty a day by this means have been detected in *aſſuming* names of people who were either out of town, or were determined not to vote at all. Nay, one day lately, when Mr. Fox headed Sir Cecil *thirty* on that day's poll alone, Sir Cecil's *momentary ſcrutineers* found, that Fox had polled only *nine good votes* all that day! If ſuch infamous proceedings be permitted to go on, Fox will even head Lord Hood five or ſix hundred in ten days.

The preſent Miniſtry differ from the laſt in one little particular; which is, that there is not *one black-leg* or *ſharper* amongſt them.

Reynard has lately ſecured the votes of his *friends*, the pawnbrokers in Weſtminſter, by promiſing to bring in a bill early the enſuing ſeſſions, for *increaſing* the exorbitant intereſt of theſe Meſſrs. Blueballs, and emancipating them from the fangs of the juſtices. If this bill really paſſes, it will render Reynard as odious among the *canaille*, as his India bill is already among the commercial and enlightened part of the nation.

The deſperate aims of the leaders of the Coalition, are now not barely open to the diſcerning part of the public, but appear clearly in the face of day, and advance forward in all the glare of avowed encroachment. They have heretofore diſputed the King's right to appoint a Miniſter, and now they ſhew an inclination to invade that of nominating his own domeſtics. Mr. Fox would gladly be the *Mayor* of St. James's Palace, and ſet his own minions to watch over the King's perſon, from the Lord Chamberlain, down to the loweſt ſcullion in the royal kitchen.

The ſtory of General St. John's diſmiſſion muſt be allowed equal credit with that of Mr. Whitehead, the falſehood of which has been repeatedly ſcouted and expoſed in this paper. But granting he were diſmiſſed from an office immediately relating to the King's perſon, *for giving an active ſupport to the enemies of the Crown*, will any creature of Lord North's be ſo imprudent as to recall to the recollection of the public, the diſmiſſion of Lord Pembroke and the Marquis of Carmarthen from their *public* appointments, becauſe they would not give up their principles to the arbitrary mandates of a Miniſter.

At a ſelect meeting of Mr. Fox's friends at the Shakeſpeare a few nights ago, it was agreed unanimouſly, that no man can be qualified for prime Miniſter of this country, who is not a bankrupt in fortune and principle---who has not kept a Pharoah table, a ſtud of w——— s, and a ſtud of horſes.

The Ducheſs retires every Sunday to Chiſwick; and we hope ſhe takes the opportunity of going to church there, to wipe off the tranſgreſſions of the week.

Mr. Fox's *male Committee* ſit at the Shakeſpeare, and the *female Committee* at Jennings's in Henrietta-ſtreet.

If, in the preſent Election, all the votes procured by females were ſtruck off, there would not remain a thouſand to the *Man of Brookes's*. He is therefore elected by the

Ladies; and this, on conſideration, is but fair; for the moſt *moderate* among the ſex think themſelves entitled at leaſt to *one member*.

It is aſſerted in ſeveral of the papers, that Mr. Cornwall, the Speaker of the Houſe of Commons, gave a ſingle vote to Mr. Fox.

Mr. Fox's popularity in Scotland cannot be aſcertained by his having been elected to repreſent the borough of Kirkwall, &c. The region, in which thoſe boroughs are ſituated, lies almoſt beyond the habitable earth. It is wrapt in froſt, and impenetrable darkneſs, for near ſix months in the year; ſo that there is hardly any communication between its inhabitants and thoſe of London during that period. It is therefore probable, that the benumbed Electors of that quarter had heard nothing of the diſſolution of Parliament, or of the preſent popular Miniſter, till a ſummons arrived, commanding an early meeting, to give their ſuffrages for *The Man of the People*. By theſe means, they were *ſurprized* into a concurrence with the will of Sir Thomas Dundas, their *laird*; and therefore cannot be ſaid to be fairly repreſented. Mr. M'Kenzie, who has been blind from his thirteenth year, repreſents a neighbouring diſtrict. Mr. Fox had promiſed to read all the petitions that he might preſent in the Houſe of Commons.

The interference of foreign Ambaſſadors in the preſent Election is an indecent abuſe of the privileges they enioy. But this cenſure muſt not be indiſcriminate. It is much to the honour of the Neapolitan Ambaſſador, that he has not employed his influence with tradeſmen or dependents on either ſide of the queſtion, but has conducted himſelf with the dignity becoming the repreſentative of a Sovereign Prince.

Among other uſeful reforms intended by the preſent Miniſtry, ſomething is ſaid to be in contemplation for regulating the term of Elections; it having been found from repeated experience, and eſpecially on the preſent occaſion, that they may be continued, where the law has not preſcribed a definitive time for their final cloſe, to a vexatious, unneceſſary, and burdenſome length. Of this the tedious and prolonged conteſts now carrying on in Weſtminſter, at Briſtol, and in Buckinghamſhire, are ſufficient proofs. Who, then, that conſiders the many bad conſequences reſulting daily from an unlimited Poll, but would earneſtly wiſh to ſee the duration of that buſineſs put upon a better footing? Beſides the tumults, and even perſonal injuries, too frequently produced by the heat of parties, the giddy are induced to neglect their occupations, and throw away their time in thoſe ſcenes of riot and uproar. How much time and labour, then, muſt be loſt in populous places, during a ſpace of *five* or *ſix* weeks of idleneſs and diſſipation! This conſideration alone, independent of any motives from a regard to ſobriety, peace, and good order, ſeems highly worthy of the attention of Government, as the induſtry of the lower claſſes of people has ever been allowed to make a principal part of the wealth of a State. In London, the capital of the kingdom, the Poll is confined to ſeven days. Why, therefore, the ſame time might not be ſufficient for inferior towns and cities, few, we preſume, will be able to conceive. In counties, the period might be ſtill further abridged, as the number of voters are fewer, their perſons better known, and conſequently the legality of their ſuffrages more eaſily aſcertained. In ſhort, to leave this matter any longer in its preſent ſtate, would only be giving a latitude for the various arts and modes of corruption, without a ſingle benefit to an honeſt, fair, and well-meaning candidate.

MIRACLES OF THE PRESENT DAY.

It is a miracle that Lords and Commons can live without money, be eternally embarraſſed, and yet always appear to be eaſy.

It is a miracle that ſome paupers are truſted with a qualification to Parliament, who are not worth a guinea in the world.

It

It is a miracle that men, who are thouſands in debt, and have no incomes, can take houſes of enormous rents, keep carriages, drink Champaign, and yet never get pilloried for impoſtors.

It is a miracle if the Ducheſs has eſcaped the groſſeſt inſults in the courſe of her Weſtminſter canvaſs.

It is a miracle if all Mr. Fox's taylors' bills have got receipts at the bottom of them.

It is a miracle that ſo many citizens, who keep gigs and country houſes, in caſe of failure, can ſometimes pay ſixpence in the pound.

It is a miracle that Lady Ar---r's complexion is as blooming and brilliant as it was twenty years ago.

It is a miracle that Tower Hill and Temple Bar have been ſo long neglected.

It is a miracle that the India Company eſcaped perdition, conſidering the profligacy of the Miniſtry who undertook to manage their affairs.

It is a miracle that ſome faſhionable females, not quite loſt to character, ſhould be inſenſible to the abſurdity of their late conduct.

It is a miracle how half Mr. Fox's friends get credit for ſmall beer.

It is a miracle that Mr. S——'s creditors have not hanged themſelves years ago.

It is a miracle that a thouſand voters ſhall have polled for a certain candidate, who never lived within three miles of the city of Weſtminſter.

It is a miracle to hear the P---- argue againſt cuckoldom and fornication.

It is a miracle that L--d N--h has eſcaped both the axe and the halter.

" To fill up the meaſure of our electioneering madneſs, Lord George Gordon muſt " come upon the Huſtings at Covent Garden, to harangue in favour of Charles Fox! " The famous leader of the furious Proteſtants panegyriſing a principal leader in the " more famous Popery Bill! If ſuch an action had been brought forward on his Lord- " ſhip's trial, it would have ſaved his Counſel much learned jargon, and ſophiſtical ar- " gumentation."

It is rather unbecoming in the partizans of Cataline, to reproach the Miniſtry with the late creation of Peers. Have they forgot the liſt of twenty that he preſented to his Majeſty for that honour, above half of whom were his own *black-leg* companions?

THE BOOK OF TAILS.

CHAPTER I.

And now behold in thoſe days, being the eighteenth century, an idol was adored in the land of Albion, and a new religion eſtabliſhed; the people of that land being governed by the moon and the tides, and the following after novelties, and hankering after ſtrange gods.

The idol was black, and fearful to behold; and therefore he pleaſed the lower ſort, who delight in being terrified; and the higher order were charmed with his ill example, which deſtroyed all decorums and diſtinctions, and left them at liberty to follow their own inclinations, which were none of the beſt.

And now the women of the land roſe up, and they ſaid one unto another, let us raiſe the idol on high, and make the men fall down and worſhip him; and they did ſo; and every living thing, which had folly in it, worſhipped the idol; and the geeſe and the ganders lifted up their ſilly heads, and cried long live the Fox; may the Fox live for ever.

Now behold a woman, fairer than wiſe, and more wily than diſcreet, ſaid, let us take the Fox's tail for our type or ſymbol; let us bear it aloft, and run about the ſtreets, and the ſquares, and the lanes, and the blind alleys, and make proſelytes to the new religion.

The matrons and maidens, widows and widows bewitched, were ſeized with religious fury, and ran wild through the ſtreets, crying Fox! Fox! and they kiſſed the Fox's tail, and put it in their hats.

The idol, raiſed upon the ſhoulders of the women, was adored by the men; and ſo the woman of Piccadilly carried him up to the Temple, if he was carried there at all.

Now this idol worked in his day *miracles* through the wicked ſpirit; but the good genius of Albion turned againſt him, and all his machinations in the end; and *thereby hangs a tail.*

So ends the firſt chapter.

The firſt object of a certain Candidate, in his preſent canvaſs, is to ſecure the promiſe of a vote; but when he cannot ſucceed ſo far, he endeavours at leaſt to extort an aſſurance of not voting againſt him. Thoſe perſons who are ſo weak as to give into this artifice, are carefully noted down, and the next day perſonated by weavers from Spitalfields, or other low wretches hired for the purpoſe.

As, among other artifices employed to ſecure the Election of Mr. Fox, an invitation is held out to thoſe who are intereſted in the proſpect of an inſolvent act, as a meaſure that is to originate with that Gentleman's connexions, we think proper to warn them, that if all their expectations are from that quarter, they muſt be miſerably diſapointed; for allow them to be diſpoſed to carry ſuch a meaſure, they will be unable of themſelves to effect it, as they will undoubtedly be oppoſed by a very great majority.

It may be alledged, that as two foreigners of rank take a diſtinguiſhed part in favour of a certain unpopular Candidate, there muſt be ſomething of a dangerous nature concealed under *French fineſſe*, as it is the character of that nation, *firſt to kiſs, and then to betray.*

In the former part of laſt week, a Tallow-chandler in Oxford-ſtreet was applied to by the Fox-tailed Ducheſs, to give his vote for the Jewiſh Meſſiah: Ruſh light, charmed with the manner of her Grace's addreſs, profeſſed himſelf ready to vote for the ſervant of Iſrael, provided ſhe would ſtand perſonally as godmother to his child (a girl) on Tueſday evening; this her Grace readily aſſented to, and the child is to bear the name of her patroneſs; the Knight of the Blue-jacket, in performance of his promiſe, voted for his Highneſs the Protector on Friday laſt, though he had before determined to remain neuter.

Some little time ſince, the travelling Ducheſs applied to an Elector, a conſiderable diſtance from the Huſtings, to poll for the Leadenhall Sampſon; the Elector, without diſcovering his real ſentiments, complained of the diſtance, inconvenience, and want of a coach. Upon which her Grace proffered to take him in hers, which was accepted, and he was conveyed to the Huſtings: but when he came to vote, to her Grace's infinite mortification, he polled for Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray; and afterwards turned round on his heel, and ironically obſerved, in her Grace's hearing, that he ſuppoſed he muſt walk home, as no coach *then* appeared to be at his ſervice.

It is a miſtaken idea, that Mr. Fox has now given over *gambling*. He is ſaid to have betted, with ſo much ſucceſs, on his own Election, that his winnings will go a great way towards defraying the whole expences of it. We do not, however, include *bribery.*

The preſent Election for Weſtminſter, is ſaid to coſt the Ducheſs of Devonſhire 600l. per day.

It was currently reported, that Mr. Fox would this day decline the poll; but the expences attending his Election being defrayed by ſubſcription, we imagine that he will

ſtand

ſtand out to the laſt, notwithſtanding the extraordinary expence which his opponents will incur in conſequence of it.

A report was in circulation yeſterday evening, that Mr. Fox was nominated as one of the Candidates for the county of Surry.

The days of the unfortunate Charles, and thoſe of the preſent times, bear a ſtriking reſemblance. The *antient Cromwell* was remarkably fond of one *Joyce*, of infamous memory, who was acceſſary in the murder of his Sovereign; and the *modern Cromwell* has a favourite of the ſame name, whoſe principles may be known by the active part he takes againſt Mr. Pitt and Lord Temple, the ſupporters of the King's prerogative, and the rights and liberties of the people.

Should the Man of the Mob happen to be elected, or ſhould he happen, after a Scrutiny, to continue the ſitting Member, how diſgraceful will be his ſucceſs! The *par nobile fratrum* of the Coalition will be juſt in the ſame predicament. In Weſtminſter Mr. Fox could not of himſelf, out of 10,000 votes, have got 500; and at Banbury, though 14 out of 17 Electors were his Lordſhip's chaplins, ſervants, and creatures, yet was he ſo unpopular and obnoxious in the place, that he thought proper, for fear of perſonal inſult and injury, to abſent himſelf at the time of his Election; the ceremony of chairing, in ſome caſes, is a ſervice of danger.

The real friends of the Duke of Bedford were very much aſtoniſhed at Mr. Fox giving lately as a toaſt at Weltjie's, in the midſt of his ſycophants, "Such a *glorious death* to his Grace, as his anceſtor Lord Ruſſell met with," who, we believe, was *executed* in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields. The only palliation that can be made on this occaſion, is, that as probably Reynard thinks he will one day meet with a *glorious death himſelf*, it was truly patriotic in him to wiſh as well to his noble juvenile *jockey* ſupporter!

A treaty of mariage is ſaid to be on foot between the Right Honourable *Lord George Gordon* and Miſs B. daughter of Edmund B. Eſq. *Lord Rector of Glaſgow!* This unexpected *coalition* of parties will, it is thought, be productive of much public benefit; for, by moderating *fanaticiſm* on the one ſide, and flexifying *bigotry* on the other, who knows but that a *maſs and a meeting-houſe* may, in a ſhort time, become nearly one and the ſame thing! Such an event (as Mr. Fox would ſay) would not be "the moſt wonderful of all wonders."

Milton is not only a poet, and a philoſopher, but a prophet. His prophetic eye ſeems to have been directed to the preſent man of Brookes's, when he gave the following deſcription of an orator:

A louder ſpeaker loſt not Heaven.---
But all is falſe and hollow; though his tongue
Drops manna, and can make the worſe appear
The better reaſon, to perplex and daſh
Matureſt counſels:---his thoughts are low;
To vice induſtrious, but to nobler deeds
Backward and ſlothful; yet he can pleaſe the ear,
And with perſuaſive accent *ſometimes* ſpeaks.

The very *collars* worn now by the different parties, are highly characteiſtic; that of Mr. Pitt's being *true blue*, the *patriotic* colour of Old England; while Mr. Fox's diſmal *black*, is the emblem of *Erebus*.

Yeſterday afternoon at five o'clock the Coroner's Jury were appointed to ſit on the body of *Nicholas Caſſon*, the conſtable, who died of the wounds he received on Monday, from the hired villains who began the riot *.

* *Who* they were, and by *whom* hired, the public will perceive by peruſing the trial of thoſe men, who were *charged* with the murder, and *acquitted* with *honour*.

It

It would have been a happy thing for the friends and advocates of virtue and the conſtitution, if Captain M---s's pleuriſy had attacked him a little earlier in the Weſtminſter conteſt; for had he not baſely changed his principles, and employed his wit and convivial talents for the unſubſtantial proſpects and promiſes of a deſpiſed and degraded faction, Mr. Fox would have been at this moment at leaſt a thouſand behind hand, and marked with that defeat and contempt which his unprincipled ambition, and his daring uſurpation, ſo juſtly deſerve.

Mr. Charles Fox, being a great gambler, declares himſelf always in the language of pitch and toſs, for "*heads or tails.*" Accordingly, if he cannot repreſent *Weſtminſter*, he deſires to be returned for a diſtrict of boroughs in *Orkney*, the remoteſt corner of the Britiſh Iſles.

The deluding charms of proſtituted beauty, and the more deluding charms of proſtituted wit, have for once ſeemingly propped up the rotten cauſe of a corrupt and unprincipled candidate; but though her Grace and the Captain have *tickled* the butchers and the bakers out of their ſober ſenſes, yet we truſt the worthleſs idol of their *dirty zeal* will find, upon a ſcrutiny, that according to the old ſong, "*Tickling is but teazing.*"

Carlo Khan's perſeverence, it is ſaid, does not ſo much proceed from any hope he entertains of being the ſitting Member for Weſtminſter, as from an ambition of being conſiderably above his competitor at the cloſe of the poll. He ſtill wiſhes to be conſidered as "*the Man of the People*;" and ſuch a ſuperiority, he flatters himſelf, by whatever means obtained, would give him a plauſible claim to the perpetuity of that favourite title---So far ſays report; but a correſpondent is of opinion, that *Carlo*'s view extends a little farther. His *worthy* Caledonian conſtituents are at too great a diſtance to ſerve a turn upon occaſions. It would be convenient, therefore, to be the *Member* as well as the *Man* of the good people of Weſtminſter. In that caſe, what glorious doings might he not propoſe to himſelf? A numerous and well diſciplined body would always be at hand, on the leaſt ſignal given, to parade the ſtreets, break windows, inſult the palace gates, or beſet the Parliament Houſe, as different purpoſes might require.

The conteſt for Weſtminſter has been the warmeſt ever known in this country, and has likewiſe extended to the greateſt length. To-morrow begins the *ſeventh* week of its exiſtence; and yet if we may credit report, it will ſurvive that date. It is ſaid that Mr. Fox is determined not to let the poll be cloſed before *three* on Saturday; and ſome even think he will inſiſt on as much of Monday as may leave ſufficient time, but no more, for making the return. What can be his meaning for keeping that City and Liberty ſo long in confuſion, every one is at a loſs to conceive; eſpecially as he is now ſecured in a ſeat for a different quarter, which will anſwer every *good* purpoſe of being in Parliament as well.

The name of Covent Garden may now be changed into that of *Bear Garden*. The frequent riots which have happened there during the preſent ſtruggle are truly a ſcandal to our police; but the brutal and bloody proceedings of Monday laſt, are, above all others, a diſgrace to humanity itſelf, and almoſt extinguiſh our claim to the appellation of a civilized people.

If *Carlo Khan* ſucceeds at Weſtminſter, *Lord Derby* is to give another fête champetre, and *Sam Houſe* and her *Grace* are to open the ball with a minuet in a new ſtile; they have already received ſeveral leſſons.

The indignation of the impartial public muſt certainly be rouſed, at the inſolent attacks made on his Grace the Duke of Northumberland. The preſſes of the Coalition partizans teem with opprobrious language againſt the conduct of a Nobleman, whoſe virtues

virtues and patriotiſm do honour to his country. But the cauſe of their malignity is clear as the ſunſhine: becauſe his Grace has followed the noble ſteps of his glorious anceſtors, and, in defiance of the infirmity of his years, ſtands boldly forward to oppoſe the enemies of his country. The noble family of Percy are immortalized in the hiſtory of England, as friends to liberty, and conſequently to the welfare of mankind; and we are happy to find, that the preſent Duke acts with a laudable veneration to the maxims of his wiſe anceſtors, whoſe actions, by zealouſly defending the rights of a free people, in oppoſition to tyranny and oppreſſion, raiſed this nation to the higheſt degree of glory.

Unfortunately for Mr. Fox, with all his former popularity, with all the predilection of his friends, with all his talents, he ſcarcely poſſeſſes one talent which is eſſential to a prime Miniſter; he talks, it is true, and talks longer than moſt men ever did talk, who meant any thing by talking; but mere words are mere ſounds. Thoſe who carry a laurel in their hats, could not be pardoned for placing a laurel on Mr. Fox's tomb. His political life, poor man! has been a blank, a waſte, a vacuum! Like the path of an arrow in the air, it leaves no trace; like the tract of time, there are no footſteps by which it can be diſtinguiſhed. He never did the public one ſolitary ſervice, though he certainly owes ſome obligation to his countrymen and his conſcience, for promoting, for ſupporting, for encouraging the American war. We may impute to him much miſchief; we cannot aſcribe to him any good; we cannot exculpate him; we cannot apologize for him; we cannot juſtify him; we cannot ſhield him from cenſure. When his heart ſhall be open to conviction, expoſtulation may preſs upon his feelings; but in the mean time, we cannot but lament that ſo warm, ſo prolific, ſo luxuriant a ſoil, ſhould be doomed to bring forth nothing but weeds,---nothing but unprofitable briars.

Mr. Fox and his friends, who now affect ſo much concern for the liberty of the preſs in Ireland, ſhould recollect what Mr. Fox himſelf ſaid on this ſubject in February 1774. Mr. Fox ſaid, "we have not loſt the confidence of the people by the "Middleſex Election, as was fooliſhly thought, but by ſuffering with tameneſs the "many inſults that have been offered to the Sovereign and this Houſe." He further ſaid, "had I my will, thoſe Aldermen and others who preſented the Remonſtrances to "the Throne, *ſhould be taken into cuſtody*. A few months back, we ſent two Aldermen "to the Tower, but now ſuffer a paltry printer to hold us in contempt, who has "not yet obeyed our ſummons, and I ſuppoſe never will." So jealous, ſo tenacious is Mr. Fox of the liberty of the preſs, that palladium of our rights, that diſtinguiſhing prerogative of the Britiſh nation! But the language of Mr. Fox has ever been the language of the day---the language of convenience---independent of all principle---all public conſiderations. Let him deny this if he dare.

On a fair eſtimate of debts and deficiencies, a million ſterling would hardly ſuffice to ſet Reynard and his myrmidons on a footing with honeſt men.

The late Lord Holland, with all his errors, was not totally indifferent to character; if therefore he was permitted to leave his grave, in order to be witneſs to the conduct of his ſon, he would ſmite his breaſt, and, with a ſmall addition, exclaim with Dr. Young---

Oh Charles, abandoned boy! "Be wiſe with ſpeed---
"A fool at forty, is a fool indeed!"

The city of Weſtminſter is now entering upon the ſeventh week of a fooliſh conteſt to make one of the moſt undeſerving demagogues that ever preſumed to delude the people, the repreſentative of that city.

Is there among the partizans of Mr. Fox a ſingle advocate who can found his claim to popularity upon one ſingle meaſure directly or indirectly tending to the public good?

Mr.

Mr. Wilkes was the means of carrying the queſtion about General Warrants---of vindicating the rights of the Freeholders of Middleſex. What has Mr. Fox done in the Senate, or as a Miniſter, that has any claim to popular favour? Is there a ſingle law upon the code that originated from Mr. Fox, unleſs it be a mutiny bill for a month or ſix weeks? Is there a deſerving man that has been brought forward by him? Mr. Wilkes's conteſt advanced Lord Camden and Lord Aſhburton. Look at the gamblers, profligates, and needy adventurers who are protected by Cataline.

What claim has Mr. Fox to the favour of the people, unleſs it be by introducing gambling among our nobility in its preſent extent, and thereby creating a rapid circulation of property.

Depoſitions have been taken by the Committee at Wood's Hotel, which lead to bring home the hiring of ruffians to deſtroy the peace of this City to the principle abettors of Cataline.

It is the determined wiſh and expectation of a large body of Weſtminſter Electors to inſiſt on a large body of the guards, to protect the poll books during the remainder of this iniquitouſly protracted conteſt.

Look to the poll books, ye Electors who at all value your franchiſe!

Guards, ſays Mr. Fox's friend, Lord Mansfield, when he ſpoke of their interference in quelling the riots in the year 1780, are no more than civil ſervants in a red coat.

The extraordinary number of conſtables appointed on Monday laſt, was occaſioned by ſome previous information having been received of the riotous intention of an abandoned party.

Decies repetita placebit.---The very handſome terms in which Mr. Fox mentioned his ſincere veneration for the virtues of his friend and colleague, Lord North, at his laſt public dinner at Willis's, leave us in doubt whether we ſhall admire moſt his diſintereſtedneſs, his modeſty, or his conſiſtency. How admirably do the favourable ſentiments of the preſent day tally with that flouriſhing *Panegyric*, which he pronounced in the Houſe of Commons on the 22d of January, 1779: "The noble Lord (North) after "owning he had no foreign alliances, had triumphantly ſpoken of unanimity, and "congratulated gentlemen upon that ſide of the Houſe upon having *allied* themſelves "with thoſe that ſat on the other. This was an aſſertion for which there was not the "ſmalleſt foundation; and it was impoſſible for him to ſtate, in any phraſe that lan-"guage would admit of, the *ſhock* he felt, when he ventured to ſuggeſt, what was moſt "exceedingly grating to *his* ears, and, he doubted not, to thoſe of every gentleman "who ſat near him. What! *enter into an alliance* with *thoſe very Miniſters* who betray-"ed their country, who proſtituted the public ſtrength, who had proſtituted the "public wealth, who had proſtituted what was yet more valuable, *the glory*, *the honour*, "*the credit* of the nation! who deſerved an *axe* more than any of the bloody tyrants "that had ever exiſted! The idea of a COALITION with ſuch a *monſter* was too horrid "to be admitted for a moment. Gentlemen muſt have foregone their principles, and "have given up their honour, before they could have approached the threſhold of an "alliance ſo *abominable*, ſo *ſcandalous*, ſo *diſgraceful*, and ſo *everlaſtingly to be* CURSED "by Engliſhmen."

The certainty of a Scrutiny for Weſtminſter has flung Mr. Fox and his accomplices into deſperation. The number of bad votes on his Poll may be moderately computed at a thouſand*.

* From the preſent face of the Scrutiny, we can only give the writer of this article credit for *one-fifth* part of his *moderate* computation.

One

One of the principal cauſes of the fall of ſtocks during Mr. Fox's Adminiſtration, was the gambling character of the man, which kept the Stock Exchange in a perpetual alarm.

The murder lately committed on the poor conſtable in Covent Garden will be, it is hoped and believed, brought home to individuals in a very different rank of life from the poor deluded wretches who are in confinement for the crime.

Miniſtry, who have been juſtly praiſed for their generous pity to their political opponents, are determined on the moſt rigorous proſecutions, both for the riots and the acts of bribery that may be proved on the preſent Election.

" Between *you and me*, your wife may be with child," ſaid a drunken butcher to a puny Peer who was canvaſſing him for the Weſtminſter Election.

The King and Queen, on their entrance laſt night at the theatre, received from the people the ſame unbounded acclamations, which have particularly accompanied them, ſince his Majeſty complied with the late earneſt wiſhes of the community, and annihilated that monſter of iniquity, the Coalition.

A CARD.

Mr. Addington begs to inform the Editor of the Morning Herald, whoever ſent to him the paragraph relative to Lord Sydney's remonſtrating with him for not having ſtepped forth, in Covent Garden, on Monday evening, was very much miſtaken in a part of his ſtory; as his Lordſhip, on Mr. Addington's mentioning the guards, and ſaying that he did not think a Juſtice of Peace warranted to call out the ſoldiery on any electioneering ſquabble, unleſs authorized ſo to do by a Secretary of State, ſo far from encouraging Mr. Addington to expect ſuch an order from him, very pointedly expreſſed his diſapprobation of the idea.

A Letter from Lady W----Y *to the* D----ss *of* D———E.

" Madam,

" Before the General Election in the year 1780, the name of Lady W—— ſtood fair " and reſpectable; the gay world derived no entertainment from her follies. The forms " of decency and decorum had not been neglected, and therefore men of gallantry felt " but little encouragement to make approaches. Sir Richard found not Caſſio's kiſſes " on my lips, for neither Caſſio nor Roderigo revelled there. But, Madam, in the " General Election of that day I acted like yourſelf---like a woman of life---a woman " of ſpirit, but how unlike a politician! As you ſet your face againſt Sir Cecil Wray, " I oppoſed my influence to that of Jervoiſe Clerk Jervoiſe. I coaxed, I canvaſſed; " I made myſelf, in the language of Shakeſpeare, " *baſe, common, and popular*." Infa- " tuations advance upon us in ſlow degrees; what was at firſt a toil, became a tranſ- " port. I was charmed with the public attention I received from the men; they " talked to me of irreſiſtable graces; they preſſed my fingers; they ſqueezed my hand, " and my pulſe beat quicker; they touched my lips, and my blood ran riot; they " preſſed me in their arms, and turned my brain. O the joy! the rapture! the en- " chanting, thrilling, aching ſenſations which beſet my ſoul! They baniſhed, in an " inſtant, all ideas of a cold, a formal education. They drove from my mind all decent " forms, which time and obſervation had copied there. Your Grace is apprized of the " ſequel. Before the canvaſs--Was your Grace ſtrict? So was I. Was your Grace " modeſt? So was I. And if, after the canvaſs, your Grace ſhould find a violent " metamorphoſis in your feelings, I am ready to confeſs--*ſo did I.*

I am, Madam,

DOROTHEA W——Y.

Among the numerous bawlers for Fox was a boy yeſterday, in Leiceſter-fields, who archly vociferated, *Fox for ever! Fox for ever!--in the cells of Newgate!*

Popular ſcorn at the *Coalition Gang* begins now to be changing very ſenſibly into popular indignation. Very few of them, indeed, have any property that can be amenable; however, let them look to their perſons; the laws and legal vengeance of a country, irritated and injured beyond all bounds of poſſible patience, may ſoon be able to reach them.

Fox's party, in regard to the *murder* of the conſtable, have acted in the ſame manner as Shakſpeare paints Iago, after his murdering *Roderigo*; they being the firſt to *ſtab*, and the firſt to cry out *murder!*

Who is the wiſeſt man? *Lord North.* What are the proofs of his wiſdom? His *Coalition* with *Charles Fox*, who pledged himſelf to bring his head to the block; therefore, although Lord North has a very large head, no body can ſay he is a *block-head.*

The *Members* of the *new Parliament* are making preparations for war. The leaders are beginning to rally their forces. The *artillery* of the Oppoſition is to be directed by thoſe able engineers, *Fox* and *North*; but Mr. *Pitt* and the friends of liberty will be triumphant, as in laſt Parliarment they defeated the enemies of this country, and beat the *Coalition* out of their *entrenchments.*

In a few days a *Fox* will be hunted in *St. Stephen's Common*; where the *Prince of Wales* and other eminent ſportſmen will attend, in order to enjoy the pleaſures of the *chace.*

Mr. Burke is preparing a very long and inflammatory ſpeech concerning his Majeſty's Prerogative; but the friends of the King need not be apprehenſive of any dangerous conſequences, as our *modern Cicero* will bring to the recollection of his auditors the ridicule of Horace--" PARTURIUNT MONTES."—*Much work, and little wool.*

We are happy to inform the public, that if ever *Jack Lee* ſhould again attempt to deſtroy a *charter*, which, according to his own language, is " only a roll of parch-" ment with a piece of wax appending to it," Mr. *Dundas* is reſolved to ſeal up his mouth with *a bit of waaux.*

The *Coalition* profeſſed a great anxiety for the *public credit*; but we wiſh they would regulate their own *private credit*, as honeſt *John Bull* can never believe that his purſe ſhould be open to men who ſquander away their own wealth, and are in fact *the beggars of the public.*

Mr. Burke, at the late Buckinghamſhire meeting, ſaid, that " *if we ever parted* " *with the preſent Houſe of Commons, we could not eaſily get ſuch another.*" Never did Mr. Burke ſpeak with more *truth* or *propriety!*

Orkney being a famous place for *Geeſe*, and Kirkwall, for which the Man of the People is elected, being in Orkney, it is very ſurprizing that the *Fox* ſhould be ſolicited to protect the *Geeſe!*

Mr. *Fox*'s wiſdom has been greatly praiſed, and ſome have gone ſo far as to call him *The Second Solomon*; but the beſt proof of his wiſdom is in the ſelection of his friends, who muſt be allowed to be men of the *higheſt* abilities, and the moſt *ſublime* genius, as they ſwarm in Spitalfields, St. Giles's, and the *attic ſtories* of Weſtminſter.

" My dear *Boreas* (ſays *Carlo Khan* one-day to his beloved ſpouſe) our mutual affec-" tions have gained us many enemies; but let us kiſs and be friends--and a fig for the " world." *Boreas* then held out his chuckle head, while the dear bewitching black *Carlo Khan* mumbled his ſpouſe's delicious blubber lips, and claſping the lovely creature by the middle--ſo!--ſo!--ſo!--they ſunk down in exſtatic bliſs, and grunted aloud--" *All for Love, or the World well loſt!*"

The

The Coalition *puppies* wear *black collars*, as characteriſtic of the black and inſidious actions of their favourites. Were the *leaders* of the Coalition to be *exalted*, as their infamous conduct deſerves, pray what *collars* would beſt ſuit their *necks*?

The Duke of D----e is certainly under more obligations to Mr. Fox, than many people imagine; for, in the firſt place, Mr. Fox's ſupport of the American rebellion, and the encouragement given by Mr. Fox to the Houſe of Bourbon during the war, has ſunk the value of his Grace's lands full one third of what they were worth ten years ago; and now, to complete the obligation, he ſinks the character of *a Lady*, in order to bring both upon a level.---This is kind!---This is like Shylock's courteſy to Antonio.

We are informed that Mr. Fox has ſtrenuouſly exerted himſelf for the repeal of the marriage act. In this, as in every thing elſe, Mr. Fox has an eye to his own intereſt. This bill originated from the clandeſtine marriage of Mr. F.'s father with the ſiſter of the preſent Duke of Richmond, by which alliance only Charles is entitled to the name of a gentleman.

FACTS.

Mr. Fox's Committee having, agreeable to all their extraordinary conduct, publiſhed hand bills, offering a reward of 100 guineas, on conviction of the offender or offenders, concerned in the riots of Monday laſt; and having been *baſe* enough to aſſert, that thoſe ruffians iſſued forth from Hood and Wray's Committee Room; the following queſtions are put to Mr. Fox's *immaculate Committee*, which will at once confute their aſſertion, and clearly evince by whom the banditti were hired, and from whom they were ſent *.

QUESTIONS.

Is it not notorious, that, from the beginning of the Election to this time, upwards of an hundred chairmen, porters, and butchers, have been entertained with victuals and drink at the Unicorn, Henrietta-ſtreet, the Queen's Head, Taviſtock-row, and the King's Head, James-ſtreet, Covent Garden; from whence, upon a whiſtle being given, they iſſue forth, and knock down indiſcriminately all that do not appear to be in Mr. Fox's intereſt †?

Did not the Rev. Mr. Bate Dudley, Sir Godfrey Webſter, Sir William Milner, Lord Robert Spencer, Mr. Sheridan, Colonel Fitzpatrick, and Mr. Porter, appear to bail all the ruffians that were apprehended in the *fact* of aſſaulting the peace officers, three of which offenders are now detained in Newgate, on the depoſition of ſeveral witneſſes who have identified them? And did not thoſe Gentlemen declare, at the ſame time, that they did not know, and had never before ſeen the offenders?

Were not ſix ruffians taken at the aforementioned houſes, after the riot of Saturday ſe'nnight, ſome of them in bed, with their bludgeons lying by them, diſcoloured with the bloody effects of their violence; and did not Meſſrs. O'Brien, Sheridan, and Bate Dudley offer to bail them? And, extraordinary as it may appear, did not Sir Sampſon Wright, the next morning, diſcharge the very men, upon no other ſurety of their future peaceable behaviour than their own promiſe?

And yet none of theſe Gentlemen are *acceſſaries* either *before* or *after* the *fact!*

* Hood and Wray's Committee offered a reward of 50 guineas!!!!

† The inſult and outrage committed by a *hired banditti*, dreſſed in blue jackets, on the ſide of Hood and Wray, and their *raſh project* of deſtroying the ſedan chairs, compelled the owners to take up the *ſhellala* to defend their property. Hence aroſe the *firſt* riot: yet never did *Iriſhmen* behave better; for when they had effectually defeated their adverſaries, through their future *orderly* behaviour and attendance near the Huſtings, which became a terror to the oppoſite party, they actually *preſerved the peace*, and *ſecured the freedom of Election!*—So much for the *veracity* of the *Morning Liar*.

Yeſterday about one o'clock, the Honourable Charles James Fox addreſſed Lord Hood, and made a propoſal for cloſing the poll at two o'clock, on a report being generally circulated, that the unfortunate widow of the peace officer, murdered on Monday laſt, was determined (contrary to the opinion of her friends, and utterly againſt the opinion of every perſon in the houſe where he died) to bury her huſband at the uſual time of cloſing the poll, in the Church-yard of St. Paul, Covent Garden, which propoſition was immediately aſſented to by the other candidates; and as many falſe reports have been circulated, that the friends of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray are at the expence of the funeral, the public may reſt aſſured, that every offer of ſervice that has been made to the widow of the deceaſed, that might in any manner alleviate her unhappy ſtate, has been rejected, ſhe being in ſuch good circumſtances in life, as render every thing of the kind unneceſſary.

It is underſtood that the principal reaſon of the body being buried in the above church-yard (whereas the deceaſed lived in Wapping) is at the ſole will of the widow, ſhe having a nephew already buried in that ground.

The audacious and unwarrantable attempts that have been made by the ſcandalous advertiſements and hand bills, in order to induce the public to attribute to the friends of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray the cauſe of the ſeveral riots and acts of cruelty that have been committed during the Election for Weſtminſter, and particularly the unprovoked riot and cruel murder on Monday laſt, are too groſs, and the contrary of ſuch aſſertions too well known to ſtand in need of contradiction. The curious reſolutions of Mr. Fox's Committee at the Shakeſpeare, and the hand-bills ſtuck up, and ſo liberally diſtributed about the town on Tueſday, in order to bring back to recollection the affair of St. George's Fields, appear on the very face of them to be calculated for the purpoſe of inflaming the minds of the people, and of creating riot and confuſion.

Their pretended offers of rewards, and advertiſing for evidence are perfectly burleſque, unleſs they intend by it to buy off and ſuppreſs any evidence that may be offered againſt their hireling butchers.

The Scrutiny promiſed for Weſtminſter, and which will undoubtedly take place, will lay open, it is generally believed, ſuch ſcenes of the moſt abandoned proceedings, as muſt for ever diſgrace the oppoſite party. They were open enough in many tranſactions ſufficiently culpable; but others, ſtill more heinous than thoſe, remain yet behind the curtain. If, therefore, thoſe *dark* things are brought to *light*, ſo that their authors may meet the juſt rewards of their crimes, we may naturally hope, by one mode of puniſhment or other, to get happily rid of the farther intrigues of ſome men, the ſtudy and buſineſs of whoſe public conduct it has ever been to trample on the laws, violate the rights of individuals, and diſturb the peace of ſociety.

The conduct of Mr. Fox (ſays a correſpondent) upon the riot of laſt Monday, is an archetype of the powers, abilities, and the ſyſtem of conduct which has pervaded the whole of his public character:

To confound and puzzle, to perplex and confuſe the underſtandings of men in their notions of right and wrong, is the peculiar faculty of the *grand impoſtor*:

Let any man ſee whether this is not the caſe, by an attentive peruſal of any authentic ſpecimen of his boaſted eloquence: No information, no clearneſs, no elucidation, but an aptitude to twiſt and torture a fact, to worry the underſtandings of his opponents, and pervert and miſrepreſent truth to anſwer his own purpoſe.

The principle of his conduct has been the ſame as his boaſted eloquence upon the riot on Monday:

What is the plain matter of fact? A riot is apprehended, the magiſtrates are convened, the civil power is ſtrengthened by an additional number of conſtables, legally appointed;

appointed; the party of Mr. Fox begin the riot, in the affray a conſtable is killed in the diſcharge of his duty, by a ſtroke of a bludgeon from Mr. Fox's party. What is now his attempt? To charge the innocent with the murder, to prove that the juſtice who wiſhed to prevent was the cauſe of the riot, and author of the aſſaſſination? Hear this, ye impartial, if the brains of the populace in Weſtminſter are too much addled by his liquor or his ſophiſtry:

Let the people at large liſten to theſe facts, and approve if they can of the great confounder of right and wrong, and wiſh to lend their aſſiſtance to ſuch a man to be the Lord or Protector of England.---*Monſtrum avitiis nulla virtute redemptum.*

Charles Fox is returned as Member of Parliament for a diſtrict of burghs in the Orkneys, and Mr. Sinclair is turned out of Caithneſs, the *Ultima Thule* of the ancients, and finds ſhelter in *Loſtwithiel*, in Cornwall. This is a fine jumble, and ſhews how much the intereſts and connections of the gentlemen of England and Scotland are blended with one another. This is a ſtriking proof of a national coalition.

Nicholas Caſſon, who was killed laſt Monday in Covent Garden, was for many years one of thoſe perſons called crimps, whoſe buſineſs it is to procure ſoldiers for the Eaſt-Indies, in which employment he had amaſſed enough to retire upon.

Great preparations are making to uſher Mr. Fox to the Huſtings on Monday next, with all the pomp of a victorious General, crowned with well earned laurels in his country's ſervice. Among the many emblems of pageantry and ſhew, an elegant ſilk flag, highly ornamented with the WEAVERS ARMS, richly worked in variegated colours, an inſcription in large letters of gold and ſilver, ſtating in what memorable year, and under whoſe auſpices the FREEDOM of ELECTION for Weſtminſter was extended to *Spitalfields*, will precede the *Man of the People*, borne by Sir Jeffery Dunſtan and Sam Houſe; Mr. Fox's houſehold band (the marrow-bones and cleavers) playing that much-admired air, "*See the conquering Hero comes.*" The colours are to be conſecrated at the head of the troops, and in front of the Huſtings, by Lieutenant General B———, and the Colonels F—— and N——, in the abſence of the three illuſtrious Field Marſhals, who were unfortunately taken priſoners of war on Monday laſt, and who have not yet been exchanged, no officers of *equal rank* having fallen into the hands of the enemy.

While her Grace was ſqueezing and fingering the butchers, Capt. M—— s was amuſing their female connections with his great parts, at every ale-houſe and gin-ſhop in Weſtminſter; and it is actually ſaid, that his own coachman ſtepping accidentally into a *courtezan's ball*, at the *Cock* in *Petty France*, found the whole company dreſſed in Fox's cockades, and his maſter ſinging and drinking with forty half-naked whores and rogues of the loweſt deſcription—*quantum mutatur ab illo!*

As thoſe who have heard that famous Coalition ſong, and knew the former ſentiments and opinions of the *apoſtate partizan*, to whom the *aſpiring Cataline* is indebted for his Election ſucceſs, the following ſhort account of the Captain's converſion may not be unamuſing to thoſe who are aſtoniſhed at his change of conduct:—When that infamous junction of Fox and North took place, Capt. M———s, to whoſe wit and poetical talents we muſt with all the world give acknowledged praiſe, compoſed a ſong called *The Coalition*, which we may venture to ſay was the beſt ever written on any ſubject: to this ſong, replete with the juſteſt ſatire and fineſt point, which the Captain ſung at all his clubs, and in various companies he frequented in this metropolis, was owing the univerſal odium and reprobation in which that curſed and abandoned union was held; the party ſaw the extenſive influence his wit and convivial humour had in ſociety, and made many direct overtures to ſilence him; but the Captain being an independent man, and apparently warmed and animated in the beſt of cauſes, no progreſs could.

could be made to get him over; however they were determined to have him, and finding that feſtive pleaſure was his foible, they contrived that conviviality ſhould effect what direct application could not accompliſh; with a conſtant round of feaſts, dinners, parties, debauches, &c. they at length won him over to the wretched cauſe; and one day, after a great debauch at Colonel North's, his reſolution gave way, and he was ſworn in, upon his own terms, as an eternal friend of the cauſe, with an abſolute injunction never to utter one ſyllable of the *Coalition Song*. The Captain the next day put on his new ſuit of principles, and quietly ſat down to write the *Baby and Nurſe*, which, though we confeſs it abounds with wit, is ſuch a compound of falſehood, injuſtice, and injurious reflection on the beſt of Kings and Miniſters, that did we not know the Captain is one of thoſe who can blow hot and cold, and equally ſtrong on all ſubjects, we ſhould be amazed that one and the ſame pen could be ſo juſt and ſo profligate.

At the final cloſe of the poll at three o'clock yeſterday at Covent Garden, the numbers were,

For Lord Hood -	6694
Mr. Fox - -	6234
Sir Cecil Wray -	5998
Majority for Mr. Fox	236

After the numbers were declared, a requiſition was delivered to the High Bailiff, as follows:

To Thomas Corbett, Eſq. High Bailiff of the city and liberty of Weſtminſter.

"I Sir Cecil Wray, Bart. one of the Candidates to ſerve in Parliament for the city "and liberty of Weſtminſter, and we the underwritten Electors of the ſaid city and li- "berty, do hereby demand of you a ſcrutiny of the votes taken at the preſent Elec- "tion of two citizens to ſerve in Parliament for the ſaid city and liberty, as witneſs "our hands this 17th day of May, 1784.

CECIL WRAY."

Mountmorres,	Bateman,
R. Butler,	Francis Atkinſon,
J. Meyer,	William Adams,
D. Mackenzie,	Peter Paul,
James Croft,	John Jackſon,
Morris Marſault,	Rev. John Lloyd,
John Robertſon.	

Lord Mahon and ſeveral other Members of Parliament have not ſigned it, becauſe a petition will alſo be preſented to Parliament, we hear, if that mode of proceeding ſhould be deemed more eligible, and thoſe Gentlemen who have ſigned it, are prevented from being upon the Committee.

From the Huſtings an adjournment was made to the Veſtry, when after much altercation between the parties, the High Bailiff decided that no return ſhould be made, and conſented to the Scrutiny taking place as deſired.

Mr. Fox was chaired, preceded by about 100 Gentlemen on horſeback, dreſſed in blue and buff, a band of muſic, and the marrow-bones and cleavers, and followed by the Ducheſſes of Devonſhire and Portland in their carriages, who were attended by a number of Gentlemen on horſeback, and a great number of ſervants *.

It having been obſerved that the ſignatures for demanding a Scrutiny on behalf of Sir Cecil Wray, were not ſo many as might have been expected on ſuch an occaſion,

* How partial and mutilated an account is this of the proceſſion, the reſemblance of which was never ſeen in the memory of Weſtminſter Electors, upon ſuch an occaſion; but *pertinacity* on the ſide of the Court, and *prejudice* againſt *The Man of the People*, is the characteriſtic of the Editors of the two notorious papers, the *Public Adverti ſer* and *Morning Poſt*.

the

the fact ſtands thus: for ſome time paſt every meaſure that was thought neceſſary was taken by the friends of Sir Cecil Wray; a demand was provided, and ſigned by the Chairman of the Committee, and a very large body of reſpectable Electors; and a ſeparate one was ſigned by Sir Cecil Wray; very near the final cloſe of the Poll, a very able and learned Gentleman of the law gave it as his opinion, that it was highly improper to make ſeparate demands, but that a requiſition or demand ought to be made jointly by Sir Cecil Wray and the Electors. In deference to ſo great an authority, the former requiſitions were not preſented, and that which has been already publiſhed, was immediately prepared, and ſigned by ſuch of the Electors as happened to be preſent.

It may be depended on, that a ball is to be given at Devonſhire-houſe in celebration of Mr. Fox's triumph, obtained by means of love and the *graces*. Some new dances are to be introduced on the occaſion, and the whole are to appear in *blue* and *buff*; tho' ſeveral perſons objected to the *former*. Young Veſtris attends conſtantly to perfect the ladies.

On better information, we do not find that *Sam. Houſe* is poſitively fixed on as *her Grace's* partner; it is rather expected to be the Prince.

As Mrs. Hobart and the Ducheſs of Devonſhire were walking in the Rotunda at Ranelagh on Friday, the latter arm in arm with the Prince of Wales, a wag obſerved that the former, like moſt of her ſex, had a little ſoft down upon her chin, but that all the Ducheſs's *hairs* were *hairs apparent*.

The bag-wig which is preparing for Sam Houſe againſt the enſuing ball, by order of the Ducheſs of Devonſhire, is to be completed in the higheſt ſtile of elegance and perfection—the toupee is to be enormouſly large, frizzled, and decorated with feſtoons of flowers: the ſide curls open and eaſy, free from all ſtiffneſs, which her Grace abominates, but at the ſame time are to be properly elevated a-la mode *de pigeon*, in order to ſhew his ears in the preſent perfection: then as to the hair behind, it is to be very long, very full, very buſhy, and a glorious bruſh of the firſt magnitude is to be annexed to it, in order to complete the ſymmetry of Sam's appearance.

WESTMINSTER INTELLIGENCE EXTRAORDINARY.

In a metropolis like ours, the head quarters of nonſenſe and profligate poverty, it is obvious that any adventurer of ſufficient infamy may, from ſympathy of manners alone, be ſure of a large number of adherents; and he can ſcarcely avoid a majority, if he has audacity to go all lengths,---bribery, bawdry, and blood!!!!

A banditti of no leſs than five hundred men are hired to attend this day's triumph of infamy. There are alſo to be triumphant the hundreds of Drury, and ſome hundreds of inſolvents and inſurgents, ſharpers, ſwindlers, common gamblers, and common thieves, who have for theſe ſix weeks paſt been flaunting about the town, in *the diſguiſe of Gentlemen*.

It is remarkable that many of the ſame circumſtances now ſtrike the ſhrewd obſerver as were ſo horribly fixed in his mind from the riots and fires of June 1780. There has been for ſome time paſt an unaccountable deal of foreign gold in circulation! The ſame deſperadoes who burnt Newgate, and attempted to break into the Bank! And above all, the active interference of that *arch-miſcreant* whom nobody doubted the enemies of our King and Conſtitution had hired to *head* the mob!!!! The inference is *beware!!!*

Conſidering th awful ſigns of the times, and what incendiaries, inſolvents, and inſurgents, are now preſuming to take the lead in them, a *double guard* ought inſtantly to be poſted at the *Bank!!!*

——————The return declar'd
While folly clapp'd her hands, and wiſdom ſtar'd!!!

To-

To morrow the Bailiffs, whoſe hands have for ſpecial reaſon been tied during the Poll, are to go to work of courſe; the walking jockies, not in Parliament, with Fox's trophies in their heads, and nothing in their pockets, are to make *their* uſual amende honourable, by taking a *French leave* of their Engliſh friends!

Let no ſuch men be truſted!

"Fit to be Senators! they are not fit to live!" was the ſpirited reply of an opulent tradeſman in Weſtminſter, on the effrontery of ſeveral honourable ſharpers on a late canvas.

The enormous maſs of undue influence exerted in favour of Charles Fox, could only be exceeded by the power of government, and that Mr. Pitt, extremely to his honour, refuſed to put in action an atom of.

Except for example ſake, for the moral credit of our age, it can be conceived of no conſequence whether ſuch a man as Charles Fox was the Member for the mob of Weſtminſter, or Mr. Commiſſary Dundas's mobleſs boroughs in the deſarts of Scotland.

To the Weſtminſter tradeſmen unhappily employed by the great gameſters of the time, it is recommended not to mix in any crouds in the ſtreets. The blow which murdered poor Caſſon the conſtable, might, if it had *happened* to have deviated a little, have killed a principal creditor, an annuitant of ------!!!

A correſpondent would be glad of fuller light being thrown on the melancholy ſtory of *poor Hogg*, one of Fox's martyrs, whom Lord B. removed by a habeas from Newgate to the King's Bench. And in his way from one vile durance to another, giving a vote for his cell in Newgate;

Vice mounts the Huſtings, rears her ſcarlet head,
And ſees pale *Virtue* carted in her ſtead.

--- --So ſaid the Electors of Weſtminſter, on ſeeing their powers and privileges invaded by the cavalcade of yeſterday! However let them not deſpair, there will ſoon be judgment and reſtitution. There are ſuch objects awaiting theſe beggars on horſeback, as ſponging-houſes and the block.

The bad votes in one pariſh alone, St. James or St. Martin, our correſpondent knows not which, are as follow---33 for Sir Cecil Wray, 67 for Lord Hood, and for Charles Fox 244!

The triumph of Mr. Fox, will be but very ſhort-lived. The Scrutiny certainly ſinks him again; and the enormous expence attending the Scrutiny will have this good effect, that it will be felt by *three* of the *ſilliеſt families* in the kingdom as long as they live.

The providence of God which brings good out of evil, has ordained in this inſtance, that *ariſtocratic tyranny*, the iniquitous tyranny of the few over the many, ſhould thus be diſabled, and their expenſive villainies in Weſtminſter, maim them from doing any further miſchief to the Conſtitution. Hence our ſalvation at York, Berkſhire, Bucks, &c. &c.

A correſpondent ſays, when the arch patriot was the laſt in reſpect to numbers on the Poll, he promiſed his Conſtituents that he would demand a Scrutiny, in order to protect their franchiſes; but on the cloſe of the Poll this very immaculate character objects to his own propoſals, and his friends enter their proteſt. The public are left to draw their own concluſions.

Various

Various were the reaſons aſſigned by the populace of different ſtreets on ſeeing a certain Colonel lately running after Juſtice Wilmot's coach. Poor man, ſaid one, an Eaſt India Commiſſionerſhip unfortunately ſlipped through his fingers ſome weeks ago, and he has been upon the run in ſearch of it again ever ſince. A grave, medical looking by-ſtander differed from the laſt ſpeaker; and though he aſcribed the preternatural running to the ſame cauſe, the loſs of the Commiſſionerſhip, he contended that relaxation and the hot weather might produce upon the unfortunate patient that kind of madneſs peculiar to the canine ſpecies, known to the French by the name of *La Rage Courante*, or the Running Madneſs, which rarely or never terminates but with death.

The political *drama* of Covent Garden, which, after harraſſing the public patience ſo long, exhibited the *tragedy* acted on the 10th of this month, was concluded on the 17th with a *farce* called THE PROCESSION. The *equeſtrian* part of this ſhow made no contemptible figure, if we only regard their drapery, which was a new uniform of *buff and blue*, the adopted livery of their triumphant hero. We cannot, however, ſay much for their own perſonal appearance, which, in general, was ſuch, as diſcovered but little care from the hands of the Graces. The ſcraggy *phizzes* of one half, and the *pot-bellies* of the other, made an unſeemly ſort of contraſt. As for the *foot* corps, the Taylor, as well as the Three Siſters, ſeemed to have entirely neglected them. Of the muſic, which preceded the cavalcade, little need be ſaid. It is ſufficient only to mention, that it was as good as ever was performed on the *tuneful* inſtruments of *Butcher-row* academy.

Let not the friends of decency and integrity be diſcouraged at the numerous and brilliant appearance that attended the ſhort-lived triumph of Mr. Fox. The Cauſe in which that apoſtate has embarked, as he himſelf obſerves, is not *private*. Hundreds look up to him for protection and ſupport; the miſapplication of *his* abilities firſt gave them conſequence, and from his diſcomfiture or ſucceſs they muſt take the colour of their fate; from the elbow-ſhaking Peer to the midnight-plying Chairman, the general cry is, FOX FOR EVER!

In ſome notorious inſtances it appears, that your Whig, like your beſom, will wear out! By the ſame unhappy examples it appears, that the principles of families, like their property, may be brought to an end, by the folly and villainy of their deſcendants. Who, in the uſual declenſion of vice to infamy, become firſt poor through luxury, and afterwards profligate through poverty!!!

Let us hear no more of ſuch inſufferable cant, as the hereditary virtue of families, when we ſee their preſent repreſentatives of no mark nor livelihood.

What can enoble fools, and ſlaves, and cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards!

The Duke of Portland's family, and the Houſe of Cavendiſh, may be conſidered as thoſe who have been the greateſt ſufferers by Elections. The former is ſaid to have ſpent 200,000l. the latter are, on the preſent General Election, above 70,000l. out of pocket.

As a remarkably elegant carriage was driving along King-ſtreet, towards Covent Garden, early in the afternoon of Monday, it was undoubtedly expected that it contained ſome *noble-minded Patriot*, whoſe faculties were all ardently awake, and who was enthuſiaſtically intereſted in the object, and in the glories of the day. But how were the worthy ſpectators ſurprized and mortified to find, that the owner of the chariot was a foreign Nobleman, faſt aſleep, and buried in the fumes of the god of wine! What an ignominy it is to himſelf, and to his country, that he was in a ſhameful ſtate of inſenſibility, on the very ſpot where our modern Brutus was preparing his triumph,

and receiving the gratitude and acclamations of an enlightened, unprejudiced, and virtuous Roman people!

Notwithſtanding the *chairing* of Mr. Fox in Covent Garden, the Scrutiny, in all probability, will *unſeat* him in St. Stephens. Should that be the caſe, what ſhame ought not *he* and the ſenſeleſs *round-heads*, who accompanied him in that mock triumph, to take to themſelves! They may endeavour to brave it out; and it is moſt likely, indeed, that men of their hardy complexion will be able to look at the finger of deriſion without a bluſh. Few others, however, inſenſible as the world is in general to delicate ſenſations, could eaſily ſtand the *brunt* of the ſcorn and ridicule that muſt follow.

No former party in this country had ever ſuch a creative power as the preſent *Coalition* Junto. Their reſolutions in the late Houſe of Commons made them ſuperior to King, Lords, and People. Their reſolutions at the Shakeſpeare made *others* the murderers of the unhappy Caſſon; and their reſolutions at the cloſe of the Poll made Mr. Fox claim the uſual triumph as Member for Weſtminſter, contrary to the declared ſenſe of the High Bailiff, whoſe ſole privilege it was to make the legal return, and granted a ſcrutiny in bar to his pretenſions. What a wonderful omnipotence! Whatever they reſolve, they need only pronounce the *fiat*, and the thing is inſtantly done!

An ironical Speech, ſpoken by Mr. W. at the Annual Dinner of the Conſtitutional Society.

Gentlemen, Brethren, and Fellow Citizens!

" That the major part of you are a parcel of *Numſkulls*, *Tom-noodles*, and *Ninny-*
" *hammers*—this I have no occaſion to repreſent to you, ſince your obſtinacy in refu-
" ſing to elect Mr. Fox, puts me under the diſagreeable neceſſity of informing you,
" that no man in this city is ſo fit to repreſent you as himſelf. For G-d z--nds! (to
" talk calmly with you) what would you be at? Is it his inability to ſtuff your
" paunches with the moſt delicate food? or is it his incapacity to flatter you, that de-
" prives him of your favour? If it be the firſt, with what face can you expect a dinner
" from one who has always expreſſed his abhorrence of that practice? or how ſhould
" you expect gentlemen that he ſhould flatter, whom you all know to be an enemy to
" fawning? Yet theſe, baſe as they are, theſe ſeem to be the only means by which
" you are determined to be won! Well ſlaves!—go on—never leave off following cor-
" ruption, till you find the Pope at your door, the Pretender in your chambers, the
" Devil in your hearts, no reformation in Parliament, but ſlavery every where! 'Till
" your bodies become as grovelling as your minds, and the Aldermen there erect an
" inquiſition, and broil free citizens. But, in vain do I ring freedom in your ears,
" when the very firſt tinkling of jugs, flaggons, decanters, and quart pots, will drive
" it all out again, and you become as enamoured of ſlavery as ever, which ſhews you,
" by the bye, to be of the true breed of *Circe's hogs*, who had rather lie wallowing in
" your accuſtomed drunkenneſs and gluttony, than by abſtaining, enjoy the ſober
" bleſſings of reaſon, virtue, and liberty. But ye changlings! Did Mr. Fox only
" conſult his own intereſt on this occaſion, he'd let you quietly ſwim with the ſtream.
" But conſcience! conſcience! I ſay, which over-rules every other conſideration with
" him, will not ſuffer him to ſee you make away quietly with yourſelves. No, no,
" *ye ſcal'd dogs*, he loves you! and this is the reaſon, that let it coſt him what it
" will, he is determined at all events to be your Repreſentative: not from the vain
" motive of ſetting himſelf above his fellow citizens—No—He is a *blackguard* like the
" reſt of you, and therefore by G-d no man ſo fit to repreſent you!

" Look

" Look ye, Gentlemen, I ſay no more, only this, that if you do *not* elect him, you " will be a parcel of the greateſt blackguards, villains, and ſcoundrels that ever ſold " city's liberty; but if you *do* elect him, not Rome in all her glory could boaſt ſuch " a race of immaculate citizens! Then ſhall you find, Gentlemen, that plenty ſhall be " the common lot of you all; and as his belly is increaſing in magnitude, why yours " ſhall ſwell in like proportion, which being one of the ſtrongeſt motives I have at " preſent to offer, I beg leave to ſit down, Gentlemen,

" Your moſt humble ſervant."

As the following is not without ſome pretenſions to wit and humour, we give it a place in our Electioneering Miſcellany.

CURIOUS ELECTIONEERING LETTER.

Dear Jack,

" Expect neither wit, ſenſe, conſiſtency, nor any one quality ariſing from order and " a ſound underſtanding, for I am all confuſion, my head, my houſe, my actions, all " are, as the poet ſays, ' Confuſion worſe confounded.' Hubbub and Hurley-burley " ſtrive for maſtery, and Old Anarchy ſits umpire, ' by his deciſions more t' embroil " the fray.' In ſhort, the warfare of Election is begun; uproar and riot, brawling " and bullying, roaſt-beef and brandy, true-blues and black-guards, broken heads and " bribes; theſe are the current coin of the kingdom, and no where in greater plenty " than at ——.

" I am playing for a dreadful ſtake, Jack! loſe this, loſe all; and by Heaven, I fear " I ſhall be jockied! If I don't get into Parliament, it is all over with me; if I do, " why, then, the cards are in my own hand again; then, huzza! for a long ſpeech, " a loud ſpeech, a rancorous ſpeech, and a place. If I fail, I am afraid that little " word *place* can find no ſynonymy but *piſtol*.

" The very devil of electioneering inſpires, nay wholly poſſeſſes, my opponent. He " has a throat of—a throat?—no—a *forehead* of braſs, a throat of iron, a tongue— " oh, damn his tongue! He wheedles, lyes, cants, rants, drinks, ſings, and pro- " miſes! I myſelf have engaged for a Biſhop, a Judge, and a keeper of the lions, at " five hundred a year each; beſides exciſemen, and places in the Cuſtoms, out of num- " ber; but I find I am a fool to him; he has made fifteen Privy Counſellors, and " given his word of honour for ſeven and twenty Eaſt India principalities; ſo that " there is hardly a clod-hopper or taylor among his conſtituents, who would thank " him to make his ſon a General or an Admiral. His words glide into their guts— " for there their brains lie—faſter than his wine. One of them, I am told, abſo- " lutely refuſed the place of Lord Chancellor, till he heard the title of Lord High " Chancellor of Great Britain, &c. at full length; and he was not then quite ſatisfied " that it was worth his acceptance. The fellow's impudence is beyond all belief; " and even I, hackneyed as I have been for ſome ſeaſons paſt in coalitions, changing " ſides, ſaying and unſaying, and all the deteſtable iniquities of corruption, to which, " by my follies, I have reduced myſelf, I yet want that impenetrability of countenance " neceſſary for ſuch groſs impoſition. But, what is more extraordinary, he makes, by " the gloſſing he gives, even theſe glaring abſurdities wear a mark of probability. " Was it not my father,' ſays he, ' who then had the honour to repreſent the —— for " which I now ſolicit your ſuffrages, that recommended Mr. B——, the great Nabob, " to the Directors of the Eaſt India Company? and, give me leave to ſay, Gentlemen, " I have ten, twenty, aye, fifty times the intereſt with that reſpectable body of men " my worthy father ever had.' And in this manner he runs on, with a tongue ſo " glib, that he perſuades the clods he can make Rajahs, Soubahs, and Mahratta Mo- " narchs, faſter than their wives can ſtuff black-puddings.

" Had I not put the ſcheme in execution I hinted to you, and brought down our old " acquaintance Harriet, I ſhould have had no chance; but ſhe goes through the bu- " ſineſs rarely. She is dreſſed very fine, and that flatters her, and makes my wife " conſtituents ſuppoſe her a lady of great rank, which flatters her ſtill more. And " then ſhe is ſo complaiſant, ſo affable, ſo humble, any body may kiſs that will; and " thoſe who are too baſhful to approach, ſhe will meet half-way. She talks too, faſter " than five Frenchmen; and as for the oath ſhe now and then raps out, it paſſes cur- " rent at preſent, and rather as a proof of good humour than vulgarity; for oaths fly " in vollies like amens at a methodiſt meeting; and notwithſtanding all my cautions, ſhe " cannot ſometimes help letting the trigger ſlip, and diſcharging her over-loaded piece; " and I aſſure you, it goes off with the devil of a bounce. I can tell you we run thro' " a deal of buſineſs between us, and we are not nice; old and young, ugly and hand- " ſome, dirty and clean. I the women, and ſhe the men, all are kiſſed, and called " handſome, wiſe, witty, and brave; all are Gods and Goddeſſes; their little, ſmear- " faced, waddling chubby-brats, are all cherubs, and kiſſed and coaxed likewiſe.—— " O Jack, it is the devil of a job! it unites all the labours of Hercules, and exceeds " them all: his Augean ſtable was a work of delicacy to this, for he had a river to waſh " as he went.

" I'm thrown into the utmoſt conſternation! Harriet is juſt come down, and is ſtruck " dead hoarſe! What ſhall I do! I can't hear her whiſper acroſs the breakfaſt table. " Do, Jack, for the love of pity, run, ſeek, find ſome rattle-headed fellow, that has " ſpent his life in lying, ſpunging, and ſinging, for the diverſion of fools and benefit of " tavern-keepers. There are enough ſuch; ſend me one, and I'll make his fortune, " (you ſee I have learnt to promiſe). But dreſs him, daub him a little with lace, and " take care he don't give you the ſlip. I wiſh to Heaven you could find me one of that " order of poets, three degrees below Grub-ſtreet, that hit ſo well the taſte of Cran- " bourn alley and St. Paul's Church-yard; one that could write down to our under- " ſtandings, and afterwards bawl his own productions. Do try---try-try-try—You " know not the anxiety I am under. By the Almighty Thunder, if I am not returned, " I am extinct! If ever you expect to ſpend another happy hour with your old friend, " try. The above pair of perſons would be a treaſure to me; and, ſeriouſly, I will " make it worth their while. If the poet has a wife that can ſing, ſo much the " better.

" Adieu. yours in all confuſion, haſte, anxiety, diſtraction, noiſe, hubbub, &c.
" &c. &c. &c.

" P. S. Juſt as I was folding this, in comes a fellow whoſe vote I had purchaſed at—— " guineas, and tells me " his ſon is a lad of ſcorproizing geenas, for he has whittled " the head of an aſs, ears and all, as parfit as the loiſe, on the top of an aſhen plant; " and ſo, if I will be ſo koind as to make him maſter o' the mint, or otherwoiſe proime " ſtatutary to the King, which he hears is a'moſt as good as proime miniſter, whoy " he ſhould teak it as a feavor dun to he; but if not, whoy, he canna tell what to ſeea " to't.' The raſcal's looks told me his meaning plain enough; and I have been obliged " to make this ridiculous promiſe; nay, I could ſcarce get him away without giving it " under my hand. The abſurd thing he had heard about *proime ſtatutary*, convinces me " the other party has been tampering with him, and will give you a ſmall trait of " his capacity for theſe affairs. Once again adieu—ſend me the recruits if poſſible."

E.

The

The faithful Selection of Paragraphs, &c. we have made in favour of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray being completed, we ſhall now produce thoſe in favour of Mr. Fox, and doubt not they will be found to contain, not only uſeful Information, but confute (as in the Advertiſements and Hand-bills) the bold and unfounded Aſſertions of his Adverſaries, whoſe Buſineſs, it evidently muſt appear, has been to deal Wholeſale in Malignity and Miſrepreſentation.

BEFORE people eſpouſe the cauſe of one man to the prejudice and diſparagement of another, they ſhould *rationally* and *coolly* conſider the actions and real principles of each party.

Popular clamour calls Mr. Fox a libertine, a gambler, an invader of chartered rights, and an unprincipled *poor* man, therefore ought not to be truſted: on the contrary, Mr. Pitt is painted out in the higheſt colours of philanthropy, prudence, ſobriety, with firm, ſteady, uniform, unimpeached principles, and therefore ſhould be confided in.

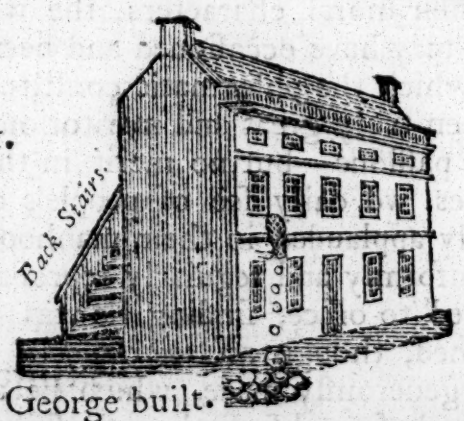
In reſpect to their moral characters, the warmth and luxuriancy of Mr. Fox's imagination poſſibly may have occaſioned and been productive of many youthful follies and extravagancies, which the phlegmatic conſtitution of Mr. Pitt has exempted him from. It would have been truly great and meritorious in the former to have ſtopt or moderated the career of his paſſions---but no merit in the latter in not following the purſuit of the former. Inſtances we daily ſee of people's conduct being much reprobated in their youth, and highly applauded in their manhood. In reſpect to their political conduct, Mr. Fox has uniformly and regularly reprobated every idea relative to the American war---When called to office, finding he was to act under an unconſtitutional Dictatorialſhip, he reſigned, though an *unprincipled poor man*. When called a ſecond time, conceſſions were generouſly made, which he as nobly accepted. This formed a Coalition ſo much talked of, and ſo little underſtood.

Mr. Fox found the India affairs in anarchy and confuſion—preliminary articles of peace inconcluſive—the national debt immenſe—and public credit on the decline.—What ſteps did he take? 1ſt. He rectified, afterwards ratified the articles of peace. 2dly, Endeavoured to ſecure the public money lent to the India Company, without injuring the Company's affairs, wiſely lodging the power in the People's Repreſentatives, being the channel through which it was lent. 3dly, To leſſen the national debt, and raiſe public credit, without oppreſſing the already too much oppreſſed ſubject, he recommended Committees to be appointed to look into the abuſes of the Cuſtoms, Exciſe, and ſmuggling buſineſs, which Committees have already declared they have made diſcoveries which will be a ſaving to the nation of between two and three millions yearly. However laudable theſe deſigns, and beneficial to the public, by preventing heavy loans---Secret Influence interfered. Mr. Fox was diſmiſſed, and Mr. Pitt raiſed to the ſeat of honour, under the appellation of the Miniſter of the Crown: What has been his conduct ſince his elevation? 1ſt, Manufacturing Addreſſes, and therein meanly vilifying his predeceſſors. 2dly, Courting Majeſty, by endeavouring to introduce a bill on the India buſineſs, and veſting the power in the Crown, though his reply to Mr. Fox was, "The Right Honourable Secretary was willing to ſecure to the Gentoos "their natural rights, but let him take care that he did not deſtroy the liberties of "Engliſh-

" Engliſhmen: he mentioned the influence of the Crown, but had it ever been in its " zenith equal to what it would be, when it ſhould find itſelf ſtrengthened by the " whole patronage of the Eaſt, which the Right Honourable Secretary was going to " throw into the hands of the Crown by his bill?" 3dly, Keeping his ſeat when a majority of the Houſe of Commons have voted him inadequate to his ſituation. As Miniſter of the Crown, he ſays he is juſtified in keeping his ſeat, though two years ago he wondered how Lord North (on loſing a queſtion by one or two) could have the effrontery to ſtay in office when he found himſelf in a minority; yeſterday he ſpurned at ſecret influence, to-day condeſcends to be the mere tool of one; yeſterday daringly diſapproved of the Receipt Tax bill, to-day openly avows he ſhall adopt it; yeſterday aſſerting nothing but what is radical ſhould be attempted reſpecting the funds, to-day temporizing with them for the ſake of popularity, which Mr. Fox rejected *though a gambler*; aſſerting he would not deceive the public by falſe appearances and jobbing aſſiſtance, his plans of reform would eſſentially retrieve their credit to every one's ſatisfaction, and that the public muſt wait for this affirmation, was truly manly and honeſt, though unpopular in reſpect to himſelf; and happy had it been for the nation if his plans had been carried into execution; our ſituation would not then have been as it now really is, replete with uncertainty, inſtability, and every dreary proſpect of ruin.

THIS IS THE HOUSE THAT GEORGE* BUILT.

This is the Houſe that George built.



This is the malt that lay in the Houſe that George built.

Lord *Nugent*. This is the *Rat*, that eat the malt, that lay in the houſe that George built.

Mr. *Fox*. This is the Cat, that killed the *Rat*, that eat the malt, that lay in the houſe that George built.

Pepper Arden. This is the *Dog*, that *barked* at the cat, that killed the rat, that eat the malt, that lay in the houſe that George built.

Lord *Thurlow*. This is the *Bull* with the crumpled horn, that roared with the dog, that barked at the cat, that killed the rat, that eat the malt, that lay in the houſe that George built.

Mr. *Pitt*. This is the *Maiden*† all forlorn, that coaxed the bull with the crumpled horn, that roared with the dog, that barked at the cat, that killed the rat, that eat the malt, that lay in the houſe that George built.

Mr. *Dundas*. This is the *Scot* by all forſworn, that *wedded*‡ the maiden all forlorn, that coaxed the bull with the crumpled horn, that roared with the dog, that barked at

* George Nugent Grenville, Earl Temple.

† The immaculate continence of this Britiſh *Scipio*, ſo ſtrongly inſiſted on by his friends, as conſtituting one of the moſt ſhining ingredients of his *uncommon* character, is only alluded to here as a received fact, and not by any means as a reproach.

‡ *Wedded.* This Gentleman's own term for Coalition.

the

the cat, that killed the rat, that eat the malt, that lay in the houſe that George built.

Mr. *Wilkes*. This is the *Patriot* covered with ſcorn, that flattered the Scot by all forſworn, that wedded the maiden all forlorn, that coaxed the bull with the crumpled horn, that roared with the dog, that barked at the cat, that killed the rat, that eat the malt, that lay in the houſe that George built.

Conſcience. This is the *Cock* that crowed in the morn, that *wakened* the patriot covered with ſcorn, that flattered the Scot by all forſworn, that wedded the maiden all forlorn, that coaxed the bull with the crumpled horn, that roared with the dog, that barked at the cat, that killed the rat, that eat the malt, that lay in the houſe that George built.

Mr. Fox has certainly rejected all overtures for an union of parties on his Weſtminſter canvas, having not only prudently determined that no "*ſerpent* ſhall *ſting him twice*," but that he will not be not ſtung a *ſecond time* by *any ſerpent whatever!*

The conſtitutional defender of the *people's privileges* met with ſo general a ſupport on his canvas throughout the ſeveral diſtricts of Weſtminſter, that his re-election for this populous and reſpectable city is now unqueſtionably ſure: even in the quarters ſuppoſed to have been the leaſt friendly to his intereſt, he has ſecured a full moiety of votes, and in all other diviſions, the aſſurances of the firmeſt ſupport were more than *three to one* in his favour!

The *prerogative canvaſſers* vainly flattered themſelves, that all thoſe Electors who ſigned Sir Cecil Wray's *ſmuggled* addreſs, had thus pledged themſelves to refuſe their ſuffrages to Mr. Fox on a future Election; but this abſurd and ill founded idea was very early ſcouted on his canvas, by the manly declaration of many of the moſt Independent Electors: "Though we did not approve of one particular meaſure propoſed by Mr. "Fox, we never meant our addreſs to convey a general diſapprobation of his conduct "in Parliament, and therefore we ſhall vote for his re-election!"

On Tueſday the 23d inſtant, Mr. Pitt refuſed to tell the Houſe of Commons that he had any intention to diſſolve the Parliament. On the ſame day he ſent the following letter by the poſt to a Cambridge voter. He put a falſe date to the letter, as appears by the poſt mark *. Thus we ſee, that although Mr. Pitt refuſes to give any anſwer to the repreſentatives of the people upon this important matter, ſaying he will not *compromiſe the King's Prerogative*, yet he is ready enough to *compromiſe the ſame Prerogative*, in order to take an unfair advantage for the purpoſe of his own Election:

"*Downing-ſtreet, March* 24*, 1784.

"SIR,

"*A Diſſolution of Parliament having taken place*, I beg leave to offer myſelf a Candi-"date to repreſent the Univerſity of Cambridge, and to requeſt the honour of your "countenance and ſupport. Permit me to aſſure you, that I ſhall eſteem any aſſiſtance "which you may have the goodneſs to afford me, a very particular obligation.

"I am, Sir,

"Your moſt obedient,

"And faithful humble ſervant,

"W. PITT."

* The poſt mark is the 23d.

As

As one little inſtance of the groſs miſrepreſentations practiſed by the *runners*, *puffers*, and *paragraph mongers* of the preſent *immaculate Miniſtry*, we cannot help noticing the repeated aſſertions, that the Dukes of Devonſhire and Marlborough have withdrawn their ſupport from the cauſe of the late oppoſition. This, we can aſſure the public, in the polite and elegant language of Mr. Pitt, is a *falſe*, *malicious*, and *ſcandalous inſinuation* againſt the public characters of thoſe truly great and patriotic noblemen.

The public may judge of the boaſted popularity of the *virtuous* Miniſter, when they are informed, that he is poſting through the country in ſearch of a ſeat. He has tried in the City of London, without ſucceſs. He is now trying at Bath, but Mr. Moyſey's proſpects on the canvas leave him but little hopes. Harwich is reſerved for him, ſo that it is more than probable, that he will be finally indebted to the *Rat-catcher* for a ſeat, which has been ſwindled from that worthy Gentleman's benefactor. While this very *popular* character is thus a ſubject of alarm to his ſupporters, the *unpopular* Mr. Fox goes on triumphantly in Weſtminſter, and has already aſcertained his Election. It muſt give pleaſure to every honeſt man to find that Sir Cecil Wray will moſt undoubtedly receive the reward of his ingratitude in a complete defeat.

Though that redoubted *Militia Colonel* Sir *Cecil Wray* will not, it is hoped, be gratified in the *Downfall of Chelſea Hoſpital*, he will probably be ſo far *rewarded* for his very *meritorious* endeavours, by finding at the preſent criſis, that he has at leaſt been *cunning* enough to *pull an old Houſe about his own ears*.

As Mr. Fox, from the *grateful* return he has received at the hands of his late colleague, is determined, by ſtanding alone, never to offer another political *Iſcariot* to the Electors of Weſtminſter, it is probable that Lord *Hood* will be returned with him, and that Sir Cecil will thereby be rendered incapable of *complimenting* this reſpectable city with any more of his *ſingular ſervices*.

It is with the greateſt degree of reluctance that the D—e of N———d has ſeen the city of Weſtminſter emancipate itſelf from that degree of ſlavery to his Grace under which it groaned for ſo many years, and he is now ſtriving, by means of his creature, Sir Cecil Wray, to reduce the Electors of that reſpectable city to their former ſervile ſituation; but unfortunately for the ſchemes of the noble Duke, they ſee through his inſidious deſign, and are determined to preſerve their liberty, which they would certainly loſe if they were to comply with his deſire on this occaſion.

Sir *Cecil Wray* has contrived to make himſelf ſo extremely popular by his *Chelſea Hoſpital* propoſition, and his intended tax on *maid ſervants*, that not a *crutch*, or a *broom* in Weſtminſter but will probably be elevated in ſupport of this *worthy Senator*'s re-election!

Three lies were iſſued by *orders from the Treaſury* for the uſe of the current week.

Lie 1ſt, That the Duke of Devonſhire has withdrawn his countenance from Mr. Fox.

Lie 2d. Ditto of the Duke of Marlborough.

Lie 3d. That an Addreſs in favour of the preſent Miniſters was carried at the Yorkſhire meeting.

To the above lies all loyal ſubjects are deſired to give implicit credit for the ſpace of one week. N. B. The lie of laſt week, relative to the late *loſs* of the *Great Seal* may now be doubted, and next week openly ridiculed.

Sir *Cecil Wray*'s reception is very unfavourable among the order of female domeſtics; they recollect his propoſition to *lay a tax* upon them, too heavy for *maid*-ſervants to bear, and revile him whenever he ſolicits a vote!

Mr.

THE APOSTATE IACK R—— the Politi

J—ck R— n
Rat Catcher to Great Britain - Vermin Preserved
Rats of Note

S'S — G — n
E — C — l
J — C — n x
L — C — s
S — D — g
E — D — n
W — D — r
— E — y
— M — n
A — C — r
— E — p
C — G — n
— M —

H — H — n
S — G — n r
G — O — r
W — A — r y
— C — R — h
C — T — H — c
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CLERICUS & CORRUPTUS

PENSION

Pub.d by W. Humphrey N.o 227 Strand. March 1.st 178[illegible]

Political Rat Catcher — B. Rats taken alive!

Mr. Fox's intereſt in Weſtminſter is ſo ſuperior in itſelf, without the interference of family connections, that no leſs than five Gentlemen who have been ſolicited to ſtand, have declined it on that conſideration.

It is reported that Sir Cecil Wray has made it a condition with Lord Hood, for bringing in his Lordſhip into Parliament, that he ſhall give his ſupport to the worthy Baronet's intended motion for the pulling down of Chelſea Hoſpital.

Mr. Fox's conduct, from the firſt moment of his entering office, after his long and uniform oppoſition, to the preſent time, has been manly and conſiſtent; and every true lover of his country will rejoice in ſeeing him once again at the helm.

In the courſe of a few days a grand *party dinner* will be given to Mr. *W. Pitt.* by his *faithful whipper-inn, Jack Robinſon,* whoſe kitchen being a little *deranged* at the preſent juncture, the following *perſons of diſtinction* have, in the moſt friendly manner, offered to ſupply his table with the *characteriſtic diſh,* oppoſed to their ſeveral names.

BILL OF FARE.

Duke of Rutland	*Green Gooſe,*
Earl of Effingh—m	*Cods head and ſhoulders,*
Sir Cecil Wr—y	*Hodge Podge.*
Lord Sack—lle	*Beef ben ſlaut.*
Mr. Lloyd Kenyon	*Soup Meagre.*
Mr. Mart—n	*Starling court.*
Anthony Bac—n	*Cedar of Brawn.*
Johnny W—kes	*Stewed Giblets.*
Commodore Johnſtone	*Tongue and Udder.*
Mr. Tho. Sc—t	*Sheep's Head and Trotters.*
Sir Joſeph Mawbey	*Hogs Chitterlins.*
Earl of Cheſt—f—d	*Romp of Beef a la dank.*
Lord Thurl—w	*Sour crout.*
Lord North's *deſerters*	*Ruffs and Rees.*
Duke of Queenſb—y	*Collard Eel.*
Mr. Drake	*Wild Fowl*
Sir James Lowth—r	*Calves Head—ſans Brains.*
Mr. Beauf—y	*Coxcombs forced.*
Mr. Henry Dund—s	*Scotch Collops.*
Lord Mul—ve	*Bubble and ſqueak.*
Maids of Honour	*Lambs tails, a la braiſe!*
Mr. Pepper Ard—n	*Curry.*
Noel H—ll	*Shrewſbury Cake.*
Lord Mah—n	*Haſty Pudding.*
Mr. Chriſtopher Atk—ſon	*Hard dumplins.*
Duke of North——d	*Weſtminſter fool.*
Mr. Wr—x—ll	*Puff tartlets.*
Sir B. Turn—r	*Clouted cream.*
Lord Nug—nt	*Iriſh flummery.*
Sir W. Le—on	*Sherbes.*
Sir W. Lewes	*Welch Rabbits.*
Lord B—te	*A Devil.*

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 17.

SUPPLY.

The order of the day being read for the Houſe to go into a Committee of Supply, Mr. *Ord* took the Chair.

Sir *George Yonge*, after ſtating that the eſtimate had been made out with all poſſible accuracy, moved, that the ſum of 17,001l. 15s. 5⅓d. be granted to his Majeſty for the the pay, &c. of Chelſea Hoſpital for the year 1784.

Sir *Cecil Wray* remarked, that according to the number of men now in Chelſea Hoſpital, the above ſum amounted on an average to 51l. 5s. per man, which, in his opinion, was too enormous; but how to remedy the evil he knew not, *unleſs it was by pulling the Hoſpital down, which in his heart he wiſhed to ſee ſpeedily done.*

Nothing could exceed the univerſal deteſtation which ſeemed to be expreſſed in the countenances of all the members of the Houſe of Commons when Sir Cecil Wray propoſed the annihilation of Chelſea Hoſpital; an idea ſo repugnant to every principle of juſtice could never have entered into the head of any man but one whoſe heart muſt have been callous to the feelings of humanity, and that noble ſpirit of generoſity which beats ſo actively in the breaſt of every Britain. What! ſhall that man who has fought in defence of his country, and preſerved her from becoming a ſlave to foreign tyrants, who has endured the ſummer's heat in the parched regions of the torrid zone, and the numbing cold in the frozen winters of Canada--who has given up every conſideration, even his deareſt connections--his wife--his children, when glory has called him forth; ſhall that man, after having made ſo many ſacrifices, when he returns to his native country, perhaps with the loſs of his limbs, be abandoned in his old age to penury and diſtreſs? Forbid it honour! Forbid it juſtice! No! while Britain exiſts, ſhe will ever find a quiet retreat, where the exhauſted warrior may ſafely reſt after all his toils are over.

Sir Cecil Wray's ſcheme of pulling down Chelſea Hoſpital will be received with the warmeſt ſentiments of gratitude by thoſe mutilated veterans, who have fought the battles of this country, and expoſed their lives to the mouths of the enemies cannon, whilſt ſuch men as Sir Cecil were quarrelling in the Houſe of Commons about the diſtribution of political loaves and fiſhes. Hard indeed is the fate of theſe poor fellows; they allow themſelves to be ſhot at for about fourpence three farthings per day for the good of their country, and the proſpect of being *amply* provided for in *Chelſea Hoſpital* with a pitcher of broth and a flannel night-cap, when they are rendered incapable of further ſervice to the nation; and then gets up a Senator in his place to wiſh their houſe pulled down. We hope there are few Sir Cecils in the world. It may not be improper here to remark, that the eſtimate at 50l. a man is not any thing great, conſidering the whole of the expences.

No leſs than ſeven different boroughs have been offered to Mr. Fox, if he would decline the conteſt for Weſtminſter. But Mr. Fox is firm and truſty to the firmneſs of his friends.

It argues an unparalleled degree of arrogance in a certain *naval character*, to propoſe himſelf for Weſtminſter, in oppoſition to Mr. Fox. What are his political qualifications, that he ſhould preſumingly ſtep forward to contend the point with the *firſt Senator* of the preſent age; whoſe abilities truly do honour to the citizens who have hitherto given him their ſuffrages. The Electors of Weſtminſter will no doubt decide whoſe claim is beſt, and not ſuffer themſelves to be HOOD-*winked*.

The

The Naval Commander, who has profeſſed himſelf a candidate for Weſtminſter, muſt have a contemptible opinion of the diſcernment of the Electors, if he imagines they are to be deceived by idle parade; they will remember the officer in queſtion was anchored off St. Kitt's, when that iſland, together with Nevis and other ſettlements, *ſurrendered to the French arms*; they will remember this, and not be HOOD-*winked* by the amazing boaſt of "feats of broils and battles!"

The Pages of the Back Stairs have been hard at work in favour of the Court candidates all over the kingdom: How do you vote Mr. Dip? Their Majeſties admire your candles amazingly. Mr. Putty, you'll give Sir —— a plumper---Upon my honour their Majeſties mean to have all their windows new glazed. Mr. Buckſkin, we make ſure of you by the bye---Their Majeſties intend to give us all new leather breeches after the election. Tradeſmen of ſenſe and ſpirit laugh at theſe petty devices; for they know that theſe demi-minions of power have not the ſlighteſt authority for uſing the name of Majeſty for ſuch mean and mercenary purpoſes.

Sir Cecil Wray is now endeavouring to do away his wiſh for the annihilation of the Chelſea Penſioners, by alledging he only wiſhed the houſe pulled down, that the lame, the blind, the deaf, the bed-ridden, might be permitted to live out-penſioners on about *three-pence farthing per day*, and out of that buy clothes, pay for a nurſe, houſe-rent, taxes, food, phyſic, &c. &c. Benevolent œconomy! this, in a man who himſelf was a ſoldier!

There is not the leaſt doubt but every ſoldier in Weſtminſter will remember the worthy Baronet, who ſo *humanely* wiſhed to pull down Chelſea Hoſpital, and deprive him of a place to retreat to in his old age.

To cover his inhuman outrage againſt the poor decriped penſioners of Chelſea Hoſpital, who owe their misfortunes to exertions in the ſervice of their country, Sir Cecil Wray pretends to provide for them more handſomely at a leſs expence. Was ever ſuch an injury offered to an inſtitution of this liberal deſcription, without an affectation at leaſt of œconomy? The branches into which the public expenditure is divided, are infinite. It is wonderful no other *ſaving* can be made than from the *comforts*, the *conveniences*, perhaps the *neceſſaries* of the *lame*, the *aged*, the *worn out* veterans. Can he poſſeſs a ſingle ſpark of public ſpirit, or be the friend of this country, who would make retrenchments on her attention to her beſt friends? Is he a proper candidate for repreſenting the city of Weſtminſter, who thus ſtands forth the avowed enemy of every proviſion made by the wiſdom of our forefathers, for thoſe who have ſpent the prime of their lives and their beſt blood in our defence.

A more unmilitary ſentiment was never uttered than Sir Cecil Wray's expreſſion reſpecting Chelſea Hoſpital; it has been conſidered in all the horrid ſhapes that indignation could ſuggeſt. What perſon can hear, that each of the penſioners on the Chelſea eſtabliſhment, who coſt to this country almoſt fifty one pounds per annum, knowing at the ſame time, that they could not be better ſubſiſted, nor with more content to themſelves in any other manner--who can hear this without heartily wiſhing the fabric to ſtand, and its revenue be thus beneficially applied? The munificence of the nation ſhould be directed ſolely to objects of compaſſion, to heal the wounded, to comfort the diſtreſſed, and to recompence the toils and dangers of the brave; under this ſyſtem are the appointments and the well-earned rewards affording comfort and an aſylum to the veteran who has fought in his country's cauſe, proportioning penſions to the merits of profeſſional claimants, and conſequently admitting the preſent number to its comfortable participation; alas! who can but exclaim at the worthy Baronet! The income is expended on thoſe appointments and enjoyments of the old, the infirm, and the mutilated ſoldier.

A pretty PLAY for MINISTERIAL CHILDREN.

Invented by BILLY JUVENILE.

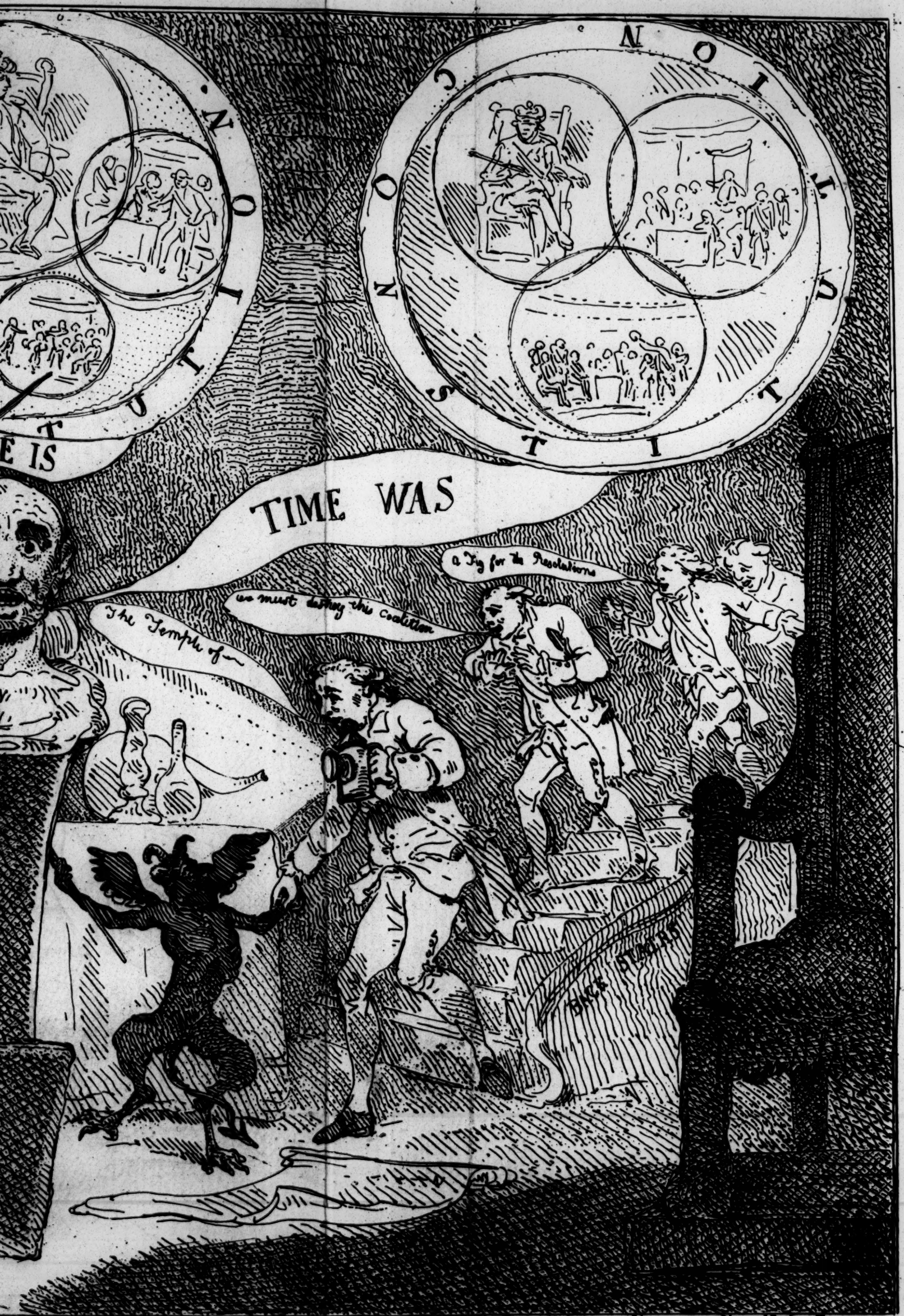
Little Tom Horner
Sat in a corner,
Eating his Chriſtmas pie;
He put in his thumbs,
He pull'd out the plumbs,
And ſaid, what a brave boy am I!

NEWBERRY.

Hey this.
What's this?
The *Conſtitution of Alfred.*
Hey this.
What's this?
A *principle* inherent to the *conſtitution of Alfred.*
Hey this.
What's this?
The *Tory* who attacked the *principle* inherent to the *conſtitution of Alfred.*
Hey this.
What's this?
The *Influence* that ſeduced the *Tory*, to attack the *principle* inherent to the *conſtitution of Alfred.*
Hey this.
What's this?
The *War* produced by the *influence* that ſeduced the *Tory*, to attack the *principle* inherent to the *conſtitution of Alfred.*
Hey this.
What's this?
The *Loſs* that reſulted from the *war*, produced by the *influence*, that ſeduced the *Tory*, to attack the *principle* inherent to the *conſtitution of Alfred.*
Hey this.
What's this?
The *Peace* in conſequence of the *loſs* that reſulted from the *war*, produced by the *influence*, that ſeduced the *Tory*, to attack the *principle* inherent to the *conſtitution of Alfred.*
Hey this.
What's this?
The *Coalition*, which commenced on the *peace*, in conſequence of the *loſs* that reſulted from the *war*, produced by the *influence*, that ſeduced the *Tory*, to attack the *principle* inherent to the *conſtitution of Alfred.*
Hey this.
What's this?
This is the *Lord*, who oppoſed the *coalition*, which commenced on the *peace*, in conſequence of the *loſs* reſulting from the *war*, produced by the *influence*, that ſeduced the *Tory*, to attack the *principle* inherent to the *conſtitution of Alfred.*
Hey this.
What's this?
This is the *Commoner* who deſerted the *Lord*, who oppoſed the *coalition*, which commenced on the *peace*, in conſequence of the *loſs* reſulting from the *war*, produced by the *influence*, that ſeduced the *Tory*, to attack the *principle* inherent to the *conſtitution of Alfred.*

Hey

A PEEP INTO FRIAR BA



BACON'S STUDY.

Pub.d March 3 1784 by W. Humphrey N.o 227, Strand.

Hey this.
What's this?
This is the *School-boy*, who tripped the *Commoner*, who deſerted the *Lord*, who oppoſed the *coalition*, which commenced on the *peace*, in conſequence of the *loſs* reſulting from the *war*, produced by the *influence*, that ſeduced the *Tory*, to attack the *principle* inherent to the *conſtitution of Alfred*.
Hey this.
What's this?
This is the *ſtair-caſe* the *ſchool-boy* went up, who tripped the *Commoner*, who deſerted the *Lord*, who oppoſed the *Coalition*, which commenced on the *peace*, in conſequence of the *loſs*, reſulting from the *war*, produced by the *influence*, that ſeduced the *Tory*, to attack the *principle* inherent to the *conſtitution of Alfred*.

No circumſtance does ſo much honour to the patriotic views and powerful abilities of that able ſtateſman, Mr. FOX, as the uncommon joy with which the accounts of his diſmiſſal were received at Paris and the Hague. Our natural and inveterate enemies were ſo elevated by this event, as to forget their uſual caution and artifice, and to vent their joy in the moſt extravagant manner.

It has been triumphantly aſked, Why does Mr. Fox ſtand alone for Weſtminſter? Do the friends of Sir Cecil Wray forget, that the Right Honourable Gentleman once choſe the worthy Baronet for his colleague? Can they then be at a loſs for a reaſon, why he ſhould have a natural antipathy to all future unions of this ſort.

Sir *Cecil Wray* has diſplayed a ſhew of modeſty in ſigning his name *beneath* that of *Lord Hood*, in his addreſs to the Electors of Weſtminſter. At the ſame moment, if we recollect the *double part* the *very grateful Baronet* has played in his deſertion of Mr. Fox, we cannot help obſerving upon the *ſignatures*, that they diſplay "TWO FACES "*under a* HOOD!"

If any particular part of Mr. Fox's conduct ſhould endear him to his fellow citizens more than another, it is that nervous and manly reply he made to Lord N———t's ariſtocratic doctrine, "that *poor* men were not perſons who ſhould concern themſelves "about the ſafety of the conſtitution!" In this memorable inſtance, he became the indignant and ſucceſsful champion of the people's rights, and held up their lordly traducer to the general contempt of their inſulted Repreſentatives!

The cant of Sir Cecil's canvas is generally this, "Hearkee, you Sir, you muſt vote "for Lord Hood and me, *becauſe you ſigned the Addreſs*." Not ſo faſt, Sir Cecil. You trepanned me to ſign, by talking of a union of all the clever fellows, and for *that very reaſon*, I can't vote for *you*, Sir Cecil.

The chief reaſon that induced ſeveral of the beſt intentioned and worthieſt Electors of Weſtminſter, to ſign Sir Cecil's Wray's addreſs, was the promiſe *then* held out of converting it to the means of effecting a UNION of the firſt *talents* and principles. But, finding from the whole of Sir Cecil's late conduct, that he is in fact a violent *party* man, the Electors are now determined to mark their ſenſe of his deceitful conduct by the moſt decided and unequivocal ſupport of Mr. Fox.

It ſeems rather remarkable that no perſon ſhould be found to give a favourable turn to *Sir Cecil Wray*'s expreſſions concerning Chelſea Hoſpital, except a gentleman who was actually ill at Bath at the time the words were ſaid to be ſpoken. Surely *Sir Cecil* might have found ſome reſpectable Member of Parliament who was in the houſe at the time to have ſatisfied the public on this head, and not have let it reſt, as it does at preſent, *entirely on the credit of his own veracity*.

Chelſea

Chelſea Hoſpital has been in an abſolute ſtate of anarchy and confuſion ever ſince *Sir Cecil Wray humanely* propoſed to pull down that noble building; ſome of the aged and infirm lament, with the moſt heartfelt concern, leſt they ſhould be deprived of that eaſy and happy retirement, where they hoped to have paſſed the remainder of their days without interruption, whilſt the more robuſt utter threats and direful imprecations againſt the man who wants to turn them out of doors to beg their bread as a reward for their ſervice.

A certain great perſonage, who ſome time ſince took ſuch extraordinary pains to *preſerve the freedom of Election at Windſor*, is at the preſent day equally attentive to the citizens of Weſtminſter, who have been already inſtructed how to diſpoſe of their ſuffrages to the beſt advantage.

It is ſaid pretty confidently, that if *Sir Cecil Wray* ſhould loſe his election for Weſtminſter, the Duke of Northumberland is to bring him in for one of his Corniſh boroughs.

The following is a regular form of parliamentary ſolicitation to ſome of the *independent* citizens of Weſtminſter:

"SIR,

"I have to ſignify to you, that if you conſult or regard his —— pleaſure, you "will vote for Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray.

"Yours,

—— ——."

It is ſaid, that one of Sir Cecil Wray's principal motives for propoſing the deſtruction of Chelſea Hoſpital, was his being fully perſuaded that *his valour* would never lead him into ſuch actions as could bring him into *danger* of becoming a *burthen* to that charitable inſtitution.

The circumſtances which have attended the late Election for the city of Weſtminſter, are well worthy the notice of the independent Electors:

In the year 1780, Mr. Fox was choſen upon the independent intereſt, againſt the united exertions of the court, and the overbearing ariſtocratic influence of this city; Sir George Rodney, then abroad upon the public ſervice, was returned with him, who being ſhortly after promoted to a Peerage, occaſioned a vacancy. Although Mr. Fox was then Secretary of State, the court did not wiſh that he ſhould recommend another Member for Weſtminſter, and accordingly Sir Samuel, now Lord Hood, was nominated; but Mr. Fox being unacquainted with his political principles, thought Sir Cecil Wray a candidate, whoſe public conduct had been ſuch, as to enſure him the approbation of the independent Electors of Weſtminſter, and accordingly gave him his utmoſt ſupport. Mr. John Churchill, Apothecary, in Parliament-ſtreet, who had been an active ſupporter of Mr. Fox in his former Election, oppoſed the nomination of Sir Cecil Wray. Many perſons believed, that he himſelf entertained a fooliſh hope of being thought a fit perſon, at that time, to repreſent this city in conjunction with Mr. Fox. However, be that as it may, certain it is that from that moment Mr. Churchill has become as ſtrenuous an opponent as he had formerly ſhewn himſelf a ſupporter of Mr. Fox. Upon the preſent Election, a moſt extraordinary combination has taken place for the purpoſe of turning out the perſon who firſt reſcued the Electors of Weſtminſter from the ſtate of ſubjection in which they had been ſo long held. Sir Cecil Wray, formerly recommended by Mr. Fox, now ſtands in conjunction with Lord Hood, recommended by the Court. Mr. John Churchill, who oppoſed Sir Cecil Wray's nomination, and diſapproved at that time of Lord Hood, now gives them the moſt ſtrenuous ſupport, and is Chairman of the Committee for conducting the Election of theſe joint candidates who are united for the ſole purpoſe of throwing out the Repreſentative

preſentative choſen by the independent Electors. From this the city of Weſtminſter may ſee that thoſe who endeavour to ſtigmatize Mr. Fox, on account of his coalition with Lord North, do not themſelves ſcruple to form the moſt unnatural and unprincipled union for the mere purpoſe of gratifying their own ſelfiſh feelings, at the expence of ſacrificing to the Court the freedom and independence of the Electors.

Though *Chelſea College* is not yet demoliſhed, Sir *Cecil Wray* is certainly entitled to the *ſole merit* derived from the laudable propoſal of razing it to the ground, over the *hoary heads* of thoſe *maimed veterans*, who have ſo often fought the battles of their country !--- It is evident then that Sir *Cecil*'s preſent claims to ſenatorial honours are founded on principles of the moſt *refined humanity*, and therefore deſerve a *marking plumper* from every *ſoldier* and *ſoldier's* friend !

SirCecil Wray has emerged from the obſcurity in which he lived by much the greater part of his life, to a very good purpoſe indeed. The firſt act of his political exiſtence was an inſtance of the baſeſt ingratitude to Mr. Fox, his patron and parliamentary creator. The next is an example of the moſt ſhocking barbarity that ever entered a *military* head in the world, that of taking the houſe from over the head of his fellow-ſubjects, who are grown grey in the ſervice of their country, and have lived upon its bounty with tranquility and ſecurity till this inhuman propoſition was ſtarted by this worthy Baronet.

That a man who has lived all his life in a ſtate of indolence and ſafety at home, ſhould feel little for the diſtreſſes of thoſe brave fellows, who have loſt their limbs in the defence of their country, is not altogether ſo amazing; but that an officer and a fellow-ſoldier ſhould propoſe a ſcheme for turning a parcel of exhauſted veterans out of houſe and quarter, is an inſtance of almoſt unexampled brutality, and is not more ſhocking in point of humanity, than diſgraceful as a violation of military character.

Mr. *Churchill*, who, *out of politics*, is a reſpectable character, broke with Mr. Fox becauſe that Gentleman propoſed Sir Cecil Wray as member for Weſtminiſter; Mr. C. deeming his own pretenſions to that honour better founded, than thoſe of the *patriotic* Baronet !

A certain fair Ducheſs intends to blind the Electors of ——, with the influence of her eyes. *Query*, Is not the uſe of conſtellations as illegal as the uſe of dark lanterns?

On Friday evening *Mr. Fox* was elected a member of the ſociety of the *Knights of the Bruſh* at their lodge in Long Acre. *Lord Hood* was admitted into this ſociety ſome ſhort time ſince; on it being firſt obſerved to his Lordſhip that it was proper he ſhould become one of the brotherhood, he very laconically enquired,—" Whether the *Knights* " *of the Bruſh* conſiſted of *Painters* or *Chimneyſweepers*."

If Mr. John Churchill, of notorious memory, can aſſign one *good* reaſon why he has for many years been *a flamming patriot*, or a *republican*, and is now become a zealous *courtier*, or a *prerogative man*, he may regain the favourable opinion of thoſe who were *once* his friends.

If ſome future Parliament could inſtitute a ſort of *mental* Chelſea, for mutilated principles and worn-out honour, however Sir Cecil has wiſhed to demoliſh the preſent Chelſea, there is every reaſon to ſuppoſe he would warmly eſpouſe a propoſition ſo congenial to his own unfortunate ſituation.

PROCLAMATION

BY THE HEREDITARY TYRANTS OF WESTMINSTER.

BE it known to our well-beloved citizens and Electors of Weſtminſter, that if they vote on the preſent occaſion, according to the will and inſtructions of the hereditary Lords, they ſhall for ever after be eaſed of the trouble, tumult, and confuſion of an Election. If an Houſe of Commons can be procured on the preſent occaſion, ſufficiently obedient, and ſubmiſſive to the Crown, the whole of the Government ſhall be put, as it ought to be, into the hands of the prerogative, and the people will no longer be taken from their buſineſs, or deſired to trouble themſelves with the affairs of the nation.

N. B. If the Electors are truly ſubmiſſive, and vote as they are deſired, Sir Cecil Wray ſhall not be ſuffered to pull down the Hoſpitals.

WESTMINSTER ELECTION.

This morning as numerous a croud was aſſembled at the Huſtings in Covent Garden, as ever were collected upon a ſimilar occaſion.

About eleven Mr. Fox arrived, attended by the following proceſſion, when his partizans immediately took poſt on the right, viz.

Porters, with cockades, two and two.
Marrow-bones and cleavers.
Mr. Keys, the meſſenger to the Friends of Liberty.
Standard, "FOX and LIBERTY.
Electors, four and four, with cockades.
Standard, "FREEDOM of ELECTION,"
on the one ſide, on the other,
"FOX and the CONSTITUTION."
Electors, four and four.
Grand Band of Wind Inſtruments.
Standard, "MAY CHELSEA HOSPITAL FOR EVER STAND" on one ſide,
On the other,
"NO TAX ON MAID SERVANTS."
Electors, four and four.
Mr. FOX.
Carriages of his Friends and Supporters, amongſt which were thoſe of the firſt Whig Families in the Kingdom.
HONEST SAM. HOUSE.

So general a burſt of tranſport pervaded all ranks of people on ſeeing Mr. Fox, this perſevering champion for their liberties, as to leave no doubt of his re-election.

It was a long time before the tumultuous joy, which actuated the whole aſſembly, appeared to ſubſide, and Mr. Baker was often interrupted by ſhouts of pleaſure from propoſing their favourite candidate, who was received with every demonſtration of approbation and regard. After that Gentleman had, in the uſual manner, announced Mr. Fox's intentions of again ſoliciting the ſuffrages of the people of Weſtminſter, he came forward himſelf for the purpoſe of addreſſing his conſtituents; but the ſame ſyſtem which has diſgraced the conduct of his adverſaries, in hired hiſſing, ruffian violence, and poiſonous contrivances, prevailed this day; and all his efforts were ineffectual. The other candidates, Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, then attempted to be heard; but the confuſion at this period became ſo general, that it was all in vain. On the regular propoſal of the reſpective candidates by the High Bailiff, the ſhow of hands

was

was at leaſt twenty to one in favour of Mr. Fox. This officer was then deſired to pronounce his opinion upon whom the favour of the Electors had fallen, but he declared that from the confuſion which prevailed, he was unable to aſcertain; and it was after ſome time agreed upon by all parties, that it would be beſt to proceed immediately to a Poll. Mr. Fox was attended by a numerous group of the moſt reſpectable characters, and received with ſuch fervent marks of popular admiration, as fully to ſhow that his enemies have been defeated in all their inſidious attempts to undermine his character, and ruin his intereſt with the inhabitants of Weſtminſter. Lord Hood was eſcorted to the Huſtings by a party of ſailors, ſome of whom bore a model of the Ville de Paris, which was deſtroyed in the croud, and ſome ruffians, in the habit of ſailors, were armed with ſticks of a peculiar kind, with which many of them attempted to ſtrike the friends of Mr. Fox; but the fury of the populace aroſe upon this brutal attack, and theſe wretches were obliged to make a precipitate retreat. The ſticks were of a very knotty kind, twiſted with green cord, and headed by a thick piece of lead, which was covered with leather, and about a foot and a half in length. Sir Cecil Wray was accompanied by Lord Mahon, whoſe geſtures were ſo wild, violent, and diſorderly, that he ſeemed to be one of the poor unfortunate men who had juſt broke from the confines of Bedlam. His Lordſhip and poor Sir Cecil met with every mark of popular diſguſt, and the latter from his conduct to Mr. Fox, and his diſregard of the poor veterans of Chelſea, ſeemed univerſally to be conſidered as a monſter of ingratitude and inhumanity. Upon the whole, the complexion of this day's proceedings, fully ſhows that the good ſenſe of the people is not to be impoſed upon againſt a man who has made the moſt ſpirited exertions in defence of their privileges, and who has always proved himſelf the true friend of the conſtitution.

At the cloſing of the poll, the numbers ſtood as follow:

Mr. Fox	—	—	302
Lord Hood	—	—	264
Sir Cecil Wray	—	—	238

The two lovely Ducheſſes of *Devon* and *Rutland*, in their carriages, graced the cavalcade of Mr. Fox, to the Huſtings at Covent Garden.

Poor *Jack Churchill!* "Where be now your gibes and your jokes that were wont to ſet the table in a roar;—quite chop-fallen." What a degeneracy is here; inſtead of meeting wit with wit, and mirth with good humour, we ſee nothing on the part of this once jolly fellow, but heavy menaces about libels and a blundering detail of disjointed facts. Villainous ſociety has been thy ruin? Avoid Sir Cecil, ſuch company is more hoſtile to wit, than "*Leg of beef*, or *bad ale*."

On the *firſt of April*, 1783, the *arrangement* was formed in the King's Cloſet, for bringing Mr. Fox and Lord North into government as joint Secretaries of State, on the baſis of *Coalition*. This day, the *firſt of April*, 1784, an arrangement is made in Covent Garden for Mr. Fox, in conſequence of his being turned out again! Thus every April-day is productive of food for the wonder and merriment of John Bull.

A correſpondent has favoured us with a copy of the following billet, the original of which was yeſterday received by Mr. Wild, of Covent Garden Theatre:

"Sir *C——l W——y* preſents his compliments to Mr. Wild the Prompter, and in-
"forms him, he was this morning ſufficiently chagrined on hearing the *Rival Candi-*
"*dates* was to be the entertainment at Drury Lane Theatre; but was hurt in the ex-
"treme, on diſcovering the *Poor Soldier* was to be the after-piece at Covent Garden; par-
"ticularly, as it is attended with the mortifying circumſtance of following the *martial*
"tragedy of *Douglas*.

" He begs, for many reaſons, Mr. Wild will prevent in future, either the *Poor Sol-*
" *dier*, or *Chelſea Penſioner* being repreſented till after the Election."
Wood's Hotel, April 1, 1784.

In the neighbourhood of Covent Garden, bets are now ten to three, that Sir Cecil Wray will give up the conteſt on the cloſe of the poll to-morrow.

A gentleman who met both Sir Cecil Wray and Mr. Fox, on Wedneſday, canvaſſing along the Strand, informs us, that the deſpair which was marked in the countenance of the worthy Baronet, could only be equalled by the ſucceſs which animated the features of Mr. Fox.

As a cart with a dead calf was paſſing through Covent Garden yeſterday, a hackney coachman hailed a brother of the whip, with a *D—me, Jack, Sir Cecil has cut his throat, and here he comes in a cart.*

In yeſterday's canvaſs, Sir *Cecil Wiſeacre* complained moſt bitterly that Mr. Pitt had involved him in the whole of the infamy of propoſing *to demoliſh Chelſea Hoſpital*, whereas it was a ſaving propoſed by Mr. Jenkinſon; and it is well known Mr. Pitt approves of the plan; ought not Mr. Pitt to own the truth, and thereby remove the odium that is now wholly flung on Sir Cecil Wray.

Sir Cecil's Wray's propoſed tax upon *Maid Servants*, would moſt undoubtedly be a very productive one, as there is ſcarce a family in the kingdom, however low their ſituation in life, but would contribute largely towards it.

It certainly was highly impolitic in Sir Cecil Wray to declare his ſentiments, reſpecting Chelſea College, juſt on the eve of an Election, as he has thereby not only loſt the votes of all the people intereſted in the exiſtence of that place, but alſo of every other perſon of a good underſtanding, with a heart not quite void of the feelings of humanity.

As Sir Cecil Wray was canvaſſing in Princes-ſtreet, on Friday laſt, he was met by an old Chelſea Penſioner, who being told the Baronet's name, immediately raiſed his crutch, for the purpoſe of finally putting an end to his ſchemes for demoliſhing Chelſea Hoſpital; but fortunately a friend of his perceiving the old man's intention, apprized Sir Cecil, who, by an inſtant flight, eſcaped for that time the vengeance of the enraged veteran.

It is not one of the ſlighteſt objections againſt Sir Cecil Wray's being elected for Weſtminſter, that he is by no means remarkable for either a good underſtanding or a tolerable education; undoubtedly while the city of Weſtminſter has *one* clever fellow, it *may* do without *another*; but then that other ought to have ſomething *like* parliamentary abilities, ſomething nearer merit than *violent heat*, *miſerable language*, and *no* ideas.

It is aſtoniſhing what effect Sir C—— W——'s motion has already had on the recruiting ſervice. Since the time that meaſure has been known in the country, not a ſingle man can be prevailed on to inliſt, and many who had inliſted have actually deſerted for fear they ſhould be left to diſtreſs and beggary, when they were by old age rendered unfit for duty.

It is aſſerted, that the grandfather of Mr. Fox ſubſcribed 5000l. towards the building of Chelſea Hoſpital.

Though ſome people might for a little time be miſled, yet ſo thoroughly are the Electors of Weſtminſter now convinced of the uprightneſs of Mr. Fox's conduct, and of the *treachery* and *ingratitude* of his opponents, that there is ſcarce any doubt but that

that the MAN OF THE PEOPLE will carry his Election by a majority of at leaſt three to one.

The preſent conteſt in Weſtminſter is not whether *this* or *that* candidate ſhould be choſen by the Electors for their repreſentation; but whether their *old tyrant* the D—e of N———d ſhould recover the dominion which he ſo long uſurped, and which was with ſo much difficulty wreſted out of his hands. His Grace will never forget that Mr. Fox was the means of the inhabitants recovering their liberty; and is fully perſuaded that, that gentleman, from his great abilities, and high ſenſe of honour, would never be prevailed on to ſuffer the rights of his conſtituents to be invaded, whilſt, on the other hand, from the narrow mind, confined education, and weakneſs of intellects of the Honourable Baronet, his worthy patron has every thing to hope.

Extract of a letter from Taunton, March 27.

"This day a bill of indictment was preferred againſt the Honourable C—— J—— "F—, for bribery, before the Grand Jury for the county of Somerſet, which was "returned by them *A true Bill.*"

Finding all other endeavours to prejudice Mr. Fox in the opinion of the worthy Electors of Weſtminſter ineffectual, the *Pittites*, we underſtand have at length had recourſe to a ſtratagem the moſt daring and infamous:—More than twelve months ſince Mr. Fox received a letter from a freeman of *Bridgewater*, ſtating the balance of an account between them, requeſting the payment thereof, and deſiring at the ſame time to know whether Mr. Fox wiſhed him to vote for any particular perſon as Mayor for the Borough of Bridgewater. —Mr. Fox's anſwer conveyed a draft for the *money due*; and the concluding paragraph pointed out a certain gentleman to whom Mr. F— wiſhed ſucceſs in his election for the Mayoralty.—This letter lately fallen into *Miniſterial* hands, it was thought ſome good might be made of it at the preſent criſis, if by coupling the two diſtinct circumſtances together a man could be procured *bold enough* to give this a colour of *bribery* before a Grand Jury, who hearing but one ſide of the queſtion, never fail to find a bill that may be preferred upon the ſlighteſt of all poſſible evidence:—This *honourable manœuvre* has been carried into execution; with what view the independent Electors will ſoon be convinced;—for the infamy of the device is even outdone by the groſſneſs of its abſurdity!

Bon Mot.—Mr. Fox, on his late canvaſs, having accoſted a blunt tradeſman, whom he ſolicited for his vote; the man anſwered, "I cannot give you my ſupport; I admire your abilities, but d—n your principles." Mr. Fox ſmartly replied, "My friend, I "applaud you for your ſincerity, but damn your manners."

Mr. Fox having applied to a Sadler in the Hay-market for his vote and intereſt, the man produced a *halter*, with which he ſaid he was ready to oblige him. Mr. Fox replied, "I return you thanks, my friend, for your intended preſent; but I ſhould be "ſorry to deprive you of it, as I preſume it muſt be a *family piece.*"

The beautiful Ducheſs of Devonſhire is a conſtant viſitor to the ſport in Covent Garden: ſhe is generally attended by a ſelect party of the fineſt women in England, round whoſe carriages the mob croud and gaze, and gaze and croud until their ſenſes are loſt in admiration, and the preſſure of thoſe who puſh for the ſame pleaſure, drives them into areas, through windows, or rolls them along the kennel to a diſtant ſituation, bruiſed and be-mudded, but not diſſatisfied.

The preſent Weſtminſter Election may truly be called the ſenſe and nonſenſe of the people, jumbled together. Every perſon that comes to the Huſtings is allowed a right to poll, although the day on which he gives his ſuffrage be the firſt in which he ever ſaw Weſtminſter. This is the actual fact, on the credit of an old gentleman, who has a regular liſt of the real voters, and who, for public information, and not for any elec-

tioneering purpoſe, avers to thoſe who are curious in ſuch matters, that there have above two thouſand people polled, who on a ſcrutiny would all be rejected; and out of thoſe two thouſand, fifteen hundred are not inhabitants, and five hundred not Electors of Weſtminſter. Many from the pariſh of Lambeth, from Wapping, Shadwell, Ratcliffe, the Minories, and other parts, have been marſhalled up to the Huſtings as the conſtitutional collective body. Not leſs than ſeven hundred and fifty came, in one day, from Wapping, Deptford, Greenwich, Rotherhithe, and other ſeafaring places, to vote, ſome for one candidate, ſome for another; and what is aſtoniſhing, all were admitted. This is ſuch an open violation of the rights and immunities of the real Electors of Weſtminſter, as demands a ſcrutiny, let who may be elected on the preſent conteſt, whether it be Mr. Fox, or Sir Cecil, or Lord Hood; and the Committees of each party ſhould be publicly reprimanded for ſuch conduct, as well as the High Bailiff. The one for bringing them up, the other for admitting them to poll.

A Gentleman, who was one of Sir George Vandeput's Committee, during the great conteſt about thirty-five years ago, between him and the preſent Earl Gower, for the city of Weſtminſter, aſſerts, that the bills for ribbons, banners, and ſuch frippery, for the former candidate only, amounted to the enormous ſum of one thouſand, three hundred and odd pounds!

Since the High Bailiff of Weſtminſter declared that *partners* were intitled to vote, there have appeared ſuch partnerſhips as were never before publicly noticed. Three ſoldiers polled, becauſe they were *partners* in a three pair of ſtairs room; and two negroes, becauſe they were *partners* behind the ſame coach; but on being queſtioned, ſo far from being houſe-keepers, they could not prove that they had been *chriſtened*.

April 2.] This day there was a ſcuffle in Covent Garden between a body of ſailors from Wapping, and a party of Mr. Fox's friends. The poll was very much interrupted in conſequence of the fracas, and hundreds of the Electors were prevented from getting up to the Huſtings. The flags on both ſides were put down, and locked up; and three of the ſailors were taken into cuſtody. Application was made to Lord Mahon by ſome of Mr. Fox's friends; his Lordſhip ſaid that certainly the ſailors ſhould not be ſuffered to interrupt the poll, but he could not take upon him to diſmiſs them, without the conſent of the Committee at Wood's Hotel.

The *Ladies of Weſtminſter* incline to Mr. Fox, and are daily employed in aſſiſting the canvaſs for that city.

Punch and *humble* porter is the Weſtminſter beverage—and the God of the Grape is to be excluded altogether, except in the *ſecret* Committee.

How can it be ſaid that the ———— is regardleſs of the Commons part of the Legiſlature, when his —— at this moment takes ſuch uncommon pains to ſee that the *city of Weſtminſter* be *properly* repreſented?

In oppoſition to a paragraph in a *certain* morning paper, we are deſired, by one of the Prince of Wales's domeſtics, to aſſert, that when the Prince's ſervants mentioned the circumſtance of her Majeſty, deſiring them to vote for Cecil Wray and Lord Hood, they were anſwered by his Royal Highneſs in this manner:—"It is my duty to obey her Majeſty; it is the duty of my ſervants to obey me; and it is the duty of every Elector, without regard to ſuperiors of any deſcription, to ſupport, by their intereſts and their poll, the rights of the people."

Mr. Samuel Houſe, the patriotic citizen of Weſtminſter, has maintained for upwards of forty years, in the neighbourhood where he at preſent reſides, the character of an Honeſt Engliſhman. In the year 1763, at which time he was much more corpulent than he is at preſent, he undertook, for a trifling wager, to jump off Weſtminſter Bridge;

Bridge; this extraordinary feat he performed, and wore for ſeveral years after a pluſh-coat, with large ſilver buttons, the produce of the bet.—It was remarkable that he pledged himſelf to jump from the Bridge at a time when he was *intoxicated.* His friends aftewards endeavoured to diſſuade him from the undertaking, by obſerving he was *drunk* when he made the propoſal; "then, ſays *Sam*, it the more becomes me to *keep* "*my word* now I am *ſober!*"

There never was, ſays a correſpondent, ſo ridiculous a reſolution as the laſt one of Sir Cecil Wray's Committee's inditing. Sir Cecil's own apology admits that he made the propoſition to demoliſh Chelſea Hoſpital, and then comes the Committee-man's comment, which amounts to this,—"Sir Cecil did ſay ſo, we own, but we beg you'll "not think he meant any ſuch thing, and we intreat you to transfer all the blame of "having made ſo ſhameful a propoſition from Sir Cecil who actually made it, to the "friends of humanity who pointed it out for public indignation." The Committee-man who wrote the apology is but juſt recovered from a nervous fever.

Sir Cecil Wray was brought forward to the Electors of Weſtminſter by Mr. Fox, and by his intereſt and popularity was elected Member for that city, and Lord Hood was rejected. Now Sir Cecil Wray unites and canvaſſes jointly with Lord Hood to attempt (but it will be in vain) the excluſion of Mr. Fox. Sir Cecil was brought forward and ſucceeded as the friend of liberty, Lord Hood was rejected as the Candidate of the back-ſtairs. Pray Sir Cecil how do you juſtify this coalition, *you* man of honour?

'Tis ſaid, that by the ancient laws of the Cretans, the horrid vice of ingratitude, was ſeverely puniſhed. Pray, ſays a correſpondent, how would that generous people have treated an injurious Rat-catcher and a no leſs infamous Candidate for Weſtminſter?

Yeſterday morning a moſt daring attempt was made at the Huſtings in Covent Garden, to controul the freedom of Election. The partizans of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, finding the Poll going rapidly againſt them, immediately poured forth from their rendezvous at Wood's Hotel, a deſperate *gang of ſailors, diſplaying the King's colours,* and headed by *naval officers,* who immediately aſſaulted the peaceable citizens of Weſtminſter, by knocking down all thoſe who were approaching the Huſtings in Mr. Fox's favour! By this *honourable* manœuvre the joint Candidates averted for the moment the deciſive majority that muſt otherwiſe have appeared againſt them, and ended the conteſt.

There never were two men ſo univerſally reprobated as Lord Mahon and Sir Cecil Wray are for their paltry conduct during yeſterday's Poll. When Lord Mahon was aſked, whether he could ſtop the outrages of Sir Cecil's mob? he had the folly to make anſwer, that *he could do nothing without leave of the Committee*; confeſſing in his abſurd ſtile, that Sir Cecil had a *regular* plan for interrupting *the freedom of election.* What a pity it is that the wards of Bedlam are *unrepreſented.* What conſtituent in all Moorfields could heſitate to vote for *the Man of the Moon.* Surely neither moaping melancholy nor frantic folly would heſitate to join intereſt in favour of ſo perfect a repreſentative of both the miſerable extremes of irrationality and inſanity.

The indignation of the Electors of Weſtminſter is very juſtly excited by the officious intruſion of Lord Mahon at their Elections. His Lordſhip is ſcarcely an Elector—his geſtures are ridiculous—his words abſolute madneſs—his appearance ſhocking. He ſtalks on the Huſtings like the ghoſt of a lunatic—vociferates—makes wry faces—is hiſſed—hooted—and then ſneaks off.

Lord M—h—n has long been admired by his friends for ſkill, in the *conduct* of popular aſſemblies. Of this he gave ſome proofs at the General Meeting of Weſtminſter Electors,

Electors, to conſider of an Addreſs to his Majeſty. The ſucceſs of the Buckinghamſhire meeting was alſo aſcribed wholly to ſimilar exertions of the ſame patriotic Nobleman. But at the Weſtminſter Election, yeſterday, the noble Lord exceeded himſelf. A party of ſailors were ſtationed to beſiege the Shakeſpeare, and prevent the voters of Mr. Fox from coming to the Huſtings. When requeſted to diſperſe his gang, his Lordſhip replied, "*I cannot diſperſe them, without the conſent of the Committee.*" The ſpirit of the independent Electors, however, overcame all oppoſition, and *The Man of the People* ſtill retains the majority on the Poll.

The ſeamen are hearty fellows, and the moment they are rightly informed that Sir Cecil is the ſworn foe of the poor old ſoldiers, they had rather die than give their voice to the man who would ſtarve their fellow-ſufferers. Mr. Fox is a friend to Lord Hood, but Lord Hood is as angry as any man at the cruel attack upon Chelſea Hoſpital.

The Duke of Queenſberry having laid a few *paltry* bets that Mr. Fox would not carry his Election for Weſtminſter, has been ſtraining every *remnant* of a *nerve* about him to procure a few votes for *Sir Cecil.* Many ſay this conduct ariſes from the *Duke*'s anxiety leſt he ſhould ſhortly ceaſe to be a *courtly thing*; while others affirm his Grace has an inveteracy againſt Mr. Fox, on account of its being whiſpered ſome years ſince, that he aſſiſted in the memorable ſtanzas addreſſed to the Duke, which began,

"Say, jockey Lord! advent'rous *macaroni!*
"So *ſpruce*, ſo *old*, ſo *dapper*, *ſtiff*, and *ſtarch*,
"Why quit the amble of thy pacing poney,
"Why on a filly riſk thy fame, O! MARCH?"

The following odd rencontre happened in Covent Garden yeſterday:—A young ſailor, who was half ſeas over, kept running about, roaring out *Sir Cecil for ever!*—At the corner of the Piazza an old Chelſea man ſtood leaning againſt the wall, who inſtantly recollected the jolly tar, and cried out, "What! Jack, are you a friend to "the man who would pull down my only houſe?" Jack ſoon diſcovered that this ſpeech came from his old father-in-law. The conſequence may be eaſily imagined. The young ſeaman looked ſhamefaced, and, pulling out five ſhillings, broke out into the following honeſt exclamation:—"Father, is it *thee?*—D—m my eyes, here's the "traſh that brought me here—it's at your ſervice—and I'll be d——d if I fight for Sir "Cecil any more."

The following note was ſent laſt night to the High Bailiff of Weſtminſter:

Shakeſpeare Tavern, Friday evening.

"Mr. Fox's Committee moſt earneſtly requeſt the High Bailiff of Weſtminſter to "exert the powers veſted in him by law, for the preſervation of the peace, and of the "freedom of Election during the Poll, in order to prevent a repetition of the outrages "of this day, ſo diſgraceful to the police, and ſo dangerous to the ſafety of the peaceable Electors of this city."

To the High Bailiff of Weſtminſter.

The *Ducheſs of Devonſhire* attended the Huſtings yeſterday in an elegant equipage. Her Grace wore a *favour* in her hat, and another on her breaſt, inſcribed with FOX. The ſervants and horſes were alſo decorated with theſe teſtimonies of approbation. Another carriage of the Houſe of Cavendiſh made a like diſplay in compliment to Mr. Fox.

Mr. Fox was well aware that he rouſed a neſt of hornets when he undertook to reſtrain the enormous crimes of the plunderers of the Eaſt; but his generous ſoul roſe above

above all perſonal conſiderations. Relying on his Maſter's ſupport, and the public applauſe, he brought forward a meaſure that will reflect eternal honour on his name. If Henry the Fourth of France had ſacrificed Sully, in a ſimilar ſituation, to a Court intrigue, he never would have obtained the name of Great.

Our natural enemies profit by Mr. Fox's abilities; they have eagerly embraced his India Bill as a ſyſtem of the ſoundeſt policy, and drawn from it a code of regulations for the government of the Eaſt India Company. Poor deluded Britain! Is it your fate never to ſee your true intereſt, until it is too late to profit by the diſcovery; and muſt the loſs of another empire rouſe you from your dream of deluſion?

How muſt every man of honour feel for a manly honeſt Miniſter acting under a Maſter who had entered into a compact with his enemies to betray him into their hands on a private ſignal!

To facilitate the change projected long before by the ſecret Cabinet, Mr. Pitt, at the opening of the ſeſſion, called upon Mr. Fox to bring forward a ſtrong meaſure for the government of the Eaſt India Company. No half meaſure! was the cry. Mr. Fox's unſuſpecting temper and manly ſpirit led him on to the ground where his cowardly opponents had prepared a mine to blow him up.

The preſent ſtruggle muſt determine the future conſequence of the Houſe of Commons. If the Miniſtry are ſucceſsful in their attempts at ſeducing the Electors throughout the country, the people may bid a long farewel to all their rights, to all their weight and influence, in preſerving the balance of the Conſtitution. The die will ſoon be caſt, and the event, in a few weeks, muſt ſhow, whether the popular depravity of the laſt three months will be corrected in time to ſave a ſinking country from immediate ruin. If men are choſen, who are tenacious of the privileges of the Commons, every thing may yet do well; but, on the contrary, ſhould the new ſyſtem prevail, and the hands of the preſent Cabinet be ſtrengthened, to complete their unconſtitutional deſigns, the glorious fabric, which has ſtood the wonder of ages, muſt ſink at once, and cruſh the liberty, the glory, the dignity, and the power of the country, never to riſe again!—As we value the Conſtitution, we will be vigilant in this trying hour—we will ſave our laws, our privileges—we will commit them inviolate to poſterity—our ſons ſhall not be juſtified in complaining, that their fathers were traitors to ſo ſacred a truſt; neither ſhall it be recorded in the hiſtoric page, that the efforts of an arbitrary and ariſtocratic faction, that had been baffled by the ſpirit of the people twenty years before, ſucceeded at the preſent period.

Mr. Sheridan was congratulated on the Huſtings on Friday with the acclamations of Mr. Fox's friends, being juſt returned from Stafford, where, notwithſtanding the boaſts of the miniſterial party, he has been unanimouſly re-choſen.

If any new inducements were wanting to fix the Electors of Weſtminſter in the intereſt of Mr. Fox, the groſs and unconſtitutional influence that has publicly and notoriouſly been exerted *againſt* him, would amply ſupply it. It is a literal fact, that, on one of the Ladies of the Bedchamber menacing a tradeſman with the loſs of the Q——'s cuſtom, if he dared to vote againſt Sir Cecil Wray, the honeſt and independent anſwer was this:—"I aſſure you, Madam, I have every reſpect for their Majeſties, but "ſtill more for the Conſtitution of my country. You'll excuſe me, Madam, but I "vote for Mr. Fox."

The *ariſtocratic tyranny* of the *ducal par nobile fratrum* of Weſtminſter is at length diſplayed in the full magnitude of its inſolence; for thoſe proud Lords now tell you, that, aided by the *ſecret influence* of the ———, they will carry the county of Middleſex, as well as that of *this city*, in deſpite of *the voice of the people!*

The

The *Treaſury* has bled ſo freely within theſe laſt thirty-ſix hours, that a *conſtitutional draft* from a *great Houſe in Weſtminſter* was returned laſt night, to the mutual chagrin of the *drawer* and *drawee*.

All *monied* efforts to oppoſe the re-election of Mr. Fox can avail nothing;—even the *Bank of England* will not be able to buy off the free ſuffrages of the Electors of Weſtminſter, particularly in a conteſt that politically involves the *moſt ſacred rights of the people of England!*

The Huſtings in Covent Garden were on Saturday laſt ſurrounded with carriages containing ſeveral of our firſt-rate BEAUTIES; among others were Lady *Beauchamp*, and the Counteſſes of *Carliſle* and *Derby*.

Notwithſtanding the corps*, to the amount of *three hundred*, which were polled on Saturday, Mr Fox's friends entertain the moſt ſanguine expectations of his re-election.

The appearance of a whole regiment of guards, properly drawn up and marſhalled in coloured cloaths, and headed by *naval* officers, produced a very ludricrous effect in Covent Garden, on Saturday laſt. One or two companies more, we are well informed, mean to exhibit themſelves to day; but probably not with the ſame event to poor Sir Cecil, as the independent Electors of Weſtminſter are reſolved to convince the cabal, that they will not ſuffer a popular candidate to be borne down by the influence of a Court.

Several of the better ſort of the ſoldiers, who voted on Saturday's poll, declared, that they never had engaged in ſo unwelcome a ſervice, as ſupporting the man who attacked Chelſea Hoſpital. But who can be offended with theſe brave, but poor fellows, whoſe ſituation ſubjects them to the haughty interference of every dapper Enſign that haunts St. James's. Nero never marched the Paætorian band to a viler ſervice.

Among the different paſquinades of the Weſtminſter conteſt, one of the moſt popular, is a print exhibiting Sir Cecil in a ſtate of diſmay and terror between an old Chelſea Penſioner and a young Houſe Maid. The former is repreſented as brandiſhing his crutch againſt the foe of the Hoſpital, which is ſketched in the back ground in ruins; while the latter, ſtanding before the door of a regiſter office, *ſhut up*, deals out her vengeance with her ſweeping bruſh.—Sir Cecil has certainly *brought an old houſe over his head*, in attacking a *national charity*; and moſt probably won't have a hole, to take to, if he perſiſts in his embargo on a *national commodity*.

There is nothing talked of any where but the Elections of London and Weſtminſter. If a maid ſervant but goes for a halfpenny candle, the converſation is, "What do you "think of the Election?" If two Ducheſſes meet, their words almoſt at the ſame inſtant are, "What do you think of the Election?" If two coal porters, two peers, two merchants, two ballad ſingers, two beggars meet, it is the ſame thing.

The Play-houſes are but thinly attended owing to the Election. The Opera-houſe is deſerted owing to the Election. Trade is neglected owing to the Election. Sobriety and Peace are baniſhed owing to the Election. Friends quarrel owing to the Election. In ſhort every thing is neglected that ought to be attended to, and the whole people in their hearts murmur at a certain perſon for all thoſe misfortunes which are owing to the Election.

Agreeably to the laws of this country no military force is permitted to remain in a place where an election is held. Quære, How can it can it be reconciled to the ſpirit of

* Three battalions of the Guards were aſſembled in the Bird Cage Walk, in St. James's Park, and from thence marched to the Huſtings. The ſerjeant, who was the bearer of the news to Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, that the above were "*ready at a moment's notice*," was received very *graciouſly*, and had the honour to *ſhake hands moſt heartily* with Sir Cecil.

theſe

Annibal Scratch Cecit

Sir Cecil Wr — Sir Cecil Wr —
What a strange Game it is you play

To keep y^e seat which Charley gave,
You call your worthy Patron, knave!

MARS AND VENUS
SIR CECIL Chastised

Published April 2^nd 1784 by Will^m Wells N^o 13

REGISTER OF
FOR MAID SERV

This House
to be Let

Tax
Servants

TENUS, or
astised

To ease the crippled Veterans cares
You pull their house about their ears

And all the pretty Maids to sarve,
You turn them out of doors to starve

Wells N°132 Fleet Street

theſe laws, that five hundred ſoldiers, of the King's guards, ſhould be allowed to poll for the city of Weſtminſter.

The deſpotic inclination of the preſent Miniſters is clearly ſhewn by the manner in which they ſupport their favourite candidate for Weſtminſter. One day a gang of ſailors is hired to beſiege Mr. Fox's voters in the Houſe of rendezvous. The next day THREE HUNDRED of the Guards are poured in to overbear the majority of independent Electors who ſupport THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE. But the firſt exertion of the Court faction has been already ſuppreſſed by the care of Mr. Fox's Committee and the interpoſition of the peace officers. And we have every reaſon to be aſſured, that the ſpirit of the inhabitants of Weſtminſter will again aſſert itſelf on the poll, and finally prove ſuperior to the little ſtratagems of Court influence.

The tumults and oppoſition attendant upon the election, in Covent Garden, ſhew the neceſſity of a very powerful interpoſition of the civil power to preſerve the public peace, and to protect the rights and perſons of the legal voters for each party. It alſo evinces the impropriety of holding a poll, where the Electors are ſo numerous, in an open market, where it is impoſſible to govern the rudeneſs and outrages of a miſguided and wanton rabble. The conſequences of permitting ſuch diſorders to prevail, may prove as fatal as the deſperate riots relative to the popery bill, which ſtill challenge, and ſhock our recollection. When ſuch dangers threaten, too great precautions to prevent their baneful effects cannot be taken. Thoſe who have authority, if they neglect to exert it legally with moderation, are highly criminal. In any point of view they are unfit for Magiſtrates. If they have wiſdom they muſt be cenſured as indolent or puſillanimous. If they are ignorant they want the neceſſary qualifications to diſcharge the duties of the office with which they are inveſted. Thus much as to the conduct which ſhould be adopted by the Magiſtrates, on this critical and alarming occaſion. A word or two may not be improper as to the other part of the grievance—the ſituation of the Huſtings. In an open ſtreet or market-place the common people conceive that they have a right to act as they pleaſe, and are not ſubject to controul. When they are diſcovered in diſorderly proceedings, they have various avenues and opportunities for eſcape. Thoſe will be preſent on ſuch a ſpot who would not have preſumption enough to enter an encloſed building. Theſe are evils which call aloud for redreſs, and ſhould be properly attended to by perſons in power, if they wiſh to preſerve the order of government, the laws of Election, or the rights and ſafety of the people.

The Duc de Chartres and the Duc de Bouillon are conſtant attendants in Covent Garden ſince the Poll began. They never ſaw any thing like it in France.

Hundreds of the friends of Mr. Fox, and the great cauſe of freedom, were yeſterday hindered from polling by the extraordinary concourſe of people who attended the Poll. It is aſtoniſhing the conſtables, and eſpecially the returning officer, do not endeavour to eſtabliſh at leaſt ſome degree of decency and order, as the freedom of Election depends ſo much on the convenience and accommodation of Electors at the Huſtings.

A correſpondent is not a little ſurpriſed that the ſilly trick about the *bribery*, ſo impudently vamped up by a deſperate faction againſt one of the Candidates for Weſtminſter, is not generally ſeen through. Nothing ſhould be admitted for fact without vouchers. And the ſcene of this moſt extraordinary buſineſs lies at ſuch a diſtance, that before any enquiries can take place about the truth of it, the conteſted Election for Weſtminſter may be decided.

A correſpondent would aſk the Electors of Weſtminſter, for which of the good deeds done by Mr. Fox is it that ſo many have voted againſt him on this occaſion? Is it becauſe he put an end to the American war, abridged the influence of the Crown, or gave

the people a conſequence in the government of their country, which they never poſſeſſed but in the reign of a Chatham? Or are they diſſatisfied that their illuſtrious member is not marked with the ſame inſidious inſignificance which diſtinguiſhes Sir Cecil, that he ſeems to hire ruffians to overawe the freedom of Election, that he acts uniformly on the broad baſis of the public good, and that he would rather loſe his Election than carry it by the ſame ſeries of infamous ſtratagem which his enemies have adopted in the conduct of theirs?

The ſame ſyſtem of intimidation, which ſo long menaced in vain the late Parliament, ſeems now extended to diſturb the freedom of Election. The bloody ſcenes exhibited before the Huſtings in Covent Garden, oftener than once ſince the beginning of the Poll, muſt open the people's eyes to the deſpotic coercion of the Court in behalf of a favourite ſycophant. Thoſe on the ſide of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, are conſtantly eſcorted by a banditti of armed men, in the habit of ſailors, who alternately parade and occupy all the paſſages and ſtreets contiguous to the Huſtings. Leſt this circumſtance might not operate ſufficiently, infinite pains are taken to report, that a very numerous body of ſailors lurk in moſt of the ale-houſes about the Garden, and are ready, on the firſt ſignal, to repeat their former outrages. This falſhood, as connected with the above fact, has ſo much credit, as to render the friends of Mr. Fox and the conſtitution not a little ſhy. Does not all this put Engliſhmen in mind of the riot at Brentford, and the maſſacre in St. George's Fields? Can Britons ſupport a cauſe, thus daringly, and foully ſtained by the blood of their fellow-citizens?

The beautiful Ducheſs of Devonſhire and her ſiſter Lady Duncannon were yeſterday in Henrietta-ſtreet, Covent Garden, for a conſiderable time. The Faſhionable Circle are all on the ſame ſide of the queſtion, and their coaches made an elegant appearance from about two to three o'clock.

This is Paſſion week, and much paſſion there is in the city of Weſtminſter; praying too goes forward; but it is Election ſupplications, and not forgiveneſs of ſins. As to *faſting*, it is out of the queſtion. The city has been a ſcene of gluttony and drunkenneſs, and though dramatic decency has ſhut up the theatres, and ſent the poor actors literally to ſtarve for ſeven days, yet private routs, cards, ſuppers, balls, and other amuſements are in practice more than at any other ſeaſon of the year. There are compliments gone abroad among the faſhionable world for parties on Good Friday, to celebrate in feſtivity, not to mourn in ſorrow, the fate of that day. Religion is baniſhed from almoſt every rank of people, and even the very Biſhops permit their Ladies to receive gambling aſſociates at hazard and card tables on Sundays and holidays without reprimand, and ſometimes with participation in the paſtime. The women go to church to be admired in the morning and to make aſſignations in the evening, and the men give regular attendance in the ſame place to fulfil that purpoſe. Thus the world goes on in Paſſion week, in and about London, and perhaps it might not be far from the truth to ſay, that it is much the ſame at this time in all parts of England.

One word and no more to the Electors of Weſtminſter!—Two thouſand five hundred votes remain yet unpolled:—*Independence* muſt ſtill be your's if you zealouſly contend for it!—The *Court* has exhauſted its *venality*.—You can only be *enſlaved* therefore by your own *ſupineneſs*. Come forth, then, like *Britons*, and give your ſuffrages in defence of your own *freedom*; or henceforth repine not when *Prerogative* ſhall elect your *Repreſentatives* without your concurrence!

Lord *King* appeared yeſterday at the Huſtings in Covent Garden, to poll for Sir Cecil Wray; and it was with ſome difficulty the poll clerk covinced the *noble peer* with the *courtly name*, that he was in the preſent inſtance completely ignorant of the laws of his country!

Our

Our readers may rely moſt confidently that nothing can be more fallacious and temporary than the ſuperiority which has been obtained by Sir Cecil Wray over Mr. Fox for Weſtminſter—every drummer and retainer of every deſcription, ſcullion, fag-guards, and black guards, have been exhauſted to produce this little tranſient victory, and what is worſe, the contemptibility of theſe voters is not the worſt part of them, as complete evidence can be adduced, that out of the 500 worthy and independent *ſoldiers* who have given a ſuffrage on this occaſion, there are at leaſt 200 who are only lodgers, and have of courſe no legal pretenſion to a vote whatever. Mr. Fox's friends, many of them of the moſt reſpectable character and ſituation, have been actually intimidated from an attendance at the Huſtings, by the infamous conduct of a hired aſſemblage of ſoldiers and ſailors, but as proper means have now been adopted for putting an end to ſuch practices, the world will ſoon be convinced, from the iſſue of the two next day's poll, that it is not in reſpectability only, but in numbers too, that Mr. Fox has the advantage of his late treacherous colleague.

Mr. Fox's remark to the good citizens of Weſtminſter, that they cannot be bought, but may be ſold, has made a deep impreſſion on the Electors, and determined many hundreds of them, who ſigned the Addreſs, to vote for Mr. Fox, as the beſt qualified man in the country, to watch the motions of a Miniſter, and to give a national alarm, whenever the liberty of the ſubject ſhall be in danger.

Mr. Fox has already polled more ſingle votes than ever were known at any election for Weſtminſter, among which are the names of ſome of the firſt and moſt reſpected families in the kingdom, and if he ſhould loſe his election, which is not probable, the majority will conſiſt of common ſoldiers, fiddlers, pages, cooks, ſcullions, &c.

One of the *gentlemen* of Sir Cecil Wray's Committe declared laſt night at the *King's Head* in James-ſtreet, that they had fifteen *wounded* men all lying *dead* in Suffolk's Auction Room, who were all *able* and *willing* to ſwear *this morning* that they were *killed yeſterday*.

April 6.] Laſt night the ſailors, who were beat from the Huſtings in Covent Garden yeſterday, went to St. James's-ſtreet, intending to cut the chairs, but on their arrival they met with a very rough welcome from the Paddies, and after a ſlight conteſt were moſt compleatly routed, moſt of them with broken heads.

Mr. Fox has been manœuvered out of a majority for the two laſt days, principally by the partial conduct of the High Bailiff's clerks, who have hitherto made it a point of ſwearing only *three* of Mr. Fox's with *five* of the adverſe party's voters; but the friends of that gentleman are determineded to correct this ſhameful practice in future, by inſiſting on *equal numbers* being ſworn on both ſides: this, added to the newly adopted mode of a large Committee of Gentlemen attending the *Independent Electors* ſafe to the Huſtings, from Fox's new rendezvous, *Lowe's Hotel*, as well as the *Shakeſpeare* in Covent Garden, will no doubt give a turn to this day's poll, highly in favour of *liberty* and *independence!*

It muſt give every *independent Briton* the moſt heart-felt ſatisfaction to be informed, that the former outrages, committed by the gang of *armed ſailors*, were amply retaliated yeſterday on that band of *deſperate hirelings*;—for the mob, with a ſpirit of honeſt indignation, ruſhed upon them towards the cloſe of the poll, juſt as they were commencing freſh hoſtilities on the peaceable Electors, and wreſting from them their own bludgeons, ſoundly threſhed, and afterwards drove the miſcreants from the environs of Covent Garden!

Yeſterday the *houſehold troops* of St. *James's*, from the *Page* of the *Back Stairs* to the *Scullion* in the *Kitchen*, were muſtered, and polled againſt Mr. *Fox*. The *Guards* were

ſeverally paraded in the *Bird Cage Walk*, by one of the candidates, in perſon, and from thence marched, *unregimentalled*, to vote in ſupport of Sir *Cecil Wray* and *Secret Influence*. —Who will now ſay, that *prerogative* has not its full ſwing?

It is a fact upon which our readers may moſt confidently rely, that not leſs than four hundred ſoldiers belonging to the guards, voted for Sir Cecil Wray and Lord Hood, which was the ſole cauſe of the temporary ſuperiority of the former over Mr. Fox. It will ſhock every man who ſtill retains an attachment to the conſtitution of his country, to be informed, which is nevertheleſs ſtrictly true, that moſt of the poor fellows belonging to the above corps were compelled ſome time ago to ſubject themſelves to the expence of houſe-rents, that they might be convertible into uſe on an Election emergency.

There never was a more ſtriking inſtance of the unbiaſſed freedom of the Britiſh Electors than has been exhibited in the courſe of the preſent conteſt for Weſtminſter. The independence of the conſtituent, which is the great ſource of the independence of the repreſentatives, was never perſevered in with ſo tenacious a ſacredneſs. We can aſſure our readers, that all the *ſoldiers of the guards*, *ſailors*, and the whole body of *Court tradeſmen*, who have voted on the above occaſion, were under no *undue* influence whatever, but gave their ſuffrages from the *pureſt* motives of genuine patriotiſm and the moſt *diſintereſted* preference to thoſe two great and decided *friends* of the Houſe of Commons and the Conſtitution, Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray.

The conduct of her R——l H——s P——ſs A——, on this occaſion does her immortal honour. Her R—— H——ſs received a meſſage from St. James's, requeſting that ſhe would command her houſehold and tradeſmen to vote for the Court candidates; to which ſhe replied, that "ſhe had been taught by her great and glorious father George "the Second, that it was contrary to the principles of the conſtitution, and beneath the "dignity of the Crown, to interfere in popular Elections, and that ſhe was determined "never to depart from ſo illuſtrious an example, but to leave all her dependants at free-"dom to judge and act like Engliſhmen!"

This is not the firſt inſtance that the R——l name has been degraded to influence Elections; it was uſed ſo imprudently at Windſor againſt Lord Keppel, that he had a certainty of carrying his Election if he could have been prevailed on to petition againſt the return; but his Lordſhip choſe rather to loſe his Election, than to expoſe the Royal name to the contempt and ridicule of an Election Committee.

The preſent Prerogative Miniſtry (ſays a correſpondent) who for the purpoſes of their immoderate ambition have involved the King in a conteſt with the Houſe of Commons, are proceeding further to degrade the Royal name, by employing it for the moſt unconſtitutional purpoſe of influencing Elections. When our Kings have been adviſed to become partizans, and have ſunk themſelves to the level of individuals to gratify the views of party, diſappointment and mortification have been the certain conſequences.

There is a ſpirit in Engliſhmen that revolts at an unequal conteſt, and will not ſuffer a great and manly character to be cruſhed even by the arm of ——.

The number of *April fools* on Thurſday laſt was much greater than uſual, owing to the General Election.

The partizans of Sir Cecil Wray have pretty nearly exhauſted all their *arts* and all their *liſts*; they can no longer deceive the people, by declaring, during the poll, that Lord North has loſt his Election for Banbury, and Lord John Cavendiſh for York. The retort upon Mr. Fox to counteract the indignation raiſed in every honeſt breaſt by Sir Cecil Wray's inhumanity to the Chelſea Penſioners, has already loſt all its effects, and his ſuppoſed bribery at Taunton is found to have been the lie of the day. The ſafety of the peaceable Electors is ſecured againſt the violence of the crews of ſeamen, who, to the

the diſgrace of the firſt Lord of the Admiralty, have been let looſe on the city with their officers at their head; all the guards have been muſtered and voted, and the poll is at preſent dragged out by lodgers, and perſons having no votes. The numerous body of Electors who have promiſed Mr. Fox, and have hitherto been detained from approaching the Huſtings, will now therefore make their appearance, and aſcertain the independency of the city.

A gentleman on Tueſday laſt, met an old acquaintance walking to the Huſtings in Covent Garden: "So! you are going," ſaid he, "to vote for that ſad dog Charles "Fox!" The other coolly replied, "I am determined, Sir, to give Mr. Fox my vote, "not becauſe he is a *ſad dog*, but for a better reaſon;—he is a good *houſe dog*: I mean "a *good Houſe of Commons dog*. And while we have him there to guard our liberties, "we ſhall have little reaſon to apprehend any danger from court wolves or miniſterial "tygers."

April 8.] Mrs. *Hobart* made her appearance yeſterday, in her carriage, near the Huſtings at Covent Garden, under the noxious banner of Sir *Cecil Wray*; but unfortunately for her, ſhe was obliged to paſs the line of *Devonſhire beauties*, that were ranged along the windows at the end of Henrietta ſtreet, from whom ſhe received a *platoon of hiſſes*, for her groundleſs apoſtacy!

The mode that has been adopted in the preſent conteſt, to compel the guard ſoldiers to vote for Sir Cecil Wray, is this: the Colonel of each regiment has the power of giving or refuſing leave to the privates, to work at their reſpective trades. The permiſſion to do ſo, makes the difference of 30s. a week in their favour; of courſe, the withholding leave is a moſt effectual puniſhment for any inattention to the Colonel's mandate. In this manner, *four hundred* votes have been jobbed for Sir Cecil Wray; deduct that number from Sir Cecil's voters, and there remains a decided majority in favour of Mr. Fox. Is it poſſible, that the real reſpectable Electors will ſuffer their uninfluenced opinions to be violated by the worſt force of the military power?—Revenue officers of every denomination are prohibited from voting; and yet though it muſt be evident to every man of the leaſt reflection, that the ſoldiery are infinitely more ſubject to influence, the Election of Weſtminſter may ultimately be decided by *four hundred of the guards!*

Thoſe who conceive Mr. Fox's Election to be loſt for Weſtminſter, merely on account of the preſent fallacious aſpect of things, are moſt egregiouſly miſtaken indeed. The independent men who are under no indirect influence, and are not compelled to convene at any particular moment, and to proceed to vote under any particular leader, are not always ſo forward with their ſuffrages, and it is well known, from a recent canvaſs, that at leaſt ſeven hundred votes of this deſcription, remain at this time unpolled, in the intereſt of Mr. Fox. Theſe men are not to be *marſhalled*, like a detachment of *guards*, and have no *commanding* officer to adminiſter a whipping in caſe of *diſobedience*. They knew no *ſtandard* but that of *liberty*—and acknowledge no *orders*, but the dictates of their conſcience. A very few days will prove the truth of theſe aſſertions.

Her Majeſty has all the morning prints at breakfaſt every day, and the Princeſſes are permitted to read them. Her eye caught the indecent language of that one which attacked the Ducheſs of Devonſhire. She gave it to an attendant and ſaid, let that paper never more enter the palace doors. The ſtory got round, and the ſame orders were given every where elſe.

Monſ. le *Duc de Bouillon*, now reſident here, uncle to the Emperor of Germany, and of courſe one of the firſt Peers of France, has intereſted himſelf very zealouſly in Mr.

Mr. Fox's cauſe. A *whig Frenchman* is rather a rare character, but here we find it moſt illuſtrioufly exemplified.

Her Grace of *Devonſhire*, Lady *Duncannon*, and one of the Lady *Waldegraves*, towards the cloſe of yeſterday's poll, were engaged in canvaſſing Taviſtock-ſtreet, and its environs. The ſucceſs of this fair party is not to be queſtioned, as every milliner's ſhop they viſited, immediately on their departure, hoiſted out *Fox-ſkin* muffs, in teſtimony of allegiance to the beautiful *triumviri!*

The *lovely Ducheſs* is indefatigable in the cauſe of liberty; in ſpite of all the miniſterial exertions againſt the ladies, the hearts of Engliſhmen are not yet inſenſible to the attractive graces of beauty. It is in vain that the unmanly runners of the immaculate youth revile the ſex; they are ſtill triumphant with every man of ſenſibility and honour. The dapper tribe of boy ſenators had better be on their guard; the indignation of the people, when once it is thoroughly rouſed, may not be ſoon allayed.

April 9. Lord North polled yeſterday for Mr. Fox.

The *halt*, *lame*, and *blind*, were brought up yeſterday to the Huſtings at Covent Garden, to poll for the *Man of the Court*, in oppoſition to that ſtateſman, who is ſtill the *Man of the People!*

The *Court tools* of the pariſh of *St. Ann's*, that have ſo *honourably* diſtinguiſhed themſelves during the preſent electioneering conteſt, in the cauſe of *freedom!* not content in canvaſſing their pariſh with their *reverend Paſtor* and *Churchwardens* at their head, contrived to make *nocturnal* viſits to the indigent claſs of inhabitants, reinforced by the *collectors of taxes*, who, by this oppreſſive manœuvre found little difficulty, as may be ſuppoſed, in compelling thoſe who were *in arrears* to vote againſt the MAN *of their own choice!*

A morning paper, particularly friendly to the preſent Miniſtry, yeſterday gave notice, that their Majeſties' houſeholds *will now* be paid up to Lady-day. N. B. All the houſehold troops *have now* voted againſt Mr. Fox!

Let it not be forgot by the worthy and free inhabitants of Weſtminſter, that on the firſt great conteſt for the independence of the city of Weſtminſter, from the ſhackles of ariſtocratic authority, Mr. Fox was five hundred behind Lord Lincoln, a few days before the concluſion of the Election, but notwithſtanding obtained a moſt deciſive triumph at the final cloſe of the poll.

Whatever may be the reſult of the preſent conteſt, it is the ſtrict duty of Mr. Fox to expoſe the ſhameful devices that have been practiſed by his opponents. It is a notorious fact, that above 300 receipts for parochial taxes were ſent by a certain Committee to their military voters, with this ſhort explanation:—Vote for the Court, and keep the receipt—Vote the other way, and *vice* the receipt; expect the utmoſt rigour of the law for the ſlighted delay.

It is univerſally obſerved, that, in every *miniſterial publication* of the preſent period, there is a regular and ſyſtematic attack againſt the ladies. This remark is ſtrictly true; examine any miniſterial publication, and if it does not contain groſs and unmanly reflections on the *loveliеſt* and moſt *amiable* of the ſex, then the point in queſtion ſhall be given up; but, on the contrary, if there appears an invariable practice in all miniſterial writings, to ſneer at *women*, then let us feel like Engliſhmen, and deteſt a *habit* ſo foreign to the native gallantry of Britiſh hearts, ſo unworthy the natural feelings of virtue and honour.

When Sir Cecil Wray ſhook hands with Lord Hood yeſterday on the Huſtings, one of the votets cried out, "Take care, my Lord, if he ſmiles in your face, he'll cer-

"tainly

" tainly betray you." The honeſt hint of approbation broke forth—and the populace exclaimed, " Down with ingratitude, down with the viper that ſtung his friend!"

The ſpirit of the Electors of Weſtminſter is at length moſt thoroughly rouſed, by the indignities offered to this great city, in bringing the military mercenaries to vote againſt Mr. Fox. Every honeſt Engliſhman is eager to diſtinguiſh himſelf in counteracting the dirty tricks of the Court; nor is there the leaſt doubt, that there is ſtill a ſufficient number of voters to reſcue Weſtminſter from the haughty graſp of the *Northumberland ariſtocracy!*

We congratulate the good people of England on the rapid progreſs they have made within the laſt ſix weeks, towards the perfect recovery of their ſenſes. Juſtly jealous of their liberties, they are precipitate in taking the alarm—honeſt and manly in their tempers—when rouſed, they are proportionally warm. Jealouſy is ever ſubject to extraordinary ſuſpicion. This is well underſtood by artful deſigners, who have been employed for months paſt by the preſent Miniſtry, and their friends, to infuſe into the minds of the public ſuch apprehenſions and falſe ideas of danger, as might beſt contribute to the completion of popular deception. But, thank Heaven, the day of paſſion is paſt—men begin to cool, to reflect, to reaſon. The India Bill, and every part of the conduct of the Coalition, is now conſidered with calmneſs and moderation; the artifices of the ſecret junto begin now to be underſtood, and a regard for the Conſtitution to predominate over that temporary enthuſiaſm, which ſaw nothing lovely or valuable in the equilibrium of the three eſtates, while compared with the Prerogative of the Crown. Two months ago, Mr. Newnham and Mr. Sawbridge (ſuch was the political influence of that period) would not have polled one tenth part of their preſent numbers. Two months ago, Mr. Fox did not appear to have any friends in Weſtminſter, and yet now he has thouſands—and what affords an additional proof, that the enthuſiaſm of the country people is departing from them, Mr. Hartley, who had no friends at the Reading meeting, has found ſo formidable a ſupport at Abingdon, as bids fair to carry his Election.

What have the ladies done to call down the whole weight of penſioned pens, and miniſterial mercenaries? Read the legend of lies, and you would ſuppoſe that the fiends are in league to ſupport Mr. Fox. Go to the Huſtings, and you will feel that he is the favourite of angels! Say what you will, ye immaculate and chaſte Miniſters, 'tis all in vain! We have no Salic law in England—ours is the land of liberty and love!—Nor will the ſpirit of Engliſhmen endure the revival of *Daddy James's* politics,

" *When mincing minions rul'd, and love was loſt!*"

Sir Cecil Wray's friends begin now to deſpair for him, the Court intereſt is now exhauſted, and the detection of the multitude of falſe votes polled for *Judas* ſeems to have determined large bodies of the *real* Electors, who intended to have remained neuter, to come forth and aſſert their own rights, by ſupporting Mr. Fox, and diſcouraging impoſtors.

Three of the rendezvous, at which the ſupporters of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray meet, are the *Auction* rooms of Mr. Chriſtie in Pall-mall, Suffolk's under the Piazza, and Patterſon's in King-ſtreet; a clear demonſtration, that thoſe candidates meant to carry their point by " *knock-me-down* doings!"

Lord Maitland, Lord Surrey, Mr. Powys, Mr. Sheridan, and Colonel Fitzpatrick, labour under the violent diſpleaſure of Mr. Pitt's junto, for their uniform and judicious ſupport of their friend Mr. Fox, with that ſuperior diſplay of abilities for which thoſe Gentlemen are more particularly diſtinguiſhed.

While

While the Ducheſs of Devonſhire and her ſuite are rattling through the alleys on the one ſide, and the Ducheſs of Rutland on the other, the firſt is treated in a profligate morning print with all the *dirty* and *obſcene cant* of a common *brothel*, and the ſecond is treated in all the *other* newſpapers, with the *gallantry* and *reſpect* due to *female beauty*. *Voila la difference!*

The preſent Minſter, principally on the ſuggeſtion of his relation Lord Mahon, has in contemplation an object which has long been wiſhed for in vain—ſomething of the plan of the *Jus Trium Liberorum* of the ancients—ſpecific immunities and profitable diſtinctions, to encourage matrimony, and alleviate the burthens of a *large family*.

A correſpondent, who is at a loſs to know what cauſe can induce even the loweſt mercenary of a Court to deſcend to the deſpicable meanneſs of an unremitting attack upon the fair ſex, begs to ſolicit information upon ſo curious a ſubject, by aſking the following queſtions:—1. Are theſe detractors of the beſt part of God's works ready to admit that they diſlike the ſex, and therefore aſperſe them? To acknowledge this, would be to conſign themſelves to irreparable infamy. 2. Is it that they are *hired* to do it, which is much the more charitable alternative, and if ſo, by whom? Sure the preſent *immaculate* Miniſtry can iſſue no wages for a purpoſe ſo evidently repugnant to all their feelings. 3. Is it that their friend, the *Knight of the Hoſpital*, having firſt endeavoured to oppreſs the lower order of women, has thought it expedient to proceed with the ſame good-natured intention to the higheſt? 4. Is it that the freedom and the conſtitution of the country is ſo perfectly odious to them, that they *hate*, even BEAUTY when employed in that cauſe? To ſome of the above reaſons this infamous proceeding muſt be owing; and our correſpondent, anxious for the prevention of a practice ſo diſgraceful to the very name of man, and ſo peculiarly diſguſting to the eyes and ears of Engliſhmen, wiſhes to know to which of them he is in future to aſcribe it.

An Election Bon Mot.—When his Majeſty firſt heard that the Prince of Wales had intereſted himſelf for the ſucceſs of Mr. Fox, he deputed one of the ariſtocratic *lacquies* of his bedchamber to wait upon his Royal Highneſs, and to remonſtrate with him on the impropriety of ſuch an interference. "His Majeſty, (ſays the *Lordly meſſenger*,) "is ſurprized at the *Heir Apparent*'s taking an active part on the ſubject of an election." —"Be ſo good as preſent my humble duty to the King, (replied the other Great Perſonage) and ſay it does not appear half ſo ſtrange that the *Heir* to his Majeſty as that "Majeſty *itſelf* ſhould take an active part on ſuch an occaſion. I never employed "*Weltjie* till his Majeſty had firſt employed the *Earl of S*——, and if there was any "difference between us, it was only that I had employed the more reſpectable meſſenger."

The infamous miſrepreſentations of the conduct of a certain illuſtrious character within theſe few days, challenge the reprobation of every good and thinking man. Do we not all occaſionally experience an inconvenience from the ignorant and haſty zeal of ſervants, who hardly ever interpret a maſter's meaning right, or exerciſe any authority with diſcretion?

Let us ſuppoſe for a moment that Mr. Fox ſhould not come into Parliament at all, where will be the check, the controul, that all Miniſters require? Who, beſide Mr. Fox, is qualified to be the champion of thoſe rights which every Miniſter has temptations to violate? Nothing ſhort of Mr. Fox's talents can maintain that poſt, againſt the invaſions which are meditating, againſt the powers which the Minſter will ſhortly bring forward, in order to *govern the country at diſcretion*. If Mr. Fox has loſt his miniſterial ſtrength, he muſt ſtill be formidable as Patrocles in Achilles' armour; his very

name

name is a tower of ſtrength, a rock of defence for the conſtitution; and though he ſtood alone, his ſuperior genius would keep an hoſt of enemies in awe.

It were to be wiſhed, that in times like theſe, ſomething like a regard to decency was obſerved. How can we reconcile it to the rules eſtabliſhed among gentlemen, that terms which would not be ſuffered in converſation, are to be bandied about in lampoons—Can ſcurrility do good to any cauſe? It ought to be reſented by people as an inſult on their underſtanding, for to them it is addreſſed.

The riots in Covent Garden are at an end—the chairmen having *out-polled* the ſailors.

On Mr. Pitt's return from the Grocers Feaſt, when the rabble who attended him came oppoſite to Brookes's, in St. James's-ſtreet, and commenced their attack on the houſe, the cry was, "Break the raſcals chairs." "Arrah, Pat, (ſays one of the chairmen to another) is it the Conſtitution to brake our chares?" "No, by Jaſus, Tady, it's Secret Influence."—"Secret Influence! what's that?"—"Nothing ſo eaſy; Secret Influence is the Back-ſtairs, man."—"Oh! tunder and blood, down with the Back-ſtairs, man! *For fighting* and the *front door* all over the world!" And in three minutes the Iriſhmen reſtored peace and good order to the ſtreet.

As a proof of our aſſertion, that a ſyſtematical plan is regularly purſued by the adherents of the preſent Miniſtry, to revile and calumniate the lovelieſt of the creation, we muſt requeſt every man of *Engliſh feelings* to count the number of paragraphs inſerted in the miniſterial prints of yeſterday (Good Friday) *againſt women*. We ſhould deteſt to inſinuate this idea, unleſs the unwarrantable repetition of the moſt odious and ſhocking aſperſions on the ſex demanded the interference of every man of generoſity and *native* ſenſibility.

THE INFLUENCE OF BEAUTY.

It is not without reaſon that certain individuals object to the influence of beauty.—What can be ſo unſeemly as that women ſhould deſcend to the vulgar manners of civility and gentleneſs? or that they ſhould be ſo negligent of character and faſhion, as to be earneſt in the ſervice of the man whom they love? An end is put at once to the privileges of Engliſhmen, if the Ladies are to be ſuffered to interfere in the Conſtitution. What have they to do with repreſentation? So far from wiſhing to preſerve their *freedom*, they generally deſire to get rid of it as ſoon as they can. If they have eſtates, and deſire to protect them, the proper repreſentative is a huſband; and with a clear rent roll, they will have no great difficulty in their canvaſs for one.

A ſober, plain Engliſhman can really have no opinion of his own, if his underſtanding is to be attacked by the arguments of eyes. He can have no chance for his liberty, if weapons ſo irreſiſtable as ſmiles and glances are uſed againſt him. The influence of beauty therefore muſt be more dangerous in a free country than the Secret Influence of the Crown.

If it ſhould be admitted that Ladies have a right to canvaſs for their favourite candidate, and to exerciſe the arts of never-failing beauty againſt the unſuſpecting hearts of Engliſhmen, their next ſtep will be to vote for them; and they will maintain their franchiſes by arguments which we cannot refute. Having gained this, they will next get into Parliament themſelves, and then farewell to our liberties as a free people!—The Ladies now have the confidence to aſpire to an equal elevation with the men in every thing. They aver that genius is of no ſex, and finding themſelves poſſeſſed of equal talents, they preſume to cultivate them to an equal degree of poliſh. Is it to be endured, that they ſhould not only triumph over us in figure and face, but that they

ſhould alſo be ſuperior to us in accompliſhments and ſenſe?——Far be it from the wiſhes of all ſober men!

Let it therefore be known from this time forth,

That it ſhall be downright impudence in any woman of rank to have the condeſcenſion of ſpeaking to any perſon of a lower condition.

That Ladies of quality have no right to entertain friendſhips, or if they ſhould be ſo indiſcreet and unfaſhionable as to prefer one man to another, that it is abſolute vulgarity in them to expoſe it to the world.

That Ladies of quality have no buſineſs with the affairs of the nation.

That Ladies ought never to come out of the nurſery except to make a pudding for dinner; and that, if they have any ſpare time, it ſhould be occupied in the ſtitching of chair covers.

It was obſerved of the Ducheſs of *Devonſhire* and Lady *Duncannon*, while they were ſoliciting votes in favour of Mr. Fox, on Saturday laſt, that they were the moſt *lovely portraits* that ever appeared upon a *canvaſs!*

On Saturday laſt Lloyd Kenyon, Eſq. lately the Attorney General of the Crown, and now Maſter of the Rolls, one of the higheſt offices in the law, voted for Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray. His houſe is in the pariſh of St. Giles, but he voted for a little *back-room* which projects into Portugal-ſtreet. He voted therefore as a *lodger*.

Nothing could be more degrading to a man of feeling and delicacy, than the conduct of the Maſter of the Rolls. That a man of his rank, and who lately filled the firſt law office of the Crown, ſhould deſcend to a vote as the *occupier* of a *back-room*, three yards ſquare, in a city were the right of election is in *houſekeepers*, ſhows to what ſhifts the Court is driven in the preſent ſtruggle.

There is ſomething *unmanly* in the ſquibs thrown againſt certain Peereſſes. When *Ladies* lay themſelves *open* to *attack*, men of gallantry will *cover*, and not *expoſe* their amiable *weakneſſes*.

It is expected that the partizans of Lord *Hood* will, in the courſe of this day, ring all the changes upon the engagement which was fought on the *12th of April*, between the fleets under Lord Rodney and the Comte de Graſſe, becauſe his Lordſhip had that day the command of one of the Engliſh diviſions. But let the public be remembered that his Lordſhip, if the Gazette is to be credited, had but little to do in the action, as Lord Rodney expreſsly ſays, he "ſent Sir Samuel Hood's diviſion in queſt of the "enemy, becauſe his ſhips had not *ſuffered* in the engagement!" It is alſo arrogantly advanced, that the *Ville de Paris* ſtruck to the Barfleur, although the Canada, Captain Cornwallis, had a preference to that honour over every other ſhip in the fleet!

The attempts of *ribaldry* againſt the *Ducheſs of Devonſhire* are ſo truly wretched, that one cannot help mixing a degree of pity with the indignation we naturally feel againſt the writers. The following *apoſtrophe*, from ſome lines addreſſed to her *Grace* abour four years ſince, is at this ſeaſon very applicable:—

"O, bow ye tranſgreſſors, in penitence bend;
"Againſt ſuch *perfection* what ſin to offend.
"—Yet ſee—in the brightneſs which darts from her eyes,
"With *beauty*'s mild luſtre her *clemency* flies!
"That ſmile, juſt diſplay'd, to the ſoul has expreſt
"The happy *compoſure* that reigns in her breaſt!

It

It is rather hard on the ſoldiery to be laughed at, as they now are, for doing the only ſervice that the times allow of. Every one knows that a *red coat* is an odious ſight in time of peace; and formerly, the keeping up an army, at a great expence, to lounge about the country, was thought uſeleſs and ridiculous, if not dangerous, in a free country. Can any one wonder then, that the ſoldiers are alert and active at Elections? Marching and countermarching at the Huſtings keeps them in exerciſe, and not only ſtrengthens their limbs, but adds to their courage; for ſurely if they are taught to bear the indignation of their own countrymen, expreſſed in every poſſible way, with eaſe and indifference, for only a trifling addition of pay, there can be little doubt but that in future they will meet their natural enemies with exactly the ſame proportion of *patriotiſm* and *ſpirit*, that they now diſcover facing their fellow-citizens.

Several of the ſoldiers belonging to the regiment quartered in the Savoy voted for Sir Cecil Wray and Lord Hood, on the poll of Saturday laſt. Theſe worthy and moſt patriotic candidates having now completely exhauſted the whole of their *military* reſources, are confidently ſaid to have addreſſed an application to the Sheriff of London, requeſting permiſſion to bring as many of the independent priſoners as are not under actual ſentence of death, to vote for them on this day's poll. We underſtand no anſwer has yet been returned to this requiſition, to the great mortification of Sir Cecil, who reſts his whole hopes of making even a decent figure for ſix days, upon the ſucceſs of the above application!

The following orders were yeſterday tranſmitted to the proper office, as documents for carrying on the legend of lies, during the courſe of the enſuing week:

Ordered, That twenty paragraphs per day be inſerted againſt the Ducheſs.

That Sir Wm. M———th be white-waſhed.

That his R—l H———s's amours be repreſented as crying ſins.

That Lord S—l—y be puffed for his canvaſſing, and Weltjie abuſed for his.

That Lord John Cavendiſh, Gen. Conway, Mr. Vyner, and Mr. Baker, be calumniated in every poſſible way, as the beſt means to vindicate their conſtituents for electing their ſucceſſors.

That the various ſervices of the guards be duly celebrated, at St. George's Fields, firing on the citizens, St. Cas, &c.

That the priſoners, &c. of the Savoy be ſtated as good Weſtminſter Electors.

That three men, ſleeping in the ſame bed, as lodgers, are all good votes.

That Lord Mountmorres deſerves the name of Pompey.

That the High Bailiff of Weſtminſter is a compound of Minos and Rhadamanthus.

Laſtly, as the only true principle for ſupporting the legend of lies in its original vigour, that it be always remembered, that

———— "Whatever is, is right!"

The *Jockey Duke* is ſtill on his fidgets, leſt *Mr. Fox* ſhould get the *whip-hand* of *Sir Cecil* in the *ſcrutiny heat*; and if ſo, away goes the *fee ſimple* of his Grace's borough intereſt *near* Dumfries!

Tommy Titmouſe adheres to the *Prince* with uncommon *fealty*:—He fears his voice as *Falſtaffe* did the "roaring of the lion's *whelp*," walks before him in the *Promenades of Beauty* through *hidden mazes* and *ſecret windings*, and is to the *Prince*, even as the *jackall* is to the *lion!*

It is rather a *ſoleciſm* in female politics, that *Lady Willoughby* ſhould canvaſs on the ſide of *Mr. Fox*, conſidering her Ladyſhip's *relative* ſituation: the Ducheſs of Ancaſter is an advocate for the Court Candidates; and Mr. Burrell, whoſe family is allied by a double marriage to the *Houſe of Percy*, is not, it is thought, inactive in the cauſe of Sir Cecil.

The *Ducheſs of Devonſhire*'s canvaſs commencing in St. Martin's-le-grand, and finiſhing in the pariſh of St. Margaret's, has been compared to the courſe of the ſun, which riſes in the *Eaſt*, and ſets in the *Weſt*;—the ſimile may be improved upon by obſerving, that in going down her *ſplendor* was increaſed, and that all beholders became *Perſians*, and bowed their heads in *adoration*.

TESTS to which the ſignatures of Watkin L—s, Joſeph M——y, and Cecil W—y ought to be annexed.

" I do ſolemnly declare, from a conſciouſneſs of inability to determine any queſtion " requiring ſenſe or judgment, that I will immediately convene my conſtituents and " receive their inſtructions *how to act*, which I pledge myſelf to conveyto the ſenate, either by the uſe of my *lungs or on paper*; and I will ever wholly devote my *cranium vacuum* to their uſe and ſervice, and ſhall always conſider myſelf as the *paſſive vehicle* of nonſenſe, confuſion, and inconſiſtency."

Notwithſtanding the apparent majority in favour of Sir Cecil Wray, the friends of Mr. Fox are confident that the exertions of the independent Electors of Weſtminſter will be finally ſucceſsful; the miſerable arts to which their opponents are reduced, evidently prove that they have exhauſted the whole of their ſtrength. Mr. Fox would certainly have had a majority on the poll of yeſterday, had not a very unfair and illiberal manœuvre been practiſed to prevent it towards the latter end of the day; the friends of the Court Candidates obſerving ſeveral perſons in the intereſt of the popular Candidate to be coming up to poll, for the purpoſe of protracting it, inſiſted that the teſt oath ſhould be given to all perſons indiſcriminately, although there was no reaſon whatever to ſuppoſe any of them to be Roman Catholicks; among the number, were two gentlemen, Members of Parliament, one an Officer in the Army, and one the High Sheriff of a County, who certainly could not be ſuppoſed to be within that deſcription. By this illiberal artifice near twenty of Mr. Fox's friends were prevented from polling, which would have given him the majority of the day. It is hoped, however, that the Electors will not ſubmit to ſuch treatment, nor allow themſelves to be cheated out of the exerciſe of their franchiſes by tricks which the loweſt pettifogging attorney would be aſhamed to practiſe.

A certain General's appearance at the Huſtings at Covent Garden, with upwards of three hundred votes from the firſt regiment of Guards, in favour of the Court Candidates, was, perhaps, as indecent and as groſs a violation of the freedom of Election as ever was remembered to have been practiced: this proceeding may, perhaps, prove the General an excellent Courtier; but it does not much exalt his military reputation. The General, no doubt, conceives himſelf more likely to obtain a regiment for ſervices of this nature, than for any which he can boaſt to have atchieved elſewhere againſt the enemies of his King and country.

Lord Surrey yeſterday joined his forces with Mr. Fox on the Huſtings at Covent Garden.

In the greateſt of the great conteſts for Weſtminſter, that between Sir George Vandeput and Lord Trentham (the preſent Lord Gower) the event of the ſcrutiny was to vitiate near 1000 votes on both ſides!

It is remarkable enough, that the firſt promotion of Lord Hood, from a Lieutenancy to the rank of Poſt Captain, was obtained chiefly by an electioneering intereſt, which he got by his marriage with a lady of Portſmouth.

It muſt excite the indignation, ſays a correſpondent, of every lover of goodneſs, beauty, and virtue, when he peruſes ſome of the daily papers (poor periſhable commodities!) at finding the Ducheſs of Devonſhire handled, ſo illiberally, to uſe a very lenient

nient phraſe. There is ſurely no immodeſty in one of the amiable ſex's taking upon herſelf to ſerve her friends, but there is much generoſity. If her Grace has the generoſity to undergo the fatigue of canvaſſing for her acquaintance, her conduct is laudable; but if a paltry garretteer happens to prove of different principles, to envy excellence in the other ſex, let him either keep ſilence, or diſdain the mean arts of abuſe, provided he would not incur the juſt chaſtiſement and contempt of her Grace's well wiſhers.

It is not ſurpriſing that determined ſpirits of oppoſition ſhould appear in Weſtminſter againſt Sir Cecil Wray, which even the exertions of the Court cannot conquer. There is ſomething in the nature of an *Engliſhman* which ſhuns and abhors ingratitude. It is on this ſcore, independent of all politics, that the modern *Judas* is ſo univerſally execrated!

That the Court party is now reduced to the very laſt extremity in Weſtminſter, is apparent from the circumſtance of their having yeſterday obliged two of the King's meſſengers to poll for Sir Cecil Wray, who were actually appointed by Mr. Fox himſelf when Secretary of State. One of thoſe unfortunate men, not being ſo callous and void of every feeling of gratitude as the candidate for whom he was compelled to vote, was obſerved to have tears in his eyes, while in obedience to the tyrannical dictates of his ſuperiors, he gave his voice againſt his benefactor.

The ſtory is now *out*.—The Seals it ſeems were pawned at the three *golden balls*—*King*, *Lords*, and *Commons*, where, according to the old proverb, it was *two* to *one* they were not redeemed from the arbitrary ſhop of *Prerogative* uſury.

Nine thouſand ſeven hundred and thirty ſeven names ſtood on Monday on the poll books, as having voted at the preſent Election for Weſtminſter. This is a greater number by three hundred than appeared during the famous conteſt between Lord Trentham and Sir George Vandeput.

April 15.] Mr. Fox's majority on the poll yeſterday was the remarkable number 45—Mr. Wilkes polled againſt him the day before.

Fox and 45 will now become a faſhionable combination with all the lovers of political freedom and the true friends to the conſtitution of Great Britain. This glorious *Number*, which once raiſed an honeſt enthuſiaſm in the heart of every Engliſhman, has lately ſunk into a general oblivion or diſreſpect, in conſequence of the univerſal contempt which has covered the individual who firſt gave riſe to it. But it will now recover itſelf with an invigorated reputation, when it is conſidered as the ſymptom of defeated Ariſtocracy and Court Influence, and the certain preſage of ſucceſs to that man who has devoted his life to the ſervice of his country, and is alone able to reſtore her in her humility and exigence.

We preſaged ſome days ago, that when the venal combination of military or mercenary voters was once fairly exhauſted, Mr. Fox would again recover that decided ſuperiority in the poll for Weſtminſter, which he undoubtedly poſſeſſes in a genereral eſtimate of the Electors. The firſt ſtep towards the final accompliſhment of this prediction was diſplayed in yeſterday's majority, and the Indpendent Electors may reſt firmly aſſured, that their cauſe is certain of ſucceſs, and that the Court and Ariſtocratic Junto muſt wait for ſome other opportunity for again enſlaving the freedom of the city of Weſtminſter, and reducing it to that ſtate of ſubjection and obedience, from which the late Repreſentatives ſo honourably emancipated this great and reſpectable city.

The independent ſpirit of the Electors of this free city is now rouzed. The detection of the ſyſtem of *polling falſe votes* for the Court, has decided thoſe who had intended to be neuter, to take a part and aſſert their own rights.

That

That Lord Hood wiſhed to *inſinuate* himſelf upon the public as the gallant captor of the *Ville de Paris*, was pretty evident from the *modeſt* diſplay of *De Graſſe's flag* under that of the *Barfleur*, the firſt day of the Election, headed by ſome of his Lordſhip's own officers!—The writer of this article has no wiſh to arraign Lord Hood's profeſſional merit, in averring that he had as little to do with the captor of the *Ville de Paris* as his friend the *High Bailiff of Weſtminſter*; for when that ſhip ſtruck to the *Formidable* and *Namur*, the *Barfluer* was more than a mile off, not even within random ſhot, and the *Canada*, commanded by the brave *Cornwallis*, lying immediately between them!

A real friend to the glorious cauſe of freedom, who thinks a true Engliſhman ought not to be ſhackled by any human conſideration, much leſs by ſo idle a ſuperſtition as gratitude, begs leave to intimate to the worthy Baronet, Sir Cecil Wray, that there are yet ſeveral expedients untried by which his drooping hopes may be revived, and his Election ſecured for the city of Weſtminſter. The following hints are therefore ſubmitted to his conſideration:

1. He has good reaſon to believe that thoſe 500 guards, and the 200 Electors in the Savoy, who have already voted *once* for Sir Cecil, may very eaſily, by proper application from the Weſt End of the Town, and the *ſame ſort of appeal to their feelings as before*, be induced to vote a ſecond time for the ſame good cauſe—and why not?—all the world knows both votes would be given with *equal propriety*.

2. The *City Aſſociation* might ſurely be made very uſeful. The new-dubbed Sugar-baker, the worſhipful Sir *Bernard*, has great influence with them; and he certainly could not refuſe ſo trifling a return for ſo very *extraordinary* a diſtinction as that which the Court (probably with an eye to ſome ſuch ſervice as the preſent) has lately conferred upon him.

3. By the help of Mr. *Jackſon*, Mr. ——, Mr. ——, and the Earl of ——, might it not be poſſible to marſhal a reſpectable number of worthy *Liverymen* (not of the city) and by a temporary direlection of the *ſhoulder-knot*, to convert them into ſound and good votes for *Weſtminſter*. They may be furniſhed with ſnug brown coats in Monmouth-ſtreet, and it will be very eaſy to convince that *modern Minos*, our returning officer, that they are all "honourable men!"

4. Could not Mr. ——, the apothecary, be employed to viſit ſome of Mr. Fox's voters in his profeſſional character, and thereby incapacitate them from a probable attendance at the Huſtings.—He need not go far out of the line of his general practice, for producing this effect!

5. Has *Wapping* been properly canvaſſed?—Sailors may ſurely be uſed for other and better ſervices than either *fighting* or *rioting?*—Every body knows they are not likely to ſtick at an *oath*, and that good-natured humour about them will equally ſatisfy the Bailiff and ſerve you, Sir Cecil, moſt eſſentially.

One of the ſailors, who was in the late *plot* of cutting the Iriſhmens chairs, having received ſeveral violent blows on his head from the enraged proprietors; being aſked by the Surgeon, while he was dreſſing, how he liked the *polling?* The tar humourſly replied, "By he that made *poop-lanterns*, I never *curtſey'd* ſo quick to a French twenty-"four pounder, as I did to the Iriſh *poles*."

Another, a companion of the above and in a ſimilar ſituation, ſwore, "d—n my eyes "I would ſooner go in *buff* all my life *without a fig-leaf*, than wear *blue* again, and be "beat all the other colours."

Although it is almoſt unneceſſary to take any notice of the miſerable Election device of giving out that Lord Holland is dangerouſly ill, we have undoubted

authority

authority to ſay, that he is in perfect health, nor has he had any illneſs whatever.

The number of the votes for Weſtminſter has in all former conteſts been found to fall ſhort of 10,000. In reſpect to the occurrences that have come to paſs ſince the famous Poll of Vandeput and Trentham, theſe are the ſuppoſeable alterations, that the number of votes in St. George's, Hanover-ſquare, in St. Margaret's, and St. Martin's, have ſince that time increaſed,—that ſince that time alſo, there has been nearly an equivalent decreaſe of votes from the diſqualifications of different Revenue Officers, who in the various parts of Weſtminſter obviouſly muſt be very numerous.

However the *dependants* of Royalty may interfere in behalf of the Court Candidates, we cannot give credit to the many rumous that ſay "a *Great Perſonage* exerts all his *influence* to oppoſe Mr. *Fox*; for although *Lord Temple* whiſpered a tale at *midnight*, which was too much attended to by a *midnight* EAR; yet we cannot admit that *Shakeſpeare* was entirely prophetic, when he wrote,

"If thou wert the FOX, the LION would ſuſpect thee; when, peradventure, thou "wert accuſed by the ASS!"

Eminent women, that have been diſtinguiſhed as buſtling and ſucceſsful canvaſſers at Elections. The preſent Ladies of Weſtminſter are too well known to be repeated.—— The Ducheſs of Argyle, Lady Coventry, Mrs. Thrale, Old old Sarah, Ducheſs of Marlborough, Ducheſs of Queenſbury, Lady M. W. Mountague, Mrs. Maſham, &c. &c.

The interference of the *Ducheſs of Devonſhire* in behalf of Mr. *Fox*, is but a counter part of the conduct of thoſe Roman Ladies who ſued to Coriolanus for the welfare of the city of Rome; for ſo much is the honour of Weſtminſter concerned in chooſing for a Repreſentative the firſt ſenator in Engiand, that eternal diſgrace would follow were he thrown out. We may ſay to the Dutcheſs and her lovely colleagues, in the words of our favourite bard:—

——— *Ladies* you deſerve
To have a TEMPLE *ſacrificed* to you!

A chimney-ſweeper in a certain borough town, being one of the laſt voters at a violently conteſted Election, was ſtrongly preſſed by each Candidate to honour him with his vote. The fellow, who was for ſome time at a loſs to tell which fine Gentleman moſt merited his ſuffrage, at laſt recollecting that he had often heard of kiſſing hands among the great folks, declared that he would not vote for either, unleſs they would kiſs his hand. One of them accordingly came forward; and, having vainly endeavoured to perſuade the ſweep to diſpenſe with ſo diſagreeable a ceremony, actually ſaluted his ſooty fingers. After which, confidently claiming the expected reward, "No, no!" ſays the chimney-ſweeper, "I ſhan't vote for you; for I'm very ſure he that would "kiſs my hand, would kiſs any Miniſters a—."

That poor *tool* of ſtate, whom an act of courteſy has made a *Percy*, but whoſe nature partakes in no degree of the independent qualities which ſhould diſtinguiſh the race of *Hotſpur*, has tried every means that *oppreſſion* could dictate, to *force* his tenants to withdraw their ſupport from Mr. Fox, without being able to ſucceed?

Mr. *Prater*, the Linen-draper, and Mr. *Hughes*, the Mercer, in the neighbourhood of Northumberland Houſe, have had the ſpirit to vote in ſupport of Mr. Fox, in defiance of the means uſed by *Selby*, the *Premier Runner* to the houſe of *Percy!*

Poor Sir Cecil is quite creſt fallen, and even the impudence of his ingenious Merry Andrew J—kſ—n, the D—e of N—wc—ſt—e's Tom Fool, is not equal to bear the repeated

peated victories gained over them for these two days past. The countenance of the former yesterday seemed lengthened into a fixed state of amazement and chagrin, while the ridiculous contortions of the latter were converted into a look of rage and despair, at the defeat which the hopes of his master were likely to receive.

The *book* of the *generations* of *Parliament!*——Charles Fox *begat* the India Bill, and the India Bill *begat* Opposition; Opposition *begat* Lord Temple, and Lord Temple *begat* Secret Advice; Secret Advice *begat* the Back-stairs, and the Back-stairs *begat* the Dismission; the Dismission *begat* a new Ministry, and a new Ministry *begat* a Dissolution; a Dissolution *begat* a General Election, and a General Election *begat* D—n—d Lies; D—n—d Lies *begat* a Majority, and a Majority will *beget* what they please. All these generations are twelve generations.

The Court influence, in favour of the two Ministerial Candidates for Westminster, is now evidently on the decline; and from the number of unpolled votes, there is not a doubt but Mr. Fox will have a decided majority, notwithstanding the trifling advantage his opponents have gained by pouring in such a number of bad votes.

WONDERS.

The present day teems with events most wonderful! Nothing but wonders—

Wonderful Politics,
Wonderful Religions,
Wonderful Fashions,
Wonderful Men, and
Wonderful Women.

POLITICS.

In Politics, the *ins* gravely assure you, that the nation was wonderfully *misrepresented* in the last Parliament, and therefore the dissolution became necessary. On the other side the *outs* swear, that the people being well *represented*, their *Representatives* were *misrepresented* to the nation by the Ministry, who dissolved the Parliament for the purpose of procuring a misrepresentation.

The Candidates, though most of them *tried* men and *known*, with *wonderful* modesty assure the Electors, that if so happy as to be the object of their choice, they will neither accept of *pension* or *place*.

They form stock-purses to return independent members—Wonderful generosity!

They *bribe* in the cause of *freedom*—Wonderful patriotism!

A Duchess, or a Countess, slips into the shop of a hatter and hosier, and gives five guineas for a pair of stockings—the tradesman votes for her Ladyship's friend—and where is the wonder? What is all this, but what Sir Pertinax M'Sycophant has defined: "Generosity on one side, and gratitude on the other."

It is given out by the friends of Ministry, that on account of the largeness of their expected majority, they will be totally left to themselves in the ensuing session, for that opposition, to conceal their weakness, mean to *secede*. We do not believe, that there is any such intention. It is not the principle of the Rockingham party to desert the interests of their country; and they will no doubt adhere closely to the discharge of their duty, although they may not be able to accomplish the measures which they may think necessary to our deliverance.

The reception of the friends of the Coalition in the country is held out as a proof that the voice of the public is against them. It is not a conclusive proof—it only shows us, that the length of the treasury purse is greater than that of the opposition purse. Examine the facts. Would Sir Richard Hotham have lost the Borough, if he had

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A correſpondent ſays, that the ignorant and impudent reflection daily aimed at the Heir Apparent, by ſome of the great as well as little vulgar at the weſt end of this metropolis, furniſh no ſlight ſubject for animadverſion to the candid and diſcerning part of this diſtracted nation. Our Prince perceiving that the corruption, avarice, and ambition of the *Secret Adviſers*, had actually torn aſunder the Britiſh empire, and at the ſame time alarmed at the increaſing dangerous diviſions which threaten the whole of his patrimonial inheritance, certainly conducts himſelf wiſely, by ſetting his face againſt the tools of a wretched junto, who, rather than not rule, would ruin the State, and ſo leave at laſt the Royal Heir not a place where to lay his head.—To the immortal glory of his Royal Highneſs muſt it ever be ſaid, that he has invariably held the plotters and contrivers of the American war in the utmoſt deteſtation. Young as he is, this Prince foreſaw thoſe calamities that awaited, and which have at length involved the whole empire into an almoſt ſtate of diſſolution. Glowing with the love of his country, and excited by the hopes of becoming a bleſſing to his promiſed people, and to his royal parents, can it give ſurprize to any one man of ſenſe and ſpirit, to ſee this magnanimous Prince employing every exertion in the preſervation of whatever on earth can be accounted dear and valuable—that native liberty by birthright due to Britons? That his Majeſty is full of goodneſs, and every way amiable, no one can deny; but that the reign, from the commencement of it to the preſent epocha, has proved happy and auſpicious to Old England, let thoſe and thoſe only, who have hypocritically called themſelves by the name of the King's friends, aver. On the event of the preſent General Election ſtands or falls the privileges of the Commons of England. In a word, it is now whether the taxes henceforth are to be raiſed and levied by the free conſent of the people, or by the force of a fiat from the junto behind the Throne.

It muſt give pleaſure to every friend of this country, to find that all the baſe practices which have been exerted to injure Mr. Fox, begin to be defeated, and the honeſt Electors of Weſtminſter, ſenſible of the ſervices which may be expected from talents ſo great, experience ſo mature, and patriotiſm ſo unabating, have determined to make the man of their choice finally ſucceſsful. We have the ſatisfaction of informing our readers, that on the poll of this day Mr. Fox had a majority of ten. Adminiſtration have now exhauſted their artifices, tried all their ſtrength, and vented all their malignity; and, notwithſtanding the utmoſt of their influence, Liberty and the Conſtitution, ſupported by Mr. Fox, will ultimately prevail over the enemies of both, who would willingly plunge the dagger of Prerogative into the vitals of their country.

In Weſtminſter there is the warmeſt conteſt ever known. It is now the Ladies againſt the Gentlemen; and in this beautiful conteſt the moſt unmanly means are uſed, to the diſgrace of party, and the eternal diſhonour of two public papers, to leſſen the zeal of our fair countrywomen. The moſt noble, the moſt virtuous, the moſt beautiful women are called by the appellation of common proſtitutes, to make them deſiſt. But, conſcious of their innocence, and firm in the cauſe of freedom and friendſhip, the Ladies overturn thoſe ſchemes of the women-haters. The newſpapers in which modeſty is put to the bluſh, and chaſtity libelled, are kicked out of every faſhionable houſe, and torn to pieces by the mob. Thus far, and no farther, has the ſpirit of Engliſhmen been yet rouſed in defence of the moſt beautiful part of the creation.

THE PRESS.

In Ireland the plan for totally aboliſhing the liberty of animadverting on Government was laid before the Houſe of Commons. Mr. F—— acknowledged that his Grace of R——— had it in orders from the Engliſh Miniſter, and that Government were reſolved to carry it through. He aſſured them, that the ſame plan would certainly be

agitated in the Britiſh Senate, and that the animadverſions on Miniſters would be ſtopped in England as well as in Ireland. The Volunteers are pointedly againſt the meaſure of Mr. Pitt and his Viceroy; and it is thought the *ſhining eloquence* and *ſharp* periods of their arguments will carry the day. We have no Volunteers in this kingdom. We have a mercenary army at the will of the Court, and if the ſoldiers are deſired to order us to lay down our pens, we muſt ſubmit. There is ſome little excuſe, however, to be made for the introduction of this arbitrary ſtep. A certain morning paper has been purchaſed from the proprietors by the Court, into which all the moſt indecent language that can diſgrace literature—all the moſt violent outrages againſt modeſty, beauty, and virtue—all the moſt open and barefaced libels that can be penned, are every day inſerted, that the proſtitution of one public paper may be uſed as an argument againſt all the reſt. Hence the abuſe; hence the little dread of puniſhment next Term, when the information of her G—— of D——re, who has been called by every opprobrious epithet, comes to be tried. The proprietors then come forward; and who are they? Government. The libellers are tried and found guilty. What follows? Wretches, whoſe ears would on any libel againſt the friends of Adminiſtration be nailed to the pillory, are pardoned; the point gained, and the liberty of the preſs loſt for ever!—Such are the intentions of the preſent Adminiſtration, if there can be collected a majority for the Miniſter in the enſuing Parliament. May the guardian genius of England ſummons every ſon of Freedom into the Houſe of Commons, and inſpire the aggregate body of the people to oppoſe this deſtructive meaſure. May ſhe give us the ſpirit of Iriſhmen, and not permit us to ſurrender up to Mr. Pitt and Mr. Jenkinſon one of our deareſt, one of our moſt valuable rights.

The idea of Mr. Pitt's raiſing the price of porter to four-pence a pot is ridiculous to the laſt degree, that article having been already raiſed in many places to *five guineas* a pot, by the Court Candidates.

The flagrant inſtances of bribery practiſed by the agents of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray are ſo frequent, that there is good reaſon to hope ſome of them may be brought to light, ſo as not only to vindicate the invaded Freedom of Election, but to bring to condign puniſhment the perſons concerned in this infamous traffic. As Lord Mahon profeſſes himſelf an enemy to ſuch illicit practices, it is recommended to him to keep a cloſer eye upon many perſons who are members of the ſame Committee with his Lordſhip, for conducting Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray's Election.

Mrs. *Hobart* had a very genteel rout on Tueſday night; the chat was *politics*, *Newmarket races*, the *Duc de Chartres—Prince*, and *Charles Fox's Election!——Mrs. Hobart* canvaſſes for *Lord Hood* and *Sir Cecil!*

Nothing can better mark the cauſe and character of that miſerable inſtrument of the Court, the *worthy* Sir Cecil Wray, than the kind of voters brought up to ſupport his ſinking intereſt in the preſent conteſt; after having exhauſted the Royal Kitchen, the Scullery, the Buttery, the Mews, military renegadoes, and civil raggamuffins, the creatures of the Court were forced to attempt the groſs fraud of paſſing garreteers and inhabitants of cellars as honeſt voters in the poll of yeſterday. So bereft of all legal means of degrading the city of Weſtminſter, is this deſperate faction become, that they were reduced to the expedient of endeavouring to impoſe Lord Mounmorres, *even Lord Mountmorres*, as a legal voter. This was too audacious to eſcape detection. Hundreds of perſons near the Huſtings knew that the noble itinerant lives in a ready furniſhed houſe. The High Bailiff rejected him, and his Lordſhip made a precipitate retreat amidſt the execrations of the indignant byeſtanders. The moſt frontleſs partizans of the Court ſide could not help bluſhing at this vile ſtratagem. Mrs. Hobart herſelf, in all her fatneſs, fœculence, and

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and phlegm, hung her head in ſhame and ſorrow, and actually continued in a ſtate of dejection, until her ſpirits were ralied by a certain animating exclamation, which needs not be explained to thoſe who have attended Covent Garden for ſome days paſt.

Mr. Churchill and his Committee appear to be in deſpair, and conſequently have pledged themſelves to the public, that a ſcrutiny ſhall be demanded on their part. The prudence of announcing to the world, that they have no hopes of maintaining their majority, may perhaps be queſtioned by many; but the aſſertion of their intending to have recourſe to a ſcrutiny, when it is notorious that they have polled ſo great a number of perſons abſolutely unqualified to vote, will probably be believed by very few indeed!

The conduct of the Prince of Wales, on the late illneſs of the beſt woman in the world, is a proof of his goodneſs of heart that does away every boyiſh levity with which he has been charged. Even the envenomed tongue of that ſlander which marked the Prince's enemies is ſilenced, and they are obliged, with the public, to join in giving their applauſe to this illuſtrious heir to the Britiſh Crown.

In a converſation, lately held at the Green-room at Covent Garden Theatre, the following took place:

A. Pray what does the Morning Poſt ſay—has any body ſeen it to-day?

B. No; I'm told they don't take it now at the Coffee-houſes. I read a hand-bill, of the Proprietors, complaining of that matter, on Saturday.

C. I'm glad of it. The immorality it contained, the low filthy ſcandal, and its continued abuſe of women, particularly modeſt and virtuous ladies, have made the public its enemy. A woman of virtue dare not look into it. It is worſe than an obſcene jeſt book. What man or woman would read a paper that is proſtituted to abuſe the beautiful Ducheſs of Devonſhire and her lovely ſiſter. Can they be men that would do ſuch a thing? Let them ſay as much as they pleaſe of public men and public meaſures—that is fair game; but when a newſpaper deſcends to the conduct of individuals, it becomes a nuiſance in ſociety, and ought to be reprobated by every perſon in the kingdom who has the ſmalleſt regard for domeſtic peace and family happineſs.

On the late battles in the Houſe of Commons, every civil officer was given to underſtand, that if he did not vote with the Court, he was no longer a ſervant of the Crown. Among the reſt, Sir Hugh P—— received a meſſage to that effect. We mention this circumſtance, that the public may have an opportunity of comparing the conduct of *William* with that of *G——*. When the Miniſters of the former preſſed him to diſcharge Sir George Rooke for voting againſt ſome of the Court meaſures, the King pertinently aſked them, whether they had any thing to alledge againſt him as an *Admiral?*

Mrs. *Hobart*, to convince the world that *Sir Cecil*, as well as *Mr. Fox*, is a favourite of the *loveliеſt* part of the creation, takes her ſtation near *Sir Cecil's* ſide of the Huſtings. She there, while *oppoſing* herſelf to the Ducheſs of *Devon*, animates all *be howlers!* and where, ye agents and obſervers, can you find among the *female* race, one fitter to be placed in *contraſt* to the fair *Ducheſs!*

When Lord —— told a certain Great Perſonage, that the Prince came poſt from Newmarket the moment he heard of the Queen's illneſs, his Majeſty ſaid, "I told you, my "Lord, repeatedly, that this young man is not what you all repreſent him to me ſo con- "ſtantly to be. You ſee it now, and I deſire that I may hear truth in future." This juſt rebuke has ſtruck the Lords of the Bedchamber dumb,—has thrown a gloom into the face of the back-ſtairs groupe, who dread the natural rivalſhip which filial affection

must

muſt create in the breaſt of the beſt of fathers, and in that of the moſt amiable, virtuous, and good woman in this world.

The conduct of his Royal Highneſs the Prince of Wales, in the recent inſtance of the illneſs of his Royal Mother, will never be forgiven to him by his enemies; nothing could have happened ſo unſeaſonably, for it was juſt in the moment, when, to anſwer a temporary purpoſe, they were circulating ſlanders againſt the Prince, and endeavouring to perſuade the people that the royal youth, becauſe he entertained the opinions of an Engliſhman, was dead to the feelings of a ſon. They never will forgive him for diſappointing their views.

WESTMINSTER ELECTORS.

April 19.] This day a numerous and reſpectable company, conſiſting of near 500 independent Electors of Weſtminſter, aſſembled at Willis's Rooms, in King-ſtreet, St. James's, where an elegant dinner was provided. Mr. Fox took the chair about five o'clock, and directly after dinner gave "The independent Electors of Weſtminſter."

Mr. Britton next gave "Mr. Fox, and ſucceſs to his Election."

Mr. Fox returned thanks for the honour done him, and ſtrenuouſly adviſed his friends to exert themſelves, as the only way to inſure ſucceſs.

Mr. Withy reminded the company, that Mr. Fox had, for a ſeries of years, proved himſelf the friend of the people, and therefore he wiſhed to give as a toaſt, "May the Virtue of the independent Electors of Weſtminſter prove ſuperior to the "Vice of the Court and its Secret Influence." The toaſt being drank,

Mr. Fox gave "The *Prince of Wales*, and may the Princes of the *Houſe of Brunſ-* "*wick* always countenance thoſe principles that ſeated their family on the Throne."

Lord George Gordon then addreſſed the company, and in a ſpeech of near half an hour (full of good ſenſe) ſtrongly exhorted every true friend of religion, and the laws of his country, to ſupport Mr. Fox, who was a man that had, and he truſted always would, prove himſelf a friend to the rights of the people. He explained the arts that had been uſed to procure addreſſes from Scotland in favour of Mr. Pitt, (who, he ſaid, was a young man *without any paſſions)* and pledged himſelf to prove, that the magiſtrates, &c. of Scotland were, previous to the Treaſury *mandate* coming down, ſtrongly attached to the cauſe Mr. Fox eſpouſed in the late Houſe of Commons.

Mr. Britton then gave "May the Indpendence and Integrity of the late Houſe of "Commons be an example to all future Parliaments."

The next toaſt given was, "The Ducheſs of Devonſhire, and the other noble and "beautiful Ladies that have ſo ſtrenuouſly ſupported the cauſe of Virtue and Free- "dom."

It was then recommended that each Gentleman preſent ſhould ſet down his name, and endeavour, to the utmoſt of his power, to bring an Elector with him to poll for Mr. Fox. The propoſition was readily complied with, and each perſon ſubſcribed his name.

Mr. Britton next gave "Succeſs to Mr. Byng's Election, and may the turncoat for "the county of Middleſex meet his enemies face to face on Thurſday next."

The other toaſts given by different Gentlemen were,

"The Duke of Porland and the Whig Intereſt."

"The *Cauſe of Liberty* throughout the world."

"Lord Keppel and the Navy of England."

"General Conway and the Army of England."

"May the beſt abilities and virtues of the laſt Parliament adorn the *next*."

The company then broke up perfectly ſatisfied with the elegance of the entertainment, and proceeded in their laudable undertaking of canvaſſing the unpolled Electors of Weſtminſter.

The

The *broad* Sun beamed out of the Heavens on Saturday, and the Earth put forth her *broadeſt* objects in ſympathy: *Mrs. Hob—t* made her appearance near Sir Cecil Wray's ſide of the Huſtings, and diſplayed on a *broad* ribbon the names of *Hood* and *Wray* in *broad* letters of gold. The *broad* ſmiles of the wearer were returned by the *broad* grins of the ſpectators, and the utmoſt harmony ſeemed to prevail in all countenances preſent.

Never was ſcandal more groſs and illiberal than that which has been, within theſe few days, directed againſt one of the moſt amiable and accompliſhed women in this country.

" Be thou as chaſte as ice, or cold as ſnow,
" Thou ſhalt not eſcape calumny."

Adminiſtration, it ſeems, at the onſet, hinted, that they had no objection to bear *half the burden* of the Weſtminſter buſineſs in defence of their *pair of creatures*; ſince which time repeated overtures have been made for an *entire indemnity*; the only anſwer to this has been a reference to the privy p—ſe!

To the many perſons who have been ſurpriſed at Lord Mountmorres's vote, on Saturday laſt, for Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, after the rejection of it, on account of his being a *lodger* the day before. It may not be improper to explain, that his Lordſhip was, about twelve o'clock on Friday night (the time when the preſent Miniſtry tranſact their *moſt important* affairs) admitted a *partner*, by Lord Temple, in the *cabinet*-making buſineſs; and on this title it was, that the *noble Lord* ſignalized himſelf as the ſupporter of prerogative, at the *trifling* expence of every liberal and patriotic ſentiment.

The ladies, in their *rage* for Mr. Fox, have adopted a dreſs in compliment to him: it is to conſiſt of a mixture of *garter-blue* and *buff*. Theſe colours will be diverſified according to the taſte of the wearer: the *body-part* of ſome will be of *blue*, in the *Marlborough* ſtile, with a train of buff. Some will conſiſt of a *blue* gown with a *buff* petticoat; and others be in entire *buff*, with *blue* ribbons. The fancy of thoſe daughters of *decoration*, the *Beauvais*, the *Le Brun*, and the *Bague*, will, no doubt, have ample ſcope in this *nouveau gout*, to exerciſe their fertile inventions!

The *Fox's bruſh* is ſo triumphant at preſent, that ladies of the firſt ton diſplay it in their hats in unity with the *plume of feathers*; a device truly expreſſive of the friendly terms on which Mr. *Fox* ſtands with an *illuſtrious perſonage*.

We have authority to declare, that the report that the Election for Weſtminſter was, by mutual agreement, to conclude finally this day, is without foundation.

The following curious paper was found in Catherine-ſtreet yeſterday evening, ſuppoſed to have dropped from the pocket of a miniſterial Editor, in the environs of that place:

" My dear Friend,

" You go on ſwimingly, the women are the beſt ſubjects in the world—work then for " God's ſake—HER in Piccadilly particularly. Suppoſe you were to ſay in your next— " we hear that a certain Ducheſs (in great letters) has eloped with Sam. Houſe—having " firſt had half a dozen amours;—ſhe does a deal of miſchief to the cauſe—can't you " throw in a hint againſt Lady D———— or Mrs. F————, it would have an " effect.—Say a word or two about the Miſs Keppel's, and juſt throw out that they " were ſeen in a certain place, with a certain fiſhmonger, and ſo on, you know how " to manage it.

" Yours ever————."

Downing-ſtreet.

The

The expence of each Candidate for Weſtminſter to the High Bailiff was 200l. paid by each on the commencement of the Election; and one day laſt week, from the protracted continuance of the Poll, the ſame ſum was again aſked, and had.

After all the abuſe that has been ſo wantonly and indecently directed againſt an illuſtrious young perſonage, merely becauſe he is generous enough to prefer the general intereſts of his country, to the immediate aggrandiſement of his perſonal conſequence, or in other words, becauſe he values the conſtitution of Great Britain, more than violent prerogative, it may be moſt cordially agreeable to every liberal mind, to receive the information of ſo ſtrong and incontrovertible an inſtance of filial attachment, as diſtinguiſhed him in his late conduct, with reſpect to his Royal Mother. This amiable young man (and every perſon who knows the human heart, will not think him the leſs ſo, for a few juvenile gaieties) no ſooner heard, that the Queen was in a ſtate of dangerous indiſpoſition, than he inſtantly forſook the allurements of the diverſion he was engaged in, diſpenſed with all ceremony towards the illuſtrious gueſts who accompanied him, and flew with all the expedition of the moſt enthuſiaſtic affection to viſit her in her illneſs. Say, ye unfeeling and illiberal aſperſers—ye unforgiving critics upon youthful infirmities, was this the conduct of ſuch a being as you would wiſh this Great Perſonage to be thought? Or was it not rather the delicate ſenſibility of a mind containing in it the original ſeeds of every virtue (for which of them exiſt independently of a feeling heart) that wait only for the luxuriant moments of juvenile vivacity to elapſe, to ripen into perfect growth, and to form a character ſuch as the generous nature of Engliſhmen will delight in, and ſuch impotent ſcribblers will in vain attempt to traduce.

The diurnal falſehoods that iſſue every morning *freſh* and *new* under the form of an advertiſement, from *Wood's Hotel*, would doubtleſs excite the univerſal execration of mankind, if it was not recollected that it is the dying effort of diſappointed ambition, and that the poor gentlemen *ſcold* now only becauſe they are quite certain of a defeat. What man of liberality or of any tendency to commiſeration in his nature, will deny this worthy Committee the enjoyment of this ſole and final gratification after ſo complete a diſappointment as they have now been expoſed to. Let them rail, the world underſtands it; they ſqueak becauſe they are hurt!

The Committee at Wood's Hotel, John Churchill, Chairman, appointed to conduct the Election of the worthy Court Candidates, inveigh vehemently againſt the illiberal threats and undue influence, exerted in ſupport of Mr. Fox. The following facts will ſhew how far they are themſelves free from the imputation which they impudently and falſely endeavour to aſcribe to their opponents:

Mr. Whitehead, of Green-ſtreet, Groſvenor-ſquare, Yoeman of the Guards, who purchaſed his employment for the ſum of 600l. has been diſmiſſed from the ſame for having voted and uſed his intereſt in favour of Mr. Fox.

It has been notified to Mr. Saunders, an eminent builder, that he will not in future be employed in any of his Majeſty's works, as he has been heretofore, upon the ſame account.

The Meſſengers in the Secretary of the State's Office, even thoſe appointed by Mr. Fox himſelf, have been compelled to vote againſt him.

When ſuch flagrant inſtances of the exertion of undue influence appear on one ſide, can it be wondered at if the great, reſpectable, independent, and opulent perſons in the intereſt of Mr. Fox, univerſally reſolve to uſe their utmoſt endeavours to redreſs the wrongs of thoſe tradeſmen, who ſuffer from the illiberality of ſuch of their employers as may have withdrawn their cuſtom from them, upon account of their votes,

by

by entering into a general agreement to employ ſuch tradeſmen only, as have aſſerted their independence, by polling for the Candidate of their choice.

The friends of Mr. Fox are confident of his ſucceſs—they have detected the ſhameful practices of their adverſaries; the number of falſe votes polled for Sir Cecil Wray, is almoſt incredible, ſo that by perſeverance in the poll, the triumph of the *real Electors* will be certain.

Never was a more ſhameful proceeding known at any Election, than the having brought down regular bodies of *his Majeſty's ſeamen*, to overawe the independent Electors of Weſtminſter; however, the various ſound drubbings which theſe gentry have received from the inſulted populace, aſſiſted by the honeſt paddies, have moſt probably ſickened them of Election expeditions.

A naval correſpondent, who has felt both grief and ſhame at ſeeing for ſome days paſt gangs of *routed Britiſh ſeamen* flying through our ſtreets before an enraged populace, laments the ſhameful want of diſcipline which muſt now prevail through the navy, when his Majeſty's officers are ſuffered to bring his ſeamen into ſuch diſgraceful ſcrapes. Is this the boaſted diſcipline of our preſent firſt Lord of the Admiralty?

It is confidently aſſerted, that Lord Howe ſent a ſevere reprimand to the officers who are ſuppoſed to have firſt introduced the ſailors into the preſent Election conteſt.

April 20.] Every wretched engine of the Court, it is notorious, has been uſed to prevent the independent Electors of Weſtminſter from re-electing Mr. Fox their Repreſentative in Parliament; but yeſterday an inſtance of *tyrannic cruelty* occurred, which touched the *callous conſcience* of Mr. *Jackſon* himſelf!—About two o'clock, a genteel man was carried from a hackney coach to the Huſtings, ſuch a ſpectacle of infirmity that excited general attention: when the book was held to his lips on which he was to be ſworn, he begged to be heard a few words previous to his polling, and expreſſed himſelf in nearly the following words: "I come here from a ſick bed, compelled by a mandate from the "*Lord Chamberlain's office*, to vote for Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, having been "threatened with an immediate diſmiſſion from my poſt of one of the *Grooms of the* "*King's chamber* in caſe of my refuſal.—I was appointed by my worthy patron the "Duke of Manchеſter; I am a perfumer in South Moulton-ſtreet, and my name is "George Young." After this declaration he *did vote for the two Court Candidates*, and was then carried away fainting from the Huſtings! So much for the *freedom of Election!*

Since *Coalitions* are the preſent ſubjects of general admiration, we truſt the *matchleſs Coalition* between a *certain perſonage* and *John Wilkes*, the writer of the memorable *North Briton*, No. 45, will not be ſuffered to paſs without its ſhare of *popular eclat!*

Mr. *Charles Jenkinſon* mounted the Huſtings on Saturday, and polled *prerogatively!*—to him ſucceeded Mr. Roſe, of the Treaſury; and ſoon afterwards, that new *luminary* of the *legal hemiſphere* Sir *H. Lloyd Kenyon*, *Maſter of the Rolls*, having only a *ſtable* in Weſtminſter, gave the ſuffrages of his two *dock'd coach horſes* by *proxy*, to Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray.

CHAP. I.

The contention of Elections, and the virulence of parties, abſorb the finer feelings of the mind, and engender the moſt rancourous heats that can be raiſed by the evil genius of malevolence. No ſooner is diſcord a little allayed in one part, than it ſtarts up with redoubled fury at another, till the whole metropolis, like the Mount of Veſuvius, at the time of an eruption, appears to be exhauſting *inflammable* matter from every quarter.

Committees and Sub-committees are now ſitting in every corner of the *Liberty* of Weſtminſter, from the Subſcription-rooms in St. James's to the *Divers Kens* in St. Giles's. Scandal is propagated with all the enthuſiaſm of religion, and ſwallowed with more avidity than the orthodox doctrines of a drowſy Doctor of Divinity. Lawyers, who ſeldom open their mouths without a fee, now rack their brains for flowing metaphors, and round ſwelling periods, which they vociferate with Stentorian lungs to carry conviction to the minds of the greaſy groupe, who pay their nightly devoirs at the ſhrine of brainleſs Committees, that we muſt be *ruined* unleſs they aid with their effectual ſupport the common cauſe. The overgrown drones, who have ſcarcely opened their mouths for a twelvemonth, in diſcharge of the truſt impoſed upon them by their ſacred function, may be now heard in every corner, bellowing like over drove bullocks on a market-day, to effect the *political* ſalvation of the people, while they truſt their *eternal* ſalvation to the care of a curate, condemned to ſtarve like a Gentleman on forty or fifty pounds a year. Great men, and the ſtewards of great men, men of property, and men without property, men of honour, and men of no honour; women of gaiety, and women of gallantry; women of rigid virtue, and women of eaſy virtue; all, all engage in the ſame *common cauſe*, and may be traced in their canvaſſing perambulation from the obſcure allies in Weſtminſter, to the Swindling Colleges on the Surry ſide of the water, or the no leſs renowned ſeminary of profligacy, bordering on the market, that gives a name to the building.

Now in one corner may be ſeen a ſon of Mars, with a red coat, and all the attracting *etceteras* of a military habit, ſupplicating the interceſſion of a chimney-ſweeper's wife with her huſband to vote for a man who would tax maids to increaſe wives; and ſpare much at home, that he might give more abroad; and after retailing moſt of the *ſmall talk* before uſed to ſome Cranbourne-alley milliner's apprentice, Ma'am Sweep drops a curtſey for the honour, and ſealing the bargain with a ſalute, that leaves the mark of her avocation on the lips of the heroic canvaſſer, he wheels off with an aſſurance of her favour and intereſt in behalf of a man, who ſhe hopes will always be a promoter of the *bruſh*. While, with no leſs ardour is the ſteward of ſome great man puſhing home his argument with the *cara ſpoſa* of a duſtman, who, like himſelf, drives a carriage.

Shouts, hallowing, running, and riot, announce the entrance of a noble female canvaſſer in the purlieus of Clare-market.

Ye plebeians, bend your unennobled heads,
Behold the Ducheſs, as Hygea *blooming*,
As Venus *fair*, and as Minerva *wiſe*,
Unaw'd by earthly grandeur and its ſtate,
Or the more winning graces of her beauty,
Deſcends, with leg unveil'd, from ducal coach,
And lightly trips in greaſy butcher's ſhop.

The whole market is left in amazement at the honour—butchers ſuſpend their cleavers in aſtoniſhment—poulterers ceaſe truſſing—and the very baſket women drop their loads to extol her Grace, and gather the pence her liberal hand has ſcattered among the groupe of joyous followers, and open-mouthed gazers. The ſkips mount, coachy whips, and away with a whirl to the Huſtings, to add to the *bevy of beauties*, who daily pay their honours at the ſhrine of patriotiſm, ornamented with *foxes tails*, officers coats, and all the *outre* emblems of fantaſtic folly.

If

If the cauſe of the turn coat Wilkes ſhould appear as hopeleſs in the county of Middleſex, as that of the renegado Wray now ſeems in Weſtminſter, it will ſhew that the freeholders of that county concur with the Independent Electors of this city, in their deteſtation of perjury, treachery, inconſiſtency, and ingratitude.

The Back-ſtairs typographical directors have received poſitive orders to abuſe the Prince of Wales, even for his filial affection to his mother, and to hold him out as a moſt undutiful ſon, for the late proof he gave of that regard he had for the beſt woman in the world; and the rancour of party has gone ſo far, as to hire a mob to inſult this illuſtrious perſonage the firſt time he goes to the Theatre. Look to this ye ſons of Liberty! Here's a proof of the pr ſent times that will hand the new Adminiſtration with *honour*, indeed, to poſterity. The perſons hired for this purpoſe have openly declared the wages they have received; but we muſt do juſtice to the Cabinet, to ſay, that not a name of that party has been mentioned as concerned in the buſineſs, nor do we conceive they would deſcend to ſo pitiful a manœuvre. Every man in this realm, from the King to the Peaſant, ought to have a free will to think as he pleaſes, and to act within the pale of the law. Whenever a hired mob is permitted, by inſults, to ſtop that conſtitutional prerogative, then this kingdom loſes its dignity and its real freedom for ever.

A Great Perſonage, for the laſt three weeks, has been materially agitated by the proceſs of the Weſtminſter Election. When in town, he enquires every half hour after the ſtate of the poll; and, if at Windſor, receives information, by diſpatches appointed for that immediate purpoſe.

Lord John Cavendiſh ſeems to think with the poet, "*When impious men bear ſway, "the poſt of honour is a private ſtation.*" It is generally underſtood, that this great good man has adopted the reſolution of retirement, to avoid the mortification which he muſt inevitably feel, if in Parliament, of witneſſing to thoſe encroachments and invaſions, which are meditating againſt the Conſtitution. If the friends of the people amount to ſomething more than two hundred upon the meeting of the Houſe, there is a dawn of hope that the triumph of the *Secret Influence* will not be completed during the enſuing ſeſſion.

We hear that ſeveral actions are to be commenced againſt the High Bailiff of W——, for having, within theſe few days, rejected voters without ſufficient reaſon; the complaints are laid againſt him on the popular ſide of the queſtion, but how far theſe complaints may be well or ill founded, a court of law will beſt determine.

The dinner at Wood's Hotel, yeſterday, is ſaid to have been neither numerous nor lively; the daily decline of Sir Cecil Wray's majority had caſt a gloom over the company, which it was not eaſy to diſpel. The purchaſers of tickets appeared ſo tardy in their application, and the honour of dining with Mr. Churchill, apothecary, who was announced chairman of the meeting, was ſo ſlight a temptation to the Electors who had polled for the Court candidates, that the Committee was reduced to the neceſſity of diſtributing the tickets gratis, leaſt the deſperate ſituation of their cauſe ſhould be too apparent from the thinneſs of the company.

Mr. Churchill's precipitate departure to Bath has left the Committee at Wood's in the utmoſt confuſion; in vain they practiſe the expedient of continuing his name to their adv rtiſements, and giving out that he is only indiſpoſed in Parliament-ſtreet. All method and ſpirit are baniſhed from their proceedings, while Jack eſcapes the ſcene of mortification, and chews the cud at Bath.

When the exertions of the free and independent Electors of Weſtminſter firſt began to make their way againſt all the efforts of the Court mandates and ariſtocratic influence, it was pretended that the cauſe of that temporary advantage on the part of

Mr. Fox was, that the High Bailiff had not the pariſh books in his poſſeſſion, and therefore was not able at the moment to detect the illegality of ſome of the votes.—But now, ſaid the triumphant advocates for the ſyſtem of prerogative and ingratitude, things are changed; the Returning Officer has got the regular authenticated liſt of the real voters in his poſſeſſion, and as therefore all fictitious ſubſtitutions muſt from henceforth be quite impracticable, the ſuperiority of Sir Cecil Wray will be evident and deciſive. This whimſical preſage was formed by the miniſterial prints full five days ago, but ſee how the event has juſtified this confident attempt at Election prophecy. The High Bailiff is no ſooner in full poſſeſſion of the means for preventing the entire poſſibility of corrupt ſuffrages, than Mr. Fox begins to riſe daily in his poll, and has continued ſo to do ever ſince the moment of this curious preſage. The fact is, that the only regulation that could poſſibly have inſured Mr. Fox's Election was exactly ſuch a one as the Returning Officer, in a miſtaken zeal for his party, thought proper to adopt, for if things had been ſuffered to go on in the old ſtile, ſo that all voters of all deſcriptions might have been received, the popular party could have ſtood no chance whatever, for it is quite abſurd to ſuppoſe that any *private* powers of corruption could have proved equal to the miniſterial powers of influence. The truth is, while no means exiſted of detecting falſe votes, Mr. Fox was behind; no ſooner is the poſſibility of ſuch artifices put an end to, than he continues to riſe daily in the poll, and of courſe to convince the ſenſible and impartial part of the community, that HE ALONE is the favourite of the TRUE, UNINFLUENCED, and INCORRUPT portion of the Weſtminſter Electors.

A SCENE IN THE ELECTION,

A NEW FARCE,

Now performing in various parts of the kingdom by his Majeſty's Servants.

A Cobler's Stall.—*Criſpin* at his work, hammering a ſole.

CRISPIN.

By the Lord of the Manor, thou art a tough piece, and not unlike the hide of my wife Bridget; for though I ſhould beat her hide with all my might and main, I cannot ſhape the vixen to my fancy: Oh, your hard ſoles *(hammering)* are the moſt uſeleſs of all others, except to the wearer. If I was a leading man in the State, I would move for a law to be enacted, that good *leather* and good *hemp (waxing his thread)* ſhould only be employed for ſmuggling courtiers, purſe-proud citizens, and for Parliament men—If ſuch a law might paſs, it would be a rare thing for trade in general.

SONG.

Of all profeſſions, ſearch around,
None beats the cobler's calling,
The while his ſhelves with work abound
For him to ſtick his awl in. [*Cobbling.*

He's ne'er aſham'd to thrive by thrift,
To Church and State he's ſteady;
To mend a ſole, or lend a lift,
You'll ever find him ready. [*Cobbling.*

Could folks in Church and State ſay this,
Britannia ceaſe to hobble;
Alas! whate'er they do's amiſs,
All! all at beſt, but cobble. [*Still cobbling,*

Enter

Enter *Pander* and *Sir Bilberry Diddle.*

Pander. Here's a poor pſalm-ſinging cobler, Sir Bilberry; he has a vote for the borough, as good as the beſt; do not let us paſs honeſt Criſpin.

Sir Bil. By the eſſence of lilies, thou'rt right, Pander; the ſcum of the mobility, as well as the ſcum of the gentry, *at this time*, muſt be attended to; 'tis a ſacrifice that's due to neceſſity. Therefore, may I never more breathe the mellifluous air of Montpelier, if I do not deſcend to requeſt his ſuffrage; the controverted occaſion carries with it a pardon for the humiliating and filthy condeſcenſion.——Maſter Shoemaker, your moſt devoted humble ſervant, *(bowing)* I am, ſweet Sir, your's to the ground.

[*Still bowing.*

Criſ. Maſter Shoemaker!—do you mean to mock me?——No, no; I am no ſhoemaker, but like ſome of you very fine Gentlemen at the head of affairs—a poor cobler at beſt.

Sir Bil. This fellow, Pander, has been commended by ſome blockhead like himſelf for his inſufferable bluntneſs, or he would never preſume to be ſo ſhocking to the feelings of delicacy.

Pan. Bear with him, Sir Bilberry; this is a time when men will ſay whatever comes uppermoſt, paying no more reſpect to delicacy than Æſop's cock to his diamond. If you would ſucceed, Sir Bilberry, you muſt deſcend to be perfectly reconciled to their oddities.

Sir Bil. I will be reconciled—Well, honeſt cobler, do you love money?

Criſ. Yes; but I love honeſty better——

Sir Bil. Honeſtly ſaid; if you'll do me a favour, you ſhall have as much honeſty as you pleaſe, and money into the bargain.

Criſ. Who are you, and may it pleaſe you?

Sir Bil. I am Sir Bilberry Diddle, Knight and Baronet, of Diddle Hall, in this county, come to offer myſelf for your moſt ancient borough of Steady Town; ſhould I be ſo happy as to obtain the ultimate zenith of my wiſh, you, Mr. Cobler, ſhall ſoon find an alteration in the price of good ale; bread ſhall be but half the rate it ſtands at now; and above all, your trade ſhall flouriſh and your taxes fall; ſo that the Cobler as well as the Prince ſhall have the glorious opportunity of ſaddling his ſpit, every day, with a fat ſurloin; your right of common ſoon ſhall be reſtored, and without exciſe or the Doctor's tythe, pigs, poultry, and plumb-puddings, ſhall crown your cupboards all the year. Now give me your vote, friend Criſpin, and as you puff your fragrant eſſence from your ſtall in merry glee, you'll heel the ſhoe, and bleſs the hour you gave a voice for Diddle.

Criſ. Oh! you fine powdered Gentlemen are ſomewhat like my codlin tree laſt ſpring.

Sir Bil. How's that, Cobler?

Criſ. It then dealt a wonderful ſhow of bloſſom, ſo much that I concluded a rare autumn; but, alas! I was miſtaken; I had not ſo much as a crump. So 'tis with you who are candidates for boroughs; you promiſe very fair in the ſpring of your canvaſs, but in the autumn of election, when we ſhould expect the fruit of good works of you, we too often find you worthleſs, baſe, and barren.

Sir Bil. Nay, Mr. Cobler, you are too ſevere in your concluſions; a man of my honour can never deceive you—can I, Pander!

Pan. No, Sir Bilberry—I have known Sir Bilberry from a child, and never knew a diſhonourable thing by him, upon my honour, friend Criſpin.

Criſ. That's the laſt lye you told, friend Pander.—Well, Sir Bilberry Diddle, Knight and Baronet, of Diddle Hall, in this county—you are come to aſk a vote of a poor Cobler?

Sir Bil. I am, friend Criſpin, and you may aſſure yourſelf that there is not a man in the whole borough I reſpect ſo much as you, though but a poor Cobler.

Criſ. Indeed !——that's ſtrange——why you never ſaw me before.

Sir Bil. O ! that don't ſignify; I tell you, friend Criſpin, I reſpect you equal to the Mayor himſelf.

Criſ. That's kind;—come into my ſtall, and ſit down, and let's have a little chat together; there, that's hearty; give us your fiſt. [*Here Diddle takes up his cloaths, gets into the Cobler's ſtall, and ſits down.*]

Sir Bil. Pſhaw ! how he ſtinks. [*Aſide.*

Criſ. So you love me as well as the Mayor himſelf?—that's kind; and ſo we'll have a glaſs of gin together.

Sir Bil. O ! no ! 'pon honour.

Criſ. O yes ! when this is gone, there's enough at the Three Norfolk Dumplins and Horſe Shoe over the way.——Come, here's the King's health, God bleſs him and his numerous poſterity !—*(Drinks.)*——A glaſs of as good maxamus as ever tipp'd over an exciſeman's tongue; here, take hold. [*Preſents it to Diddle.*

Sir Bil. Dear Mr. Cobler, you muſt pardon me.

Criſp. No, no, you, who love me as well as the Mayor himſelf, muſt drink with me, or I ſhall take it unkind, and perhaps give my vote where I think I am more reſpected.

Sir Bil. Reſiſtance is in vain; to get his vote I muſt ſubmit, and take the poiſon [*aſide*]—Well friend Criſpin, to ſhew that I reſpect you, here's your's and the King's health (*drinks*) pſhaw, pſhaw, 'tis a nauſeous draught. [*Aſide.*

Criſ. That's well *(throws his arms round Diddle's neck)* my dear friend, that loves me as well as the Mayor himſelf; kiſs my cheek, and then I will believe you are ſincere in your friendſhip.

Sir Bil. There, Criſpin (pſhaw ! how he ſtinks of vile ſpirits and tobacco.) [*Aſide.*

Criſ. Give us your fiſt again *(holding him by the hand)* my dear friend, Sir Bilberry, who loves me as well as the Mayor himſelf, who can deſcend to drink gin with, and kiſs a poor cobler in his ſtall—I heartily thank you, and now I'll finiſh my ſhoe.

Sir Bil. Well, honeſt Criſpin, you promiſe to vote for me ?

Criſ. Who told you ſo ?

Sir Bil. O ! my dear, I underſtand you (taking out his purſe) here are corianders that will purchaſe hides enough to heel-piece the whole borough—here Criſpin.

Criſ. What ! a bribe—out of my ſtall, or by gingo I'll ſtick my awl to the head in your ——. [*Diddle leaves the ſtall, Criſpin follows.*

Sir Bil. Here's a tranſition, Pander.

Criſ. What ! ſhall Criſpin Heeltap, the Cobler of Steady Town, give his vote to ſuch a thing as you ? a mean ſpirited raſcal who can ſtoop to drink gin in a ſtall, and to kiſs the ſweaty cheek of a poor Cobler ? No, no, to ſerve your purpoſe you would not mind ſtooping to kiſs my —— ; make off while you're ſafe. I'll vote for none of your Jack a Dandies, but for my old faithful maſter, Sir Thomas Trueman—ſo away Sir Fop, you have your anſwer. [*Exeunt Diddle and Pander.*

S O N G.

Ye true hearted Britons who wiſh to be free,
Ne'er think it a ſhame to take copy from me;
Who tho' but a Cobler, and little my all,
Dare ſpurn at a bribe, and ſcout knaves from my ſtall.

Would

Would ev'ry Elector do this—I am ſure,
Our trade would increaſe, and our land be ſecure;
The poor man with plenty might ſup in his cot,
With joy clap his hands, and exult in his lot.

Then all take the hint, for you all may be free,
Deſpiſe every Diddle who bows to the knee;
Where ſo much French folly and nonſenſe abound,
Be ſure that the head, and the heart, is not ſound.

Let your choice be the man, who diſdains all that's mean,
To wound ſacred Truth, or treat Virtue obſcene;
Who feels as his own his poor country's diſtreſs,
And dares to do more than he's known to profeſs.

To your ſenate ſuch only my good friends advance,
Then a fig for Mynheer, for Don Spaniard, and France,
And, again, where the enſign of Brunſwick's unfurl'd,
It ſhall ſoon be the wonder and dread of the world.

[*Exit Cobler.*

T. N.

An impartial correſpondent obſerves, that in the contention between the Committees of the reſpective candidates for Weſtminſter, this difference is ſtriking—The Committee at Wood's Hotel deals freely in ſcurrility and general invective againſt the proceedings of their opponents, while the Select Committee at Ireland's, in Bow-ſtreet, authenticate the accuſations they bring againſt the ſupporters of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, by publiſhing the names of the perſons, who atteſt the facts alledged by them.

A correſpondent obſerves, that it is difficult to conceive why Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray's friends ſhould perſevere in denying Mr. Churchill's having left London. Does it follow, becauſe that gentleman's health has made it neceſſary for him to go to Bath that the cauſe he has eſpouſed muſt be deſperate?

Another correſpondent ſuppoſes, that Mr. Rainforth, who is the *locum tenens* of Mr. Churchill, during his abſence from town, muſt be an Iriſhman, from his late advertiſement, relative to the dinner of the friends of the Court Candidates at Wood's Hotel—that place, it ſeems, was not large enough to accommodate the company, and for that reaſon a ſecond dinner was advertiſed at the very ſame place.

Some of the Miniſterial Papers have thought proper to deny the fact of Mr. Whitehead's having been diſmiſſed from his place as Yeoman of the King's Guard, but the fact may be aſcertained by any gentleman who will take the trouble to inquire into it from Mr. Whitehead himſelf, who lives in Green-ſtreet, Groſvenor-ſquare.

Mr. Fox inſiſted in the Houſe of Commons, that the five thouſand who ſigned the Weſtminſter Addreſs, did not conſtitute a majority of the Electors. This now appears clearly to have been the caſe from the preſent ſtate of the poll, which ſhows that there are more than eleven thouſand houſeholders in that city. and as there is the ſtrongeſt preſumption that a great number of lodgers ſigned the Addreſs, it is a fair concluſion that not one third of the Electors thanked his Majeſty for turning out his Miniſtry. This we may conclude has been the caſe in all the other cities and boroughs throughout the kingdom.

Every liberal mind revolts at the wretched abuſe now levelled at the moſt amiable of our countrywomen! the baſe and burring hand of Calumny, however, is raiſed in vain againſt the *lovely Devon* and her *ſiſter patriots*, who at this juncture ſo much reſemble

thoſe

thoſe *fair celeſtials* of the *Grecian bard*, whoſe *attributes of divinity* never appeared ſo brilliant as when forming a ſhield for the *heroic leader* of an *oppreſſed people!*

The ridicule that has been ſo perfectly levelled againſt honeſt *Jack Churchill*, has evidently more levity than juſtice in it.—However miſtaken in politics, or miſguided in ſome of his more recent perſonal attachments, he undoubtedly has many good qualities, amongſt the moſt ſhining of which is to be enumerated, his extreme ingeniouſneſs and candour.—He exhibited a ſtriking teſtimony of this latter virtue in a ſpeech which he addreſſed to his friend Sir *Cecil* a few hours before he ſet out for Bath—taking him by the hand, "My dear friend, ſays he, you had better quit the field now when you may "go off in credit to ourſelves and cauſe—I know Weſtminſter as well as any man in "it—and by G— I pronounce your caſe perfectly deſperate, with reſpect to your pre-"ſent Election—pretend an intention for a future ſcrutiny and decline.—After the "pains I have already taken, I ſhall not ſtay to be a witneſs of your defeat and diſ-"grace—ſo if you won't take my counſel, why give me your hand and God bleſs "you."——A friend who happened to be preſent, records, he believes the very words of this parting harangue with ſtrict accuracy, but certain he is that the general ſenſe is moſt faithfully repreſented in this account of it. It is not yet too late, Sir Cecil, to diſcover a ſmall ſymptom of expiring grace. Do it, for God's ſake; a friend recommends it; think what will become of the credit of Churchill, your friend, and the Court your employers, if you ſhall adopt no expedient for breaking the effect of a fall ſo injurious to the feelings of the one, and the intereſts of the other? Try for once to reflect a little.

The Houſe of Commons has always been rigorous in its proceedings againſt returning officers for illegal, arbitrary, or partial conduct during Elections. On the 22d of December, 1741, Mr. *John Lever*, High Bailiff of Weſtminſter was, for ſuch practices, committed to the cuſtody of the Serjeant at Arms.

Extract of a letter from Bath, dated Saturday the 22d inſtant.

"Yeſterday evening our old acquaintance Jack Ch——ll made his appearance in the "rooms here; if I may judge from his deſponding countenance, he has given up all "hopes of his friend Sir Cecil W—'s ſucceſs in Weſtminſter, Poor C——ll! he looks "extremely ill, principally owing, I ſuppoſe, to the violent fatigue which he has un-"dergone in canvaſſing. If the Bath waters do not recruit his ſpirits ſoon, I fear he "will fall into a decline."

The prints exhibited on the late change of politics, are in general ſcurrilous, abuſive, deſtitute of merit, wit, and humour, ſeemingly calculated to draw a gaping and idle multitude together; and indeed, were we not charitably inclined, we could almoſt ſuſpect the printſellers to be in league with the handkerchief merchants of Field-lane: for the prints daily exhibited during the preſent conteſt in Weſtminſter, we cannot help ſaying, are unmanly, baſe, and infamous. A female character of illuſtrious rank and beauty, to be exhibited to the vulgar in the moſt indecent and obſcene attitudes and converſations, is a diſgrace to the artiſt, a diſgrace to his employer, but more ſo to the police: at leaſt, our City Magiſtrates ſhould have taken notice of, and put a ſtop to ſo glaring a nuiſance, tending to extinguiſh the remaining ſpark of morality of the preſent age; but it ſeems as if religion and morality underwent a change in the city as well as politics!

The Committee at *Wood*'s, with a *ſtroke of ſome humour*, have perpetualized the abdication of *Jack Churchill*, their deſponding Chairman. No ſooner were they informed he was arrived in the dumps at Bath, on Thurſday laſt, than they ſent to Parliament-ſtreet, with Sir Cecil Wray's compliments, and requeſted the uſe of Mr. Churchill's chariot for a few days: this being immediately complied with, Mr. *Salter*, the bricklayer, of St. Margaret's, whoſe great reſemblance of his friend *Churchill* has occaſioned the

the latter ſo many aukward embarraſſments, was prevailed upon to mount a ſuit of *ruſty ſables*—to take "the chariot for the day"—drive through the ſtreets—kiſs his hand to the colours of *Hood* and *Wray*, and by this *electioneering fac-ſimile*, prevent thoſe fatal conſequences which the general knowledge of *Churchill*'s retreat in deſpair, muſt have on the *prerogative cauſe!*—The trick ſucceeded admirably the firſt day; but on Saturday it was unfortunately diſcovered by a particular friend of C's, abruptly ſtopping the chariot, and begging immediately his Galenical aid for his lady then in hyſterics. There was no parrying this unpropitious ſhaft, and therefore the plot could no longer be concealed; for the gentleman, not in a temper of mind to favour the impoſition, wrote by that night's poſt to *Churchill*, informing him of the particulars of the deception.—What will be the event of this *harmleſs joke*, as the contrivers call it, a few poſts will probably diſcover;—*Sum ſolus!* is honeſt Jack's motto, as well as *Powell's* the *unparalelled fire-eater*, ſo that all things conſidered, the remonſtrance is expected to be acrimoniouſly ſevere from the offended party!

N. B. With their moſt intimate friends, Mr. *Salter* is only known from Mr. *Churchill*, at the firſt glance, by a ſmall *wart* under his left eye!

It is now ſaid that Mr. Fox's preſent votes are to a man *bad*, and that Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray's are all *good*. There can be no doubt of the *truth* of this aſſertion; the High Bailiff's extreme *partiality* for the cauſe of Mr. Fox, and his zealous endeavours to *favour* his re-election, moſt fully explain and confirm it.

Poor *Lord Hood!* how often, in the courſe of the laſt twelve days has this *pitiable peer* lamented that *departing* from the *honourable* courſe of his own profeſſion, he ſhould have been abſurd enough to embark on the *ſtormy ſea of politics!*

The *military* exertions of Sir Cecil Wray's party do not content them, after having polled at leaſt 500 *horſe-guards* and *foot-guards*, to the tune of *nine in a houſe!*—For on Saturday laſt, a *French deſerter* was daringly brought up to the Huſtings to poll for the *prerogative* Candidates! On an appeal to the Returning Officer (whoſe lack of knowledge in the *French lingo* was to be his excuſe) he was about to be declared a *Philadelphian*, begotten of Engliſh parents, and therefore an eligible vote;—when the perturbed *Gaul*, with a *ſacre Dieu*, declared himſelf a *native of France*, and inſtantly retired, giving the High Bailiff and all his hoſt *a tous les Diable!*

A large detachment of the *Swiſs guards* are ſaid to be juſt landed at Dover, and now on their full march for the Huſtings at Covent Garden, in order to poll for the Court Candidates, and thus defend the franchiſes of Britiſh Electors from *furtber invaſion!*

April 24.] One vote was polled for Mr. Fox at the cloſe of this day's poll, which, by accident or *deſign* was omitted in the caſting up, and therefore cannot appear in his favour till the books are opened this morning: this reduces Sir Cecil's *once* boaſted majority of 318, to 65 only!

The *Iſcariot Baronet* is ſo ſenſible of his impending overthrow, that he now very rarely expoſes his *amiable perſon* to the indignation of the inſulted Electors of Weſtminſter; even his late triumphant partizans, who ſo long diſgraced the Huſtings with their *noiſe* and *nonſenſe*, have at length ceaſed their *Io Pæans*, and deſpairing of the return of their *treacherous leader*, affect to conſole themſelves with the hopes of a *ſix months ſcrutiny!*

The *modeſt*, and *liberal* Mr. *Jackſon* did not treat the people with any of his *ariſtocratic convulſions* during the laſt week. The domeſtic diſtreſſes of *Newcaſtle Houſe* are ſaid to have required his unremitting attendance!—*deſpair* reigns through that gloomy manſion with ſuch a train of horrors, that *knives*, *ropes*, and *razors*, with all other *inſtruments of ſudden death* are removed from thence by *phyſical injunction!*

April 26.] The meeting at the Crown and Anchor Tavern on Friday evening was the moſt numerous ever known of Mr. Fox's friends, and filled every room in the tavern, ſo as to make it impoſſible to accommodate upwards of two hundred, who were obliged to return for want of room. Mr. Fox took the chair about half after four, and in a ſpeech in which the tranſcendent abilities of that eminent Stateſman were moſt ſtrikingly conſpicuous, ſtated the purpoſe of the meeting, and the grateful ſatiſfaction of his own heart, at the appearance and zeal of ſo very reſpectable and numerous a ſupport. The warmeſt effuſions of cordiality ſeemed univerſally to animate the whole aſſembly, and Mr. Fox with uncommon cheerfulneſs appeared moſt pleaſingly ſenſible of the reſpectable and flattering light in which his friends beheld him. Several conſtitutional healths were drank by Mr. Fox, Lord Ludlow, Lord Robert Spencer, Colonel North, Mr. Sheridan, Mr. Townſend, &c. &c. till about ſix o'clock, when Captain Morris made his appearance in the room; an inſtant uproar of applauſe took place, and Capt. Morris was conducted through the croud, and placed in the chair by Mr. Sheridan, which Mr. Fox had vacated for a few minutes to go into the different rooms. Capt. Morris was then deſired to mount on the top of it, and the whole aſſembly, in one univerſal clamour, called out for the *Baby* and *Nurſe*; Capt. Morris ſung it with uncommon ſpirit and exertion; the tumult of applauſe was beyond all belief, and ſurely there never was a compoſition which ſo well deſerved it.——A ſucceſſionof conſtitutional toaſts then took place; Mr. Fox returned, and other ſongs were called for, but the whole company ſeemed to look to Captain Morris as the very life and ſoul of convivial wit and pleaſure. The Captain, therefore, in compliance with their friendly ſolicitations, gave them another of his ſongs, a moſt elegant and ſterling compoſition, made for the day, and called the *jeſt*, which was encored with ſuch a clamour of applauſe, that the Captain ſung it a ſecond time with equal ſpirit and effect; and it was then agreed, after drinking Captain Morris's health in three cheers, to undertake an univerſal canvaſs, and not loſe in the charms of convivial enjoyment the great purpoſe of the meeting. Mr. Sheridan, therefore, in a moſt ingenious and elegant harangue on the liberty of the preſs, which the new prerogative Adminiſtration have began to invade in our ſiſter kingdom, gave, as a concluſive toaſt, "*The Liberty of the Preſs.*" This being drank, Mr. Fox made a grateful adieu to the company for the evening, and the whole company, except a few who had ſacrificed too freely to the jolly god, diſperſed themſelves on a canvaſs with full confidence of complete ſucceſs.

The intention of the ſuppreſſion of the freedom of the preſs has ſtruck with horror every paper in London, except *one*, that infamous *one*, devoted to the panegyric of the principal crime, which diſgraces the name of *man*, and which is rivetted to the purpoſe of rendering the female ſex obnoxious. The courtly *Sampſon* himſelf, and like his *former* ſelf on this occaſion, throws away all ideas of the decorations of a Court, when the trappings of full fledged Royal favours are to be plucked from the pinions of the Conſtitution, and from the breaſt of that glorious nymph, *fair Liberty*. The *Morning P*—— has adopted the debilitated idea of Rome—unhappy Rome! once the triumphant *maſter*, now the proſtituted *miſtreſs* of the world.

The toaſts of the Meeting at Wood's Hotel on Saturday laſt, are certainly replete with wit, and are worthy the obſervation of the public. Lord Hood toaſted the Lord Lieutenant of the County, as became the profeſſed Candidate of the Court;—Sir C—— W——toaſted the D— of N——, as became the betrayer of the cauſe of the indpendent Electors of Weſtminſters;—Lord M——tm——s drank a toaſt, full of wit and humour, ſuch as became his Lordſhip, who is remarkable for the brilliancy of his imagination;—the nominal Mr. C——ll (for the real Mr. C——ll is known to be abſent)

gave

gave a toaſt, which ſeemed to indicate a ſpeedy triumph to the cauſe of the Court; but unfortunately the ſtate of the poll proves a direct contradiction to all theſe empty rhodomontades.

The friends of one of our morning papers begin to perceive, that every attack on the much valued D—— of D—— has failed of ſucceſs, and have therefore given up the chace, or rather it may be thought that ſuch inſinuations cauſed the public to examine the deportment of her Grace in every walk of private and public life, and to examine hers, is to approve and commend.

The great complaint againſt Mr. Fox is, that he is not a man of very affluent fortune; and his enemies, or rather the enemies to the grandeur of our country, ſay, that ſuch a man may uſe the public money for his own advantage; but let us ſee the anſwer, Mr. Fox has been twice a Miniſter, and yet it is not pretended that he has improved his fortune, ſo that it is not poſſible to win the good word of an enemy, for had he acquired property from official ſituation, he would be called a public peculator; and now, becauſe he prefered the good of the country to his private intereſt, and has departed from office with clean hands; the friends of *Secret Influence* muſt in truth declare, that he has not a ſtake in the country, &c. and that becauſe he has proved himſelf an honeſt Miniſter.

April 27.] The event of this day's poll will no doubt prove ſo far deciſive as to reſcue the city of Weſtminſter from the painful mortification of any longer ſeeing the *man of their averſion* ſtand on the poll ſuperior in numbers to the *man of their free choice*.—The undaunted *champion of conſtitutional freedom!*

The phalanx of Independent Electors, who have reſerved their ſuffrages for the completion of this day's victory, will be received as they approach the Huſtings, with the grateful acclamations due to the heroic protectors of the *people's rights*.

The bets laſt night were, a *hundred* guineas to *ten*, that Mr. Fox was ſitting Member for Weſtminſter!

The abſurd partizans of the unfortunate Sir *Cecil* give out, that as a ſcrutiny will be demanded on the part of the *Iſcariot* Baronet, the High Bailiff will not return Mr. Fox till that ſcrutiny is finally concluded: but the *legal fact* is, that the proper officer *muſt make a return, on or before the* 18*th of May, agreeable to the tenor of the King's writ*; or abide the penal conſequences of his diſobedience. In caſual Election, no day is fixed for the return; but in general ones, the time is preciſely ſpecified, and muſt be duly obſerved.

Sir William Gordon, who enjoys no leſs than a thouſand pounds per annum, obtained under the immediate patronage of Mr. Fox, has very *gracefully* declined voting at this criſis in favour of his political benefactor.

Mr. *Salter* the bricklayer has but one admiſſible pretence for perſonating Mr. *Churchill*, which is, that he, as well as the *medical* gentleman is a dealer in *plaiſters*—for ſtucco work!

Such gentlemen of the *royal band*, who are Electors of Weſtminſter, have to a man been taught who it is that *pays the piper*, and the *firſt fiddle* has been the *leader* of their *votes!* Many of them in the beginning attempted to indulge in an *ad libitum*, but as this was likely to produce *diſcord* in the *overture*, they were told that all *pauſes* gave offence;—they *prudently* availed themſelves of the hint, and have ſince voted altogether in *allegro time!*

The diſmiſſion of Mr. *Whitehead*, the Yeoman of the Guards, from his office, for voting in ſupport of Mr. *Fox*, exhibits a ſad reverſe of the *auſpicious* fate of his *Laureat*

nameſake! he, in his *ſacrifices* to the *ſolar God*, experiences all the bleſſings of *ſunſhine!* but the firſt mentioned gentleman, un-ſchooled in the page of *fiction*, voted according to the dictates of conſcience and an independent mind, and erred in being *honeſt*.

April 27.] The propitious moment, which we have long preſaged, and of the certainty of which we never entertained a doubt, is at laſt, this day, happily arrived, and Mr. Fox has obtained that ſuperiority upon the poll for Weſtminſter which he would long ſince have obtained, if the moſt deſperate and unconſtitutional expedients had not been exerted againſt him, that were ever adopted upon any ſimilar occaſion. The triumph upon this occaſion is not more complete, on account of the victory obtained over every exerciſe of every influence, that is at once corrupt and unconſtitutional; but as it contains an evidence the moſt deciſive and incontrovertible, that the popular deluſion of the moment is now rapidly on the decline, and that the people are proceeding faſt to the recovery of that good ſenſe and generous regard for the true conſtitution of the country, which is their general characteriſtic, but of which they had evidently undergone a momentary derilection, and of courſe, that the triumph of prerogative is likely to be as brief in its duration, as it was baſe and underhand in the mode of obtaining it. If this temporary deception begins to wear off in Weſtminſter, in the immediate ſcene of political action, where the nature of a ſtateſman's conduct is ſubject to the moſt thorough inveſtigation, and the motives of it beſt underſtood, it ſurely affords a fair and reaſonable opportunity for this interference, that the more the general body of the people underſtand the public principles and conduct of Mr. Fox, the more they will reſpect them; and that nothing is wanting but a little time to reſtore him once more to that univerſal eſteem which he has ſo long held with his countrymen, and which the undeviating conſiſtency of his principles, the deciſive ſuperiority of his talents, and the length of his political experience ſo eminently entitle him to.

Upon the cloſe of this day's poll, the numbers ſtood,

Lord Hood — — —	6468
Right Hon. C. J. Fox — —	5827
Sir Cecil Wray — —	5806
Majority for Mr. Fox on the whole Poll -	TWENTY-ONE.
Majority on this day's Poll — —	FORTY-EIGHT.

April 27]. This day upwards of eight hundred Electors in the intereſt of Mr. Fox dined together at the Free Maſon's Tavern, Mr. Fox in the chair: after the glorious triumph of the day, it were needleſs to add that this meeting preſented an uninterrupted ſcene of convivial mirth. Various patriotic toaſts were drank—among which were, "the Ducheſſes of *Devonſhire* and *Portland*, and the other fair ſupporters of the whig "cauſe." Captain Morris entertained the company with his much admired political ſong, "The *Baby* and *Nurſe*."—Mr. Banniſter, with "Give me Death or *Liberty*, &c." after which, the company broke up about ſeven o'clock, in order to reſume their canvaſs with freſh vigour.

It muſt be acknowledged that Mr. Churchill's retreat to Bath was not ill timed; he did not chuſe to be an eye-witneſs to the late defeat and complete overthrow of the cauſe he has eſpouſed, and which his vanity had prompted him to think would prove ſucceſsful through his exertions, becauſe, upon a former occaſion, he had the honour of being Chairman of Mr. Fox's Committee, when the ſpirit of the independent Electors firſt triumphed over their opponents in Weſtminſter. Like the Fly upon the Chariot-wheel, he fooliſhly conceived that he had raiſed that cloud of duſt which firſt overwhelmed and ſtifled the influence of the Court in this city, and which he has now in vain endeavoured to revive, by deſerting his former principles, and meanly enliſting under the banner of miniſterial corruption.

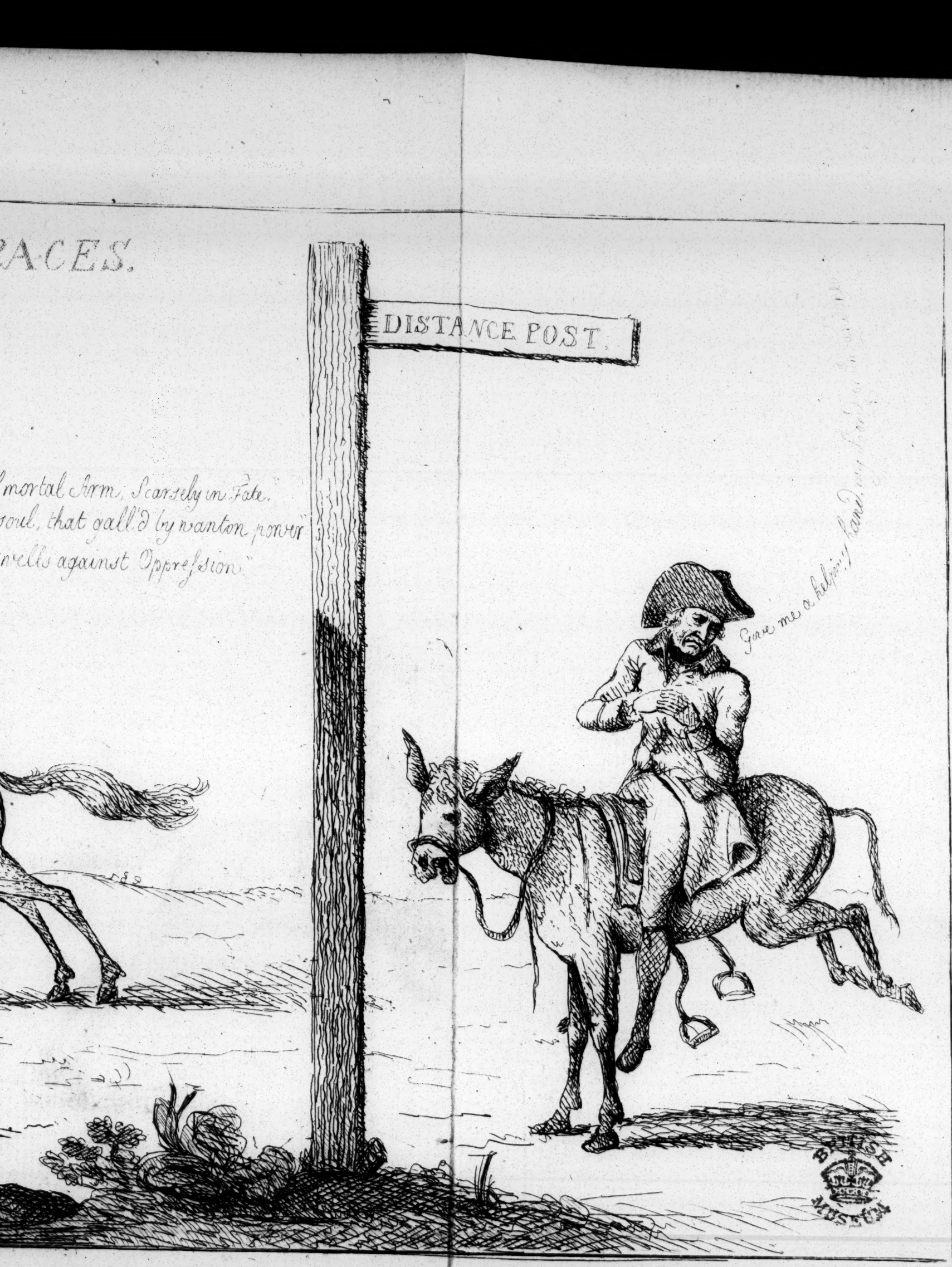
WESTMINSTER RACE

A Poltical Heat, run in Covent Garden, betwixt C

Filly, the Property of the Duke of D_____e, and Judas an Obstinate Ass who w

RACES.

mortal Form, Scarcely in Fate.
soul, that gall'd by wanton power
revells against Oppression."



even Old Veteran a famous Horse the Property of his M....y, Dutchess a

who was clearly distanced.

It is remarkable, that ſince the Court Candidates took the imprudent meaſure of bringing the pariſh books to the Huſtings, Mr. Fox has had a majority upon every day's poll, except one, when his opponents had the ſmall advantage of four votes againſt him. This ſhows what hopes of ſucceſs they may reaſonably derive from the ſcrutiny, which they pretend to expect ſo much from.

The licentiouſneſs of the print-ſhops in exhibiting to public view, caricatures of the moſt eminent characters of the country, has long given much ſcandal to the laws of decency and propriety, but the exceſs to which they have carried it in the courſe of the preſent Election, by the exhibition of prints of the amiable and moſt diſtinguiſhed female character, has drawn upon them the indignation of the public, in ſo much, that the windows of ſeveral ſhops have been broken within theſe few days, in conſequence of it. It is to be hoped that this admonition will make the proprietors of theſe ſhops, in future, more cautious how they preſume to inſult the feelings of the public, and teach them to pay more regard to female delicacy, than has been of late uſual with them.

Mr. Fox has already received the ſuffrages of 5827 Electors of Weſtminſter, moſt of whom have honoured him with *ſingle* votes :—will the tools of the Court audaciouſly tell us any more, " that he has loſt the *confidence of the Electors*, and that he is no longer the *Man of the People?*"

As ſoon as Mr. Fox was declared a head of Sir Cecil Wray on the Poll, the *patriotic beauties* at Mr. Jennings's, in Henrietta ſtreet, ratified the triumph of independence by a general diſplay of *laurel branches!*

Lord Hood's canvaſſers for the laſt three days have gone about preſſing Electors to vote for *Fox* and *Wray*; " and thus diſpleaſe the friends of neither party;" but the deſign was too early diſcovered, and generally expoſed, for the Court to derive much aid from ſo deſpicable a manœuvre!

Yeſterday the *recruiting party* of the Court brought up Mr. Croſs, the *deaf and dumb* miniature painter to give his ſuffrage for Sir Cecil Wray; the unfortunate Gentleman, however, being unable to anſwer any but *private ſignals* made by his own brother, was, after ſome difficulty adjudged not qualified to vote in ſupport even of *ſecret influence!*

The friends of Freedom and the Conſtitution muſt not relax in their exertions, becauſe the *Man of their Choice* has gained the majority over his opponent: they are bound in juſtice to the cauſe, rather to redouble their zeal in his ſupport, and thus raiſe him ſo high, that the powerful machinations of his combined enemies can no more reach him!

Lord *Mahon* retired from the Huſtings yeſterday, in woeful dudgeon! Unluckily a maid-ſervant, with a wet mop in her hand, obſerved him making his eſcape; and watching her opportunity, ſhe trundled her dripping weapon ſo very dexterouſly, as to moiſten the Peer of the rueful countenance, moſt profuſely!—" *His Lordſhip's face was* " *like an April morn, clad in a ſhower of ſuds!*"—The poor Peer ſtalked off, with a " muttered curſe, " *quite chop-fallen!*

The joy expreſſed yeſterday by the populace in Covent Garden, upon the declaration of the majority in favour of Mr. Fox, ſufficiently ſhows that he is ſtill, as the uniformity of his conduct entitles him to be, the darling of the people. It is to be lamented that their zeal hurried them into ſome exceſſes, ſuch as breaking the windows of ſeveral ſhops where prints and caricatures are exhibited, endeavouring to ridicule the cauſe in which the Independent Electors of Weſtminſter feel themſelves ſo deeply intereſted. It is however not to be wondered at, that the people ſhould not tamely ſubmit

mit to ſuch daily inſults as are offered to their feelings by theſe indecent and ſcandalous exhibitions.

ANTICIPATION.

The Ducheſs of D. with the whole *Whig* intereſt of females, appears in battle array at the Theatre, Drury-lane, to ſupport the tragedy of Cato——their ſtation on the Prince's ſide——cockades orange and blue——patches on the right cheek.

The Ducheſs of R. with the whole *Tory* intereſt of females, appears in battle array at the Theatre, Drury-lane, to oppoſe the tragedy of Cato——their ſtation on the *King*'s ſide——cockades pink and white——patches on the left cheek.

Each party brings into the field large quantities of ammunition, ſuch as powder, eſſence, rouge, &c.

The Ducheſs of D. lets fly a volley of arrows from her eyes; down fall the Tories in the Pit.

The *Tories* in the Pit recover; they venture to advance; the Ducheſs of D. opens her breaſt-work; the Tories ſtand; they fall; Ducheſs of D. looks up to the *Whig* gods in the upper region; the Whig gods thunder their approbation.

The Ducheſs of R. lets fly a volley of arrows from her eyes; down fall the *Whigs* in the Pit.

The *Whigs* in the Pit recover; they venture to advance; the Ducheſs of R. opens her breaſt-work; the Whigs ſtand; they fall; the Ducheſs of R. looks up to the Tory gods in the upper regions; the Tory gods thunder their approbation.

The battle rages; lightning and thunder; thunder and lightning.

Lightning flaſhes from the eyes of the Ducheſs of D.—Whig lightning; true blue.

Lightning flaſhes from the eyes of the Ducheſs of R.—Tory lightning; deep red.

The curtain riſes; Cato appears; the principles of liberty appear in all the elegant ornaments that Addiſon's genius could cull—

——*A day, an hour, of virtuous liberty,*
Is worth a whole eternity of bondage.

The ſentiment, like an electrical ſhock, flies to the very heart of the hearers; party ſubſides, and every Briton applauds.

His *ſporting* Grace of *Queenſberry*, it is conjectured, will loſe no leſs a ſum than 10,000l. in *long odds*, which he betted ſome time ſince againſt Mr. Fox's Election.

It is now with pleaſure we inform the ſons of freedom and independence, that the following places have exhauſted all their ſtores of corruption in ſupport of Sir Cecil Wray, and *Secret Influence*; viz. *St. James's, Buckingham Houſe, Treaſury, Admiralty, Navy Office, Eaſt India Houſe, Bank, South Sea Houſe, Horſe Guards*, &c. &c. &c. &c.

April 29.] Yeſterday overtures were repeatedly made by the deſponding partizans of Sir Cecil Wray to cloſe the poll, which however were as often rejected by the friends of Mr. Fox.

About nine o'clock yeſterday morning the tail of the Lion on the top of Northumberland Houſe fell down into the ſtreet, juſt as Sir Cecil Wray was paſſing by on his return from a voteleſs canvaſs: the ſuperſtitious obſervers of this ſtrange accident gave it an ominous interpretation, predicting thereby the electioneering downfal of the *Judaic Baronet*, and his patron, old *Hurlo Thrumbo!*

The Committee at Wood's Hotel, for conducting Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray's Election, have ſent no leſs than three expreſſes to Bath, to entreat Mr. C——l, their Chairman, to return to London; but the unproſperous ſtate of their cauſe, and the bad

accounts

accounts he has received from Weſtminſter ſince his reſidence at Bath, have ſo much counteracted the waters, that his health, it ſeems, will not permit him to comply with their preſſing and reiterated ſolicitations.

The D—— of D——— continues to pay a juſt compliment to thoſe perſons whoſe good opinion ought to have any weight, for ſhe is determined not to abandon Mr. Fox, until he is declared unworthy of ſupport by the virtuous, or until he gives up the cauſe of the public.

The queſtion is not with whom Mr. Fox votes, but the queſtion is, has Mr. Fox given up his public opinions, or abandoned his friends; if he has not, and if he can perſuade men with whom he once differed on *public meaſures* to concur with him in acting for the national good, we muſt be of opinion that he has with effect preached the goſpel of patriotiſm, and therefore that he deſerves to continue in high favour with the Weſtminſter Electors.

Extract of a letter from Bridgewater, Somerſet, April 24.

"This day the Honourable Charles James Fox was preſented by the Mayor, Al-
"dermen, and capital Burgeſſes, with the freedom of this borough, and therewith
"choſen Recorder for the ſame, in the room of Vere Poulett, brother to Ann Poulett,
"Member for the ſaid borough, &c. &c."

Notwithſtanding all the idle ribaldry with which the prints and print-ſhops abound, at the expence of one of the moſt accompliſhed and perfect female characters of this or any other country; the time is approaching very faſt, when the exertions of this lovely woman in the cauſe of Liberty and the Conſtitution will meet their due reward; when cool and diſpaſſionate reflection ſhall triumph over the prejudices of the day. All men, who think the influence of her Grace contributed to the ſucceſs of Mr. Fox's Election, will incline to the belief and confeſſion, that ſhe redeemed and reſtored the declining honour of the city of Weſtminſter—that ſhe vindicated the independence of the Electors—that ſhe ſaved them from the arbitrary interference of the Court, and afforded an example of political heroiſm, which added a luſtre to the exalted dignity of her ſtation.

The miniſterial prints have been obliged to confeſs, contrary to their inclination, that all the voters for Weſtminſter have been unexceptionable ſince the pariſh books have been brought to the Huſtings; within which time a majority of upwards of *three hundred* has been done away, and poor Sir *Cecil* thrown into the back ground, to mourn his folly at his leiſure!

An Election correſpondent obſerving, with ſome ſurprize, an advertiſement from the Committee at Wood's Hotel, with the name of John Churchill, Chairman, calling upon the unpolled Electors of the city of Weſtminſter to give their immediate ſuffrages in favour of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, of which deſcription they aſſert there are ſtill a ſufficient number to ſecure a majority in favour of thoſe *patriotic Candidates, greater than has appeared during the poll*; he begs leave to recall to the recollection of the public, that when the ſtate of the poll was more favourable to the above mentioned *patriotic candidates*, there appeared an advertiſement from the ſame Committee, complaining of Mr. Fox's protracting the poll, when the number of unpolled Electors was not ſufficient to give him a *poſſibility of ſucceſs*. The ſame advertiſement repeats the determination of the Parochial Committees, to perſevere in ſupporting a ſcrutiny with the utmoſt vigour, but the circumſtance of Mr. Fox's majority having *uniformly increaſed ſince the pariſh books have been brought upon the Huſtings*, does not ſeem to afford them the moſt flattering proſpect of ſucceſs from their adopting ſuch a meaſure. The truth is, that this canting

and

and prevaricating Committee find themſelves completely defeated, and they are catching at every thing to hide their ſhame, and ward off the contempt and ridicule they have incurred even with their own party!

There is no longer that confident talk of a ſcrutiny for Weſtminſter, which prevailed ſo violently a few days ago. There is ſomewhat more of the *piano* in Mr. Churchill's note, and he now ſings to the tune of a petition to the Houſe, complaining of an undue Election. This, if granted, would certainly have a delicious effect, as the whole buſineſs would be to do over again, with this advantage to Mr. Fox, that as the world is coming round to their ſenſes again, his majority would be ten times as great as it is at preſent.

Every Miniſter in this country has experienced a want of popularity before he has been long in office. Even the immortal Chatham himſelf loſt the confidence and opinion of the people ſoon after the war, in which he was ſo truly ſucceſsful, glorious, and triumphant. There is in the firſt place no fixt principle to regulate the judgment of the croud; the multitude does not reflect, it cannot argue, but is eternally carried away by accidental prejudices, and governed by the turbulence of paſſion. Thus the croud, which once idolized Mr. Fox, has ſince deſerted him; idolized him for the very principles that have been ſince condemned in practice; idolized him for his zeal, for the conſtitutional privileges of the ſubject—thoſe very privileges which the peopeople have ſo lately been ſolicitous to betray. If, however, Mr. Fox loſt his popularity in the hour of enthuſiaſm, he is now gradually recovering it from all quarters.—The thunders of execration are ſunk into the ſober debates of reaſon, which bid fair to be ſhortly ſucceeded by that ſtill ſmall voice of public eſteem, which ariſes from the conviction of public error.

The many ill-natured, illiberal, and ſcandalous inſiuations that have been thrown out againſt the Ducheſs of D———e, on her friendly and ſpirited behaviour during the Election for Weſtminſter, rather indeed deſerve contempt than ſerious refutation. Had the authors reflected on her conduct, as eſpouſing a different cauſe, it might have been pardonable; but from thence to inſinuate a want of virtue and modeſty, which are confined to no party, betrays a littleneſs of mind and ideas as contracted as the narrow ſphere of life in which they move. Her exertions to ſerve Mr. Fox have, it ſeems, provoked a poetaſter in the newſpapers to lament the degeneracy of female virtue and modeſty; yet is he ſo ignorant of the human heart, as not to be able to judge wherein they conſiſt. He ſets out upon the moſt abſurd principles; that is, he imagines that virtue and modeſty are only to be found among the *great*, or elſe he could not condemn her as loſt to thoſe virtues, only becauſe ſhe viſits the *poor*. With regard to her permitting a kiſs from a *butcher*, it is much more likely to be falſe than true, and conſidering her, as ſhe really is, a woman of character, there is no doubt but that ſhe knows how to behave as ſuch, and to repel any improper liberty that may be offered; however, our correſpondent will for the preſent ſuppoſe it were true; to what then does the crime amount? If ſhe gained a vote for her friend by a kiſs, it was not more criminal than granting a kiſs to a man of quality for no other reaſon than his being introduced; perhaps there is leſs guile in the heart of a butcher than in a man of quality; yet ſhe is accuſed of treſpaſſing on the rules of modeſty in one inſtance, which would not have been thought ſo in the other. "She likewiſe deſcends below her *dig-*
"*nity.*" What is the dignity of title? Not pride, which is ſometimes the definition of it, a thing that has never been claſſed in the liſt of virtues, and therefore can have no real merit, but humility, which is the true dignity of a virtuous, benevolent, rational creature, and is a much higher title than Ducheſs of D———. Humility in the poor may be neceſſary; but in the opulent it is the ſweeteſt virtue, and ſhews that they

they have a ſoul as great as their rank and fortune. A little mind and a great fortune, though they ſo often meet, yet are improper companions: the great, inſtead of thinking themſelves a ſuperior race of beings, entitled to the homage and obedience of their inferiors, ſhould practice the virtues of humility, more particularly, as the weight of their obligations to providence is far greater than others who have not had ſo many favours beſtowed on them. Ladies of quality are in general a ſet of inſipid, uſeleſs beings, and the world is ſurprized to find *one* riſing above their indolence and pride, and exerting herſelf to the utmoſt in what ſhe thinks right: a luke-warm friend is worth nothing *. It matters not whether ſhe is the friend of Fox, of Pitt, or the Man in the Moon: the principle from which ſhe acts, deſerves the higheſt praiſe; ſhe no doubt thinks it the cauſe of liberty and public good, the beſt incentives to a virtuous mind, and like the wife and mother of Coriolanus, exerts her utmoſt endeavours to ſave a ſinking ſtate. What contamination is there in the abode of a poor tradeſman merely becauſe he is poor? The Ducheſs has too much good ſenſe to affect the ſtudied character of a prude, and from her innocence and good-humour, may not perhaps reſent trifling things, while thoſe of another deſcription might condemn; but our correſpondent is certain ſhe would never admit of any familiarities that unaffected modeſty could diſapprove. Dean Swift, in ridicule of an *over-nice* perſon obſerves, "That an over-nice man is a man of naſty "ideas;" even virtue, when carried to exceſs, becomes criminal, folly and vice are in extremes; good ſenſe and virtue is the true medium.

The Weſtminſter Election, ſuppoſing it to be terminated as it ſtands at preſent, has been much farther carried than in the conteſt between Trentham and Vandeput—That the moſt memorable of any on record in Weſtminſter, obviouſly was much leſs remarkable than that now carrying on, having laſted but 17 days, and being terminated with not many more than 9000 voters on the poll.

Lord Hood is placed over the door in the great room at the *Academy*: and Lord Rodney, the *real* hero of the 12*th of April*, has a *ſecondary* ſituation in the anti-room!

Yeſterday afternoon a party of gentlemen waited upon the proprietors of the ſeveral print ſhops in the Strand, and remonſtrated with them upon the impropriety of expoſing in their windows the ſeveral ſhameful and indecent prints on the moſt amiable of female characters: the ſhopkeepers admitted the groſsneſs of ſuch an exhibition, and very handſomely promiſed to prevent it in future: an example, no doubt, that will immediately be followed by all the reſpectable part of their profeſſion; and ſhould any other printſeller after this be daring enough to continue a diſplay of thoſe wretched caricatures, there is little doubt but he will be convinced of his error by a more *ſpeedy* and *exemplary* puniſhment than the law of the land may afford.

It was the current report of yeſterday, that Lord Hood was about to be appointed to the immediate command of the Britiſh ſquadron in the Eaſt-Indies, with an Engliſh peerage:—the idea was to ſecure thereby Sir Cecil Wray's ſeat for Weſtminſter; but the Attorney General has informed Mr. Pitt, that the Returning Officer muſt return Lord Hood, notwithſtanding any creation of nobility, if he continues at the head of the poll.

The dejected Committee of Sir Cecil Wray talk of a ſcrutiny, merely to preſerve appearances with each other; a kind of *pledge* is thrown out in the prints, that a Scrutiny ſhall be inſtituted as a ray of hope to the few *reluctant ſtragglers* that may yet be dragged forth by *ſecret influence* in ſupport of their loſt cauſe: to carry on this farce,

* "A friend is worth all hazard we can run;
"Poor is the *friendleſs* maſter of a world;
"A world in purchaſe for a friend is gain."

a ſubſcription was propoſed after Thurſday's dinner at Wood's Hotel, when the capital ſums of *twice twenty pounds* were ſubſcribed *on paper* in the courſe of the evening to carry on this *trifling concern*; the liſt was handed to Lord *Pompey*, who, with more good ſenſe than uſually appertains to him, ſaid, he was not quite ſo rank an *Hibernian* as to contribute towards a ſcrutiny, that might probably invalidate the ſuffrage he himſelf had given! and here the matter reſts!

The half-finiſhed ſcrutiny carried on by Sir George Vandeput againſt Lord Trentham, the preſent Earl Gower, coſt the latter 22,000l.—his Lordſhip's majority was 158, after about ſix or ſeven hundred votes were ſtruck off on each ſide. The preſent Lord Camden and the late Baron Perrot were Lord Trentham's counſel.

The faſhionable toaſt of the day is—*laurel branches* to the independent Electors of Weſtminſter, and *laurel water* to the enemies of the conſtitution!

Among the numerous *patriotic* toaſts drank at *Sir Cecil's* laſt dinner, what could have been more *congenial* than theſe two, which immediately ſucceeded each other, viz.

The Independence of the City of Weſtminſter!

The Dukes of Northumberland and Newcaſtle!

—had poor Jack *Churchill*'s health permitted his remaining in town, this glaring contradiction had at leaſt been avoided.

It is curious to obſerve, that the firſt toaſt related to have been given by the *Vice Churchill* at Wood's, at the late miſerable dinner, was *Woman!*—Theſe gentry are ſenſible of the very general *ſuſpicion* which *certain* of their principals labour under, and are rather indiſcreetly zealous to do away the imputation.

A correſpondent obſerves, that the toaſts of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray's friends at Wood's Hotel, were happily ſelected, and did great credit to the loyalty, gallantry, taſte, and ingenuity of the company; he obſerves that they were fifteen in number, and cannot but regret that ſo numerous and ſo convivial a meeting had not the effect of producing an equal number of votes in favour of Sir Cecil, who unfortunately had only twelve votes on the poll of yeſterday.

MASQUERADE INTELLIGENCE.

April 30.] The maſquerade at the Opera Houſe laſt night, conſidering the engagements which the buſtle of electioneering muſt have laid on the inhabitants of the metropolis, was numerous and gay; a company of about 800 were aſſembled by two o'clock. Among theſe, were many gentlemen of the gay world, ſome few women of faſhion; but the nymphs in the train of *Venus* conſtituted the *majority* of the night.—Among the characters were, a *Fortune Teller*, who boaſted, by an advertiſement, that ſhe had poſſeſſion of a *retroſpective mirror*, by which

" The Peer might ſee when he loſt his popularity, by ſpreading *ſecret influence!*
" The General his army, by attending to plunder!
" The Admiral his fleet, in *Prize-hunting!*
" The Phyſician his patient, from want of attention!
" The Biſhop his religion, in ſearch of temporalities! And
" The Chancellor his SEALS, by not keeping a WATCH!"

A *Tinker*, who called himſelf *Paddy Mountmorres*, delivered a ſong, containing ſatirical ſtrictures on his *nameſake Peer*.

The *Prince of Wales* viſited the ſcene, but did not continue more than an hour. The *Fox Bruſh* entwined with *laurel* was worn by a third part of the Company; but to extend the licence of punning, the partizans of the *Court Candidates* were *hood*-winked, and did not beam forth a *ray* all night!

Lord

Lord *Pompey's printed* ſpeech, *ſuppoſed* to have been ſpoken to the deſponding Committee at Wood's Hotel, points out, in the midſt of all its *flowerifications*, one plain and indiſputable fact, viz. that the game of *ſecret influence* is over in Weſtminſter.

Sir Cecil Wray was heard to exclaim on Saturday in a voice of deſpondence, that the *triumphal laurel*, which the friends of Mr. Fox wore, was *poiſon* to him without *diſtillation!*

An *Hibernian Peer*, who is ever fond of ſliding his ſpare carcaſe into every ſituation of tumult and confuſion, ought to be aware leſt the indignation of an incenſed multitude, ſhould lead them on ſome occaſion to forget his Lordſhip's right of *privilege*, and treat him only as if he were any other incendiary, without the protection of any ariſtocratic character whatever.

May 3.] Many falſe reports relative to the riot which happened before Wood's on Saturday night, having been induſtriouſly circulated, we are glad to have it in our power, in conſequence of authentic information on the ſubject, to give the public a true and impartial ſtate of the whole of that tranſaction, as it appeared in evidence before Sir Sampſon Wright yeſterday morning, when the men ſeized by the military were examined. It was aſcertained by the concurring teſtimony of many Gentlemen unconnected with either party, that the beginning of the tumult was an unprovoked attack on a party of marrow-bones and cleavers, who, in paſſing by Wood's, were aſſaulted by ſome ſailors for having Fox's colours in their hats. A ſcuffle enſued, in which the butchers were overpowered by numbers, and purſued a-croſs the Garden, where they rallied upon being joined by a party of chairmen, and the aggreſſors were ſoon driven back to Wood's.—Here a ſerious conflict enſued; a body of ruffians iſſuing from the Hotel, armed with cutlaſſes and piſtols; they were driven back, and the doors of the Hotel were cloſed, but glaſs bottles being thrown at the populace from the windows, and ſeveral ſhot fired, by which two men were dangerouſly wounded, the party attacked grew outrageous, and aſſaulted the houſe, breaking the lamps and windows. The arrival of Sir Sampſon Wright, with a large body of ſoldiers, prevented further extremities; and informations being taken by him that ſome of the aſſailants had retired to a neighbouring houſe, a party of the guards was detached to ſeize them there, and ſix were accordingly taken without further charge or evidence. Thoſe were the perſons produced yeſterday at the office in Bow-ſtreet, and it ſeemed the object of thoſe who attended on the part of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, to have had theſe men committed to Newgate on the capital charge of an attempt to *pull down Wood's Hotel*. Happily, however, this ridiculous, though moſt malicious intention, was defeated by the ſpirited interference of ſome Gentlemen of Mr. Fox's Committee who attended the examination, and by the very candid and conſiderate conduct of Sir Sampſon Wright, who ſeeing clearly that the party at Wood's were the aggreſſors in the buſineſs, ſtrongly recommended it to both ſides to give up vindictive proſecutions; the men in cuſtody were accordingly diſcharged, and the buſineſs ended with Mr. Wood's receiving a very ſerious and ſenſible admonition from the Bench, to diſcourage in future the ill conduct of his waiters and others ſurrounding his doors, and to imitate the decency and decorum which Sir Sampſon declared he had himſelf obſerved to be maintained at the Shakeſpeare. Lord Mountmorres and ſome other Gentlemen of the Court party attended, but finding their cauſe not to be ſupported in this affair, they very becomingly acquieſced in the determination of the Bench. The report of any lives being loſt is without foundation, though many on both ſides were badly wounded.

We are informed, from undoubted authority, that the Noblemen, Gentlemen, and Ladies, in the intereſt of Mr. Fox, have appointed a Committee to enquire into the caſes of ſuch tradeſmen as have ſuffered from the oppreſſion of the Court party, many of

whom have been formaly acquainted, that in conſequence of their having voted in the preſent Election contrary to the wiſhes of their employers, they are in future to be deprived of their cuſtom. This Committee is to prepare a liſt of ſuch perſons for the Noblemen, Gentlemen, and Ladies abovementioned, who have entered into a moſt laudable aſſociation to employ thoſe only, in their ſeveral trades, in lieu of ſuch as have baſely betrayed their country, by ſacrificing their franchiſes to the undue influence of the Court, or of thoſe who have not dared manfully to ſtand forth at the riſque of their intereſt, and have endeavoured to ſcreen themſelves from all danger by a pitiful neutrality.

The Weſtminſter magiſtrates pay cloſe attention to the examination and commitment of ſuch rioters as are brought before them. That juſtice and humanity would have been more conſpicuous and meritorious, had they taken proper precautions to have prevented breaches of the peace, than in the previous permiſſion, and ſubſequent quarrels.

The following incident occurred at Covent Garden Theatre, on Wedneſday evening. A young fellow, of genteel aſpect, and poſſeſſing a good-humoured countenance, expreſſive of hilarity, and an honeſt heart, reeled, ſmiling, into the bottom boxes, "hot "with the Tuſcan grape, and high in blood."

A Gentleman appearing with one of Mr. Fox's favours in his hat, the diſciple of Bacchus vociferated, *Fox for ever.*

A phlegmatic politician, in an oppoſite intereſt, immediately took up the matter gravely.

"Sir, do you conſider the place you are in?" ſays the grave man.

"*Fox for ever!*" exclaimed the Buck.

"Sir, the audience muſt not be diſturbed," ſays the grave man.

Fox for ever! exclaimed the Buck.

"Sir, you are intoxicated," ſays the grave man.

"*Fox for ever!*" exclaimed the Buck.

The choler of the grave man began to riſe.

"D—n me," ſays the grave man, "but I wiſh you were in Calais."

"I am *half-ſeas-over* already," anſwered the Buck.

The grave man roſe with all the dignity of a certain Senator when he ſpies a Peer——.

Sir," ſays the grave man, "you have offended the Ladies and Gentlemen round me, and I inſiſt on your aſking pardon.

"Ladies and Gentleman round me," ſays the Buck, with a bright effuſion of good humour emaning from his eyes; if I have offended you, I aſk pardon,; but as for this vinegar-faced curmudgeon," looking at the grave man with ineffable contempt, "remember, I make no apology to him; ſo Fox for ever! And let me ſee if he will follow me out." *Exit* BUCK.

MANET, *the grave Man.*

"To fight, or not to fight—that is the queſtion,
"Whether 'tis better in the mind to ſuffer,
"The ſcoffs and laughs of a ſurrounding crowd,
"Smiling contempt, the fair one's turn'd up noſe,
"Or by retiring to the lobby box, be
"Sore affronted —— ——
"Ay, there's the rub—So I'll
"Stay where I am. [*The grave man ſits.*]

The

The Electors of Weſtminſter have proceeded, in the preſent conteſt, on a very plain and ſenſible principle; they think that one of their Repreſentatives, at leaſt, ſhould know how to ſpeak in the Houſe, and as they know from experience, that poor Sir C. has few ideas, and fewer words, they don't think that L—d H—d will do for them, with ſo dumb a colleague. They don't expect L—d H——d to ſpeak, but they know he's a brave fellow, therefore they wiſh to return one good *dumb*, and one good ſpeaker—two *dumbies* would not do for them—but with one clever fellow, they can manage pretty tolerably.

No character is more miſtaken than that of Sir C. W. Sir C. never wiſhed to be in Parliament. His mind, like his countenance, is mild and tranquil. Forced into the maddening tumult of politics, he has long ſighed for thoſe intellectual joys, which he has now the happy proſpect of ſoon retrieving. Sir C. has a pleaſant turn for writing, and, at one time, was thought to have contributed pretty largely to the gentleman's magazine. Hence, while the enemies of this worthy Baronet are triumphing at his defeat in Weſtminſter, his real friends enjoy a much more ſolid ſatisfaction in his return to lettered indolence and philoſophic eaſe.

Paddy Pompey may thank the buſtle of the times for a ſnug eſcape from ridicule. In the ſame breath that he aſſures the Electors, Mr. Fox had polled eleven hundred more votes than could poſſibly exiſt; he adds, there are voters enough left to out-number him with eaſe. O! Paddy Pompey! what would become of thee, if the Iriſh Peers ſhould extend the *Strangford* penalties againſt bribery, to the miſerable abſurdities of their travelling bull-makers.

From the pains taken to perſuade the public that Mr. Ch——ll is in London, one would ſuppoſe that he is a perſon of very conſiderable intereſt in Weſtminſter; but the ſtate of the poll for ſome days paſt in the pariſhes of St. John's and St. Margaret's, where his intereſt is ſuppoſed to be moſt prevalent, does not ſeem to indicate this gentleman's preſence or abſence to be a matter of ſuch importance as to engage the attention of either party.

Yeſterday a ſoldier offered to vote for Sir C. W. declaring that he paid 5l. a year for his houſe; unfortunately he named a ſtreet where it was known there could be no houſe let at ſo low a rent, and conſequently two perſons (one of each party) were ſent to aſcertain the truth of his aſſertion; but no ſooner was this reſpectable Elector out of reach of the Huſtings, than he ſet off as hard as he could lay legs to the ground, and never was heard of more; yet Sir C. W. and the parochial Committees, who ſupport him ſo handſomely, place all their reliance upon a ſcrutiny.

May 4.] To ſo deplorable a ſituation is the cauſe of the *Court Candidates* reduced, that they have even given up *advertiſing!* the daily papers were yeſterday favoured with none of the elegant performances from *Wood's Committee!* No pathetic complaints from *John Churchill*, of the *wicked arts* made uſe of by Mr. Fox's friends! No encouraging exhortations to the unpolled *independent* Electors to come forward and ſupport thoſe ſweepers of the Back Stairs, Lord H—d and Sir C—l Wr—y! What quite chop fallen! Poor Jack Churchill! Why you might as well have followed your firſt purpoſe, and have been Candidate yourſelf?—even that could not have made you cut a more ridiculous figure.

A gentleman in the intereſt of Mr. Fox offered yeſterday, on the Huſtings, to give two of Sir Cecil's *Committee* a fair opportunity of increaſing their *ſcrutineering ſubſcription*, by giving them two hundred, to bet a thouſand guineas that a ſcrutiny was inſtituted, and carried thro' by the unſucceſsful Candidate;—this offer, however, was very prudently declined.

Thoſe

Thoſe who are moſt intimate with Sir Cecil Wray heartily rejoice at the proſpect of his being ſpeedily releaſed from a ſcene of buſtle and confuſion that is ill ſuited to his calm and philoſophic mind. Sir Cecil is an excellent ſcholar, fond of reading, particularly the claſſics, and has been often heard to lament his ever having come into Parliament. What a happineſs for ſuch a character, to retire to his literary purſuits, and the tranquil enjoyment of a well choſen library!—*O, fortunati nimium, ſua ſi bona norint, Agricolæ!*

Lord Mountmorres, like Colonel Flood, is an *Iriſh* orator. At the grand dinner of the Court Candidates he made a ſpeech, in which he ſtated, that 9000 was the utmoſt number of voters in the city of Weſtminſter, although 11,000 had now polled, 2000 more therefore had voted than could actually exiſt. What was the concluſion? That there were ſtill *enough left* to carry Sir Cecil Wray's Election.

A ſubſcription is to be opened for a ſcrutiny. We remember that the *Firm and Free*, with John Churchill at their head, opened a ſubſcription for a moſt benevolent purpoſe—to reward the ſervices of the brave men who had ſo glorioufly defended the rock of Gibraltar. They advertiſed it. They boaſted they would procure 20,000l. in a fortnight. That ſubſcription was open a month, and the whole ſum in the hands of all the bankers was *twenty guineas*. It was like Sir James Lowther's *man of war!*

A friend to the genuine honour of the Britiſh navy, laments the ignominious ſervice that the once gallant Hood has ſtooped to undertake.—The little low arts of prerogative policy, the menacing, or the cajolling votes for a Court Candidate, may do very well for a Clerk of the King's Kitchen, but it is utterly unworthy a brave and generous character. When Lord Hood firſt canvaſſed for himſelf alone, he was received with every mark of reſpect; but from the moment he became an agent for royal reſentment, his popularity declined. The people of Weſtminſter deſpiſed the artifices that have been uſed by the Court in the preſent conteſt; and every day's experience muſt convince Lord Hood that he deſcends from his profeſſional character, when he aſſiſts the unworthy caprices of any man breathing. While he acted up to his character, who would have dared to receive him with the marks of infamy and contempt that are now evident upon every occaſion? A fooliſh, ſwaggering ignorance may reject this hint, but calm reflection will admit its force, and be guided by it.

Sunday evening the Gardens at Bagnigge Wells exhibited a ſtrange ſcene of riot and confuſion. How the affair began is not eaſy to be determined, but at the ſame moment ſeveral hundreds of Stentorian lungs vociferated the cry of "Hood and Wray," and theſe were anſwered by the exclamation of "Fox for ever!" Intoxicated with liquor and politics, thoſe who were for Hood and Wray boxed with their oppoſites in politics, and many on both ſides were knocked down with the canes and ſticks of their adverſaries. So ſudden a diſarrangement of the tea table apparatus was perhaps never before ſeen, and innumerable fragments of China ſhone in every walk, and ſerved to give iſſue to the inflamed blood of the fallen and ſprawling heroes. Though peace officers were ſent for, the tumult was not appeaſed for near two hours and a half. Three men, who had been active in fomenting the diſturbance, were taken into cuſtody, but were ſoon reſcued.

The Weſtminſter Addreſs is now with the King's Taylor, for the purpoſe of *meaſuring* all thoſe who ſigned it, for new ſuits of mourning on the preſent melancholy occaſion.

It is a *trait* in politics not quite unworthy of notice, that *faithful Jack Robinſon* was, at the late Brentford Election, the moſt active partizan for *Jack Wilkes*.

The,

The Orcheſtra Band at both Theatres have a fine idle time of it between the acts, as the mob in the gallery now ſupply the muſic of *Bach*, *Abel*, and *Corelli*, with the vocal vociferations of *Fox*, *Hood*, and *Wray*, with the grand electioneering finales, of "throw him over!" *Da Capo*.

Friday a Quaker, who polled at the Huſtings in Covent Garden, on being aſked the uſual queſtion, "Who do you poll for?" replied, "For the man who calleth himſelf "Lord Hood, and alſo for the man who calleth himſelf Sir Cecil Wray." Another friend ſoon after voted "for the man who is called the Man of the People."

A correſpondent begs to be informed of what conſequence on earth it is to the public, or even to the Election conteſt in Weſtminſter, whether Mr. John Churchill, Apothecary in Parliament-ſtreet, has left town or not? If it was intended as a puff by Mr. Churchill's friends, to inſinuate that his preſence or abſence is of mighty moment in the Election, it is a fooliſh attempt, as it has been fully proved that there are very few of the better ſort of tradeſmen who have ſo little intereſt; and if he has really not left town, and the report was a piece of waggery from the other ſide, it is a very bad jeſt indeed, and upon a very inſignificant ſubject. The fact, however, might be eaſily aſcertained by this chemical quidnunc condeſcending to exhibit his delicate figure for one day on the Huſtings.

The Right Hon. Charles James Fox is choſen repreſentative for the diſtrict of boroughs in the Orkneys. This return is only ſecured to defeat the pitiful deſign of his Court adverſaries, who mean to deprive the ſenate of his unrivalled talents, pending a tedious, though groundleſs ſcrutiny; for Mr. Fox will undoubtedly make his Election for Weſtminſter, by the independent citizens of which he will ſo honourably be ſent to Parliament.

What, in the name of common ſenſe, can the *inanimately* obſtinate Committee of Sir Cecil Wray be about, when every day's attempt to reduce the majority of his popular competitor leaves him at a more contemptible diſtance behind? A ſcrutiny is an ideal ſuccedaneum from which little can be expected, as the power of their *prerogative High Prieſt*, the *High Bailiff* of *Weſtminſter*, ceaſes inevitably the 18th inſtant, the day on which the writ is returnable! The only remaining hope, therefore, reſts on their *mendicant* advertiſment for ſmall ſubſcriptions in ſupport of their expiring cauſe, when no doubt, like moſt other *uninſured ſufferers* who have been *burnt out*, they will receive the elymoſynary contributions of all charitable and well diſpoſed *courtiers!*

A ſtaunch friend to Sir Cecil Wray and his party moſt *gravely* deſires us to ſtate, that on Monday laſt an old woman appeared at the Huſtings, Covent Garden, and inſiſted upon polling for Mr. Fox; upon being told of the impoſſibility of complying with her requeſt, ſhe anſwered, it was very hard that all her *lodgers* ſhould give their votes for Mr. Fox, and the landlady be debarred of that privilege.

Whether the *Committee at Wood's* are aground for want of votes, the public are left to decide, but *individuals* know with much greater certainty, that they are completely at a ſtand for want of money. The poor clerks, who have hitherto gone through the unpopular duty of attending on their ſide, are now diſmiſſed, as alſo are the conſtables in their pay, or rather in their promiſe;—even the expence of advertiſing is found to be more than the ſeedy pockets of the Committee can ſupport! An attempt at a charitable collection has totally failed. The *high-ſpirited* Duke of N———le is deaf on the ſubject, and old N-rth-mb—l—d is as cloſe-fiſted as if his knuckles were barred with chalk-ſtones, while *Judas* himſelf keeps his purſe ſafely locked up in the ſtrong-hold of his own ſmall-beer cellar! Such is the fate of this miſerable beaten bankrupt faction—this wretched coalition of mock-patriots, mock-politicians, and the lick-ſpittles of

of the Court! and the worſt of it is, that after all their dirty drudgery, their taſk-maſters at St. James's revile and inſult them for their failure!

A ſcrutiny is always an unpopular meaſure. It is true that it may ſerve to detect a few improper votes, but it leads to the diſcovery of circumſtances which had better be concealed, and gives uneaſineſs where there is no guilt. It ſhows *the nakedneſs of the land.*

The public are returning to their ſenſes, greatly to the diſappointment of the Back-ſtairs Lords, who thought they had got faſt hold of them all. There is nothing like perſeverance in the cauſe of virtue.

The Biſhop of Oſnaburgh writes conſtantly to the Prince of Wales, and expreſſes his moſt hearty good wiſhes for Mr. Fox and the cauſe of the people. This is a fact known in polite circles to have given ſome offence to a certain Perſon.

When the beſt woman in the world was told of the Ducheſs of Devonſhire's conduct on the Election, by one of the Lords of the Back Stairs, who repreſented her Grace as acting extremely wrong, her Majeſty very emphatically ſaid. "I admire her "ſpirit and her friendſhip, and ſincerely wiſh that there was even half the truth and "worth in the nobility that ſurround the Throne." This ſtruck the Scotch Earl dumb; he twiſted his green ribband, ſneaked down ſtairs again, and was on Tueſday ſeen in the Park taking a melancholy walk in the Mall.

Laſt night the following queſtion was debated at Coach-maker's Hall, viz. "*Is it "conſiſtent for the* FEMALE SEX *to interfere at Elections?*" After many curious ſpeeches *pro* and *con.* of the ſerious, burleſque, and prepoſterous kind, the queſtion was put, and carried in the affirmative, by a deciſive majority. The truly *honourable ſpouters* of the evening very familiarly introduced the names of *Dev——re, Saliſb—y, Arg—le, Hob—t,* &c. &c. as illuſtrative of their ſeveral arguments.

SECRET SERVICE LEDGER.

	£.	
To the Proprietors of the M——g P—t, for defaming the Ducheſs of D———re, —— —— ——	50	
To ditto, by order of Mr. P—, for abuſing the female ſex ——	100	
To Captain B———d, for writing paragraphs to that effect ——	30	
To the Proprietors of the P——c A————r, for the abuſe of the D———ſs — — — —	20	
To ditto, for ſeveral paragraphs againſt women — —	10	
To Captain B———d, for writing the ſame — — —	5	5
To the country newſpapers —— — —	10,000	
To ſeveral evening papers in London — — —	4,000	
To two London morning papers — — —	1,000	
To electioneering expences —— — —	1,000,000	
To ſeveral print-ſhops — — — —	2000	
To Mr. ——, for his indecent engravings —— —	500	
To the weekly allowance to the hundred men kept in pay to inſult the P——e whenever he goes to the play — — —	105	
To Mr. P—'s paragraph puffers — — —	200	
To the porter-houſe brawlers — — —	50	

A ſpecial meſſenger from Downing-ſtreet brings the pleaſing intelligence, that *moral honeſty* is of no conſequence; that *public virtue* is private convenience; that being *in debt* is the very eſſence of independence; and that *knavery* is the moſt becoming quality in nature.

In

In a company, in which the Prince of W——s and Earl Temple happened, ſome time ſince, to meet, the converſation turned on *faſhionable amuſements*. The Prince having mentioned the ſeverity of Mr. Pitt's life, his Lordſhip ſubjoined, "I muſt own, "Sir, the fact is ſo; but in lieu of theſe things, he *knows how to convert a proſperous ſtate into a declining one*."

May 6.] Late yeſterday evening arrived in town from Bath, John C———ll, Eſq. vender of medicines in Parliament-ſtreet, and Chairman of the Committee for conducting the Election of the *prerogative* candidates for Weſtminſter. The foreſight of this Gentleman, ſo peculiarly diſtinguiſhing upon all occaſions, informed him early in the Election, that his friends would certainly fail, which occaſioned ſo rapid a declenſion of every vital faculty, that nothing leſs than the ſpeedy diſſolution of the carcaſe of Mr. C———ll, and the cauſe of Prerogative, could be expected, conſiſtently with that Gentleman's longer continuance on the ſcene of Election. The leaders of the party, during his long abſence, vainly endeavoured to miſlead their deſponding friends, who were not well acquainted with the perſon of Mr. C———ll, by one while placing a fat cadaverous figure in the chair at Wood's, in repreſentation of their woe-worn friend; at another time by a ſimilar exhibition on the Huſtings. Notwithſtanding the moſt palpable detection of theſe *wicked arts*, ſo daring are the adherents of Mr. C———ll at this moment, as to aſſert, that the man *who has been* in the chair at Wood's all along, during the Election, was, and is the identical *Jack C———ll*, who having deſerted his patron, was modeſt and wiſe enough to declare, that when he had turned him out of his ſeat for Weſtminſter, "he would forgive him his offence!"

Poor Jack Churchill!—This man, who but a ſhort time ago had every perſonal qualification for the part of Falſtaff, is now, by rapid diminution, become a ſuitable figure for Shakeſpeare's Apothecary in Romeo and Juliet. His nights are diſmal ſpaces of broken reſt, and frightful dreams. He has been frequently heard to mutter disjointed paſſages of Wolſey's celebrated ſoliloquy; at one time exclaiming,

Vain pomp, and glory of the world, I hate ye!

Then again—

I have ſwam theſe many ſummers on a ſea of glory,
Till at length my high-blown pride broke under me;
And now has left me, weary and old with ſervice,
To the mercy of a rude ſtream, that muſt for ever hide me!

The poor fellow is entitled to ſome pity; *he once was honeſt*; and the ſtings of conſcience for his late offences, which now make ſuch havock with his health, ſufficiently prove, that his heart is not yet enough hardened for the purpoſes of the party he has eſpouſed. Why does not Sir Cecil do ſomething for this veteran invalid in Chelſea Hoſpital?—Perhaps both Sir Cecil Wray and Mr. C———ll are aware, *that the utmoſt profeſſional ſkill of the latter cannot furniſh a medicine adequate to the cure of thoſe vital corroſions, which the practice of* DEEP INGRATITUDE *ſeldom fails to create!*

Towards the cloſe of yeſterday's poll, a *wag* hoiſted a *poor's box*, upon a ſtaff bearing this inſcription;—"*Pray remember Sir Cecil Wray's* SCRUTINY." The effect this exhibition had on the multitude ſurrounding the Huſtings was ludicrous to the laſt degree! The propriety of collecting *alms* for ſo *pious a purpoſe*, by this mode, ſtruck all ranks of people, particularly the friends of Mr. Fox, who very liberally *ſubſcribed* their *halfpence* on the occaſion in ſupport of the *all-glorious cauſe!*

Lady *Margaret F——e*, a few evenings ſince, attacked a Lady of faſhion in the opera coffee-room with a ferocity truly *clanniſh*, and ſnatched from her boſom a *laurel branch*,

exclaiming at the ſame moment, *No Fox!* Has *Secret Influence* ſo entirely ſubdued her Ladyſhip, that decency and good manners is no longer to be attended to?

Mrs. *Hobart* and Lady *Southampton* have lately addreſſed each other in language ſo *plain* and *ſincere*, that it is expected they will not renew the *tete-a-tete* for ſome time. In the above altercation the *titled* Lady reſcued the *plume of feathers* and *Fox's bruſh* from the odium her competitor endeavoured to lay on thoſe *enſigns* of party!

May 7.] Yeſterday afternoon the independent Electors of Weſtminſter dined together at Willis's great room, King-ſtreet, St. James's; the Right Honourable Charles James Fox in the chair. This meeting, like all the preceding ones in the ſame glorious cauſe, was ſpent with the moſt cordial feſtivity. To the ſtanding patriotic toaſts the following were deſervedly added, viz.

1. The Duke of *Bedford*; and may he purſue, through a *long life*, thoſe principles which brought one of his anceſtors to a *glorious death!*
2. The Livery of London.
3. The worthy Electors of Stafford..
4. Mr. *Byng*, and ſucceſs to his ſcrutiny.
5. Mr. Sheriff *Skinner*; and may the city of London never want able, independent, and impartial men to guard their freedom.
6. The Electors of *Kirkwall*; and may the independent Electors of Weſtminſter ſoon give them an opportunity of re-exerciſing their franchiſe in the cauſe of liberty.
7. Lord *North*; and may the perſecution of the Court ever recommend the object of it to the protection of a generous people!
8. The Ducheſſes of Devonſhire and Portland, and all the Ladies in the intereſt of Mr. Fox.

Mr. Fox, in thanking the company for drinking his health, and for coupling his name with the rights of the people, ſaid, that they had ſeen what perſeverance in a good cauſe had produced in Weſtminſter, and he truſted it would animate them, and give the happy preſage of what perſeverance in the cauſe of popular privileges would bring about in the country at large.

The company broke up about eight o'clock, and proceeded, as uſual, on a ſpirited canvaſs through their reſpective diviſions.

The yell of *No Fox—No Coalition—No North*, has died away upon the ſurface of that corrupted river, which gave it exiſtence. Common ſenſe returned from the pure ſpring of reaſon now flows again; and in that limpid ſtream of the Conſtitution, the people begin to taſte their own beverage, the nectar of liberty. Court liquor is *laurel water* to Britiſh freedom.

The Miniſter intends to TAX *Small Beer* in compliment to the ancient Baronet of this new *malt water* title; and all the prerogative Ladies will have double locks to the *Back Stairs*, to prevent this diabetean liquor from making an aſcenſion in cans and cups, and bottles and mugs, to the private committees of the mop-ſqueezing ſiſterhood, at their Saturday night revels, in the ſky bed-chambers of the attic ſtory.

The amiable Ducheſs has retired for ſome Sundays paſt to her ſeat at Chiſwick, to enjoy, in the enchanting ſhades of Burlington, the retroſpect of a well-ſpent week, engaged in the beſt intereſts of her country.

Miniſterial influence has been prevalent in Weſtminſter during the whole of the conteſt, though the firſt mover affects to keep at a diſtance. Letters of denization have likewiſe been granted, to qualify foreigners to vote in oppoſition to the *Man of the People*.

Mr.

Mr. H. Dundas, early on Tueſday morning laſt, polled for Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray.

Mr. Fox's celebrated *Whig toaſt*, reſpecting the illuſtrious Houſe of Bedford, has been moſt indecently and bunglingly perverted; it is ſimply this,—*The Duke of* BED-" FORD; *and may he, through a long life, ſupport that cauſe for which his illuſtrious an-*" *ceſtor died on the ſcaffold!*"

To aſk the friends of ſecret influence a few ſerious queſtions:—In what part of his character does Mr. Fox reſemble Oliver Cromwell? Was Oliver a fluent, elegant, univerſal ſpeaker? No. Was Oliver an open, manly-hearted man? No. Was Oliver a pleaſant, facetious man in temper? No. Was Oliver ſo inſenſible to his own intereſts as to attempt to ſerve the people at the riſque of power, wealth, influence, and every private conſideration? Surely not. In what then does Mr. Fox reſemble a Republican, who is in his heart ſo attached to monarchy, as to deſpiſe every other form of Government? In what does Mr. Fox reſemble a tyrant, whoſe enemies allow him to have generoſity and liberality in the extreme? In what does Mr. Fox reſemble a hypocrite, who is ſo frank, ſo open in his carriage? Or, in what does he deſerve to be compared with a notorious enemy to the Conſtitution of his country, who has paſſed ſo many years in Parliament in defending it upon every occaſion?

Yeſterday afternoon a gentleman, in his paſſage through King's ſtreet, Covent Garden, picked up a paper, of which the following is an exact copy, with this indorſement, " Copy of a Letter to the Duke of N——d."

" My good Lord Duke, *Wood's Hotel, May* 7, 1784.

" Permit me, among all the troubles, vexations, and tumults, of this long conteſted " Election, to thank your Grace for the vaſt ſupport you have afforded me.—It is to be " lamented that your Grace's perſonal influence, ſtrong as it is, has not been more " effectual; for now not the ſlighteſt hope of ſucceſs can remain in the mind of the " moſt ſanguine friend to the cauſe of prerogative; yet I ſhall ever reflect with admira-" tion on your Grace's wiſdom, in the ſingle inſtance of your Grace's yearly admini-" ſtration of alms to ſo many poor inhabitants of Weſtminſter. The policy and fore-" ſight of this ſtep has ſhone to our party with the moſt ſplendid luſtre. Some, we " knew, had received theſe donations from the noble houſe of N——d during a long " ſeries of years. This circumſtance, coupled with the influence which your Grace " immediately exerciſed upon it, we knew would operate as a complete diſqualification; " *yet all this was managed, and we polled* 535 *perſons in this predicament.* Indeed till within " theſe laſt ten days, we polled whom we pleaſed, and what we pleaſed—but, ſad reverſe " of fortune! force could then no longer fetter the inclinations of men; the fire of free-" dom, which we thought had been extinguiſhed, broke forth with redoubled fury; " and though both your Grace and myſelf eſcaped roaſting, we have, at leaſt, been ſe-" verely ſcorched by the flame. We have induſtriouſly held out to the public, that the " majority of bad votes is certainly on the other ſide. How far we have ſucceeded in " making the neceſſary impreſſion, it would be difficult for me to determine; though " this notion, I am convinced is generally enough received by the public, to found in " them a belief of the aſſertion we have made in the newſpapers, *That we ſhall certainly* " *demand, and go through a rigid ſcrutiny.* We have advertiſed, as your Grace has " doubtleſs perceived, the names of banking-houſes, at which ſubſcriptions for carrying " on this ſcrutiny will be thankfully received. This manœuvre was thus kept up to " bring forth any friends that might remain; *but we are now convinced that none do re-*" *main.* We ſhall take the liberty to pocket *the few mites* which have been ſubſcribed, " ſuppoſing reaſonably, that thoſe who had not penetration to diſcover our artifice in " pre-engaging ourſelves to ſcrutinize, will not be more diſcerning as to the pocket in

" which the ſcrutiny caſh will finally ſtick. My notions of your Grace's generous and " dignified way of thinking make me perfectly eaſy upon this ſubject, as far as your " Grace is concerned.

" I have the honour to be, &c. &c."

N. B. It is a ſtanding toaſt at Wood's—The Duke of N———d, and his 535 beggars.

May 10.] It is neceſſary to inform the unpolled Electors of Weſtminſter, in the intereſt of Mr. Fox, that the High Bailiff intends, if poſſible, to cloſe the poll this day, at three o'clock, after which time they will not poſſibly have the power of giving their ſuffrages in ſupport of the *Conſtitutional Guardian* of the *People's Rights*.

A correſpondent is at a loſs to learn, and wiſhes to know, how a ſcrutiny is to be ſupported throughout, that depends on contingencies and the precarious iſſue of ſubſcriptions, and to reconcile a ſpirit becoming Engliſhmen, with the humiliating applications of needy beggars. The knight of the peſtle and mortar, or the prating peer from the banks of the Liffy, are requeſted to explain theſe jarring productions.

A correſpondent obſerves, that at the cloſe of the poll, it is uſual for the Court Candidates to come forward to the front of the Huſtings, and to ſhow their inviolable attachment to the cauſe, to take each other by the hand. They were on Saturday ſo cloſely linked, that, what with the cadaverous countenance of the loſing Candidate, with the multitude of ſpectators gathered around them, it brought to his recollection the melancholy ſpectacle of the unfortunate convicts taking leave of each other at the place of execution.

Kirkwall, Wick, &c. for which Mr. Fox is returned, are principally in the intereſt of Sir Thomas Dundas. Wick is a ſmall ſea port on the eaſt ſide of Caithneſs; Kirkwall is the principal place in the Orkneys.

The mean attempts made to injure the reputation of thoſe virtuous female characters, who have patriotically eſpouſed the cauſe of the defenders of the liberties of their country, are ſurely as ridiculous as they are unmanly and unbecoming. Ancient ſtates and governments, remarkable for their wiſdom, fortitude, integrity, and ſucceſs, very judiciouſly encouraged a ſpirit of public virtue among their women. As then illuſtrious Princeſſes and diſtinguiſhed patriots have not been wanting in England as much as in other nations, as they have ſhown abilities equal to the taſk of policy and government, and as they are or ought to be like the men, the moſt free in the world, what man that loves the ſex, or reſpects liberty, can object to being canvaſſed by a Britiſh beauty?

" I can create, ſaid a King of England, a *thouſand lords* at my pleaſure, but I cannot " make *one honeſt man*." The prerogative Miniſter is engaged in manufacturing the firſt mentioned claſs of men; and a future Premier, it is hoped, will ere long, ſhow us *one* of the latter!

A blunt political writer ſays, it was much more *honourable* to be a Member of Parliament in former than in preſent times; but it was not ſo *profitable*. Does any man *buy* without a view of *ſelling?* and how are the *buyers* of ſeats in Parliament to reimburſe themſelves, but out of the plunder of a wretched and almoſt bankrupt nation? " D—n " you and your inſtructions (ſaid a worthy Member, in anſwer to ſome requiſitions " from his conſtituents) I have *bought* you, and I will *ſell* you by G—."

The cultivation of the *Belles Letters* ſeem to belong to the *Wrays* of England, juſt as the *Polite Sciences* have been foſtered by the *Rouſſeau's* in France. And although *Sir Cecil* is admitted to be a firſt rate *ſcholar*, yet in the expreſſions of *Lingo*, there is a *nameſake* who takes the lead of the Baronet, and is " *a maſter of ſcholars*."—In proof of this we ſubjoin

ſubjoin the following ſign inſcription, nailed on a tree at the corner of a lane, near Kenſington :—" I teeches larning at Sics pence a Weak, eache Parſon.—*Nick. Wray.*"

A certain Great Perſon was very much againſt diſſolving, but the influence of the Secret Committee carried the day, and the effects are what the people have woefully experienced.

Many a tradeſman rues the day the Parliament was diſſolved—and many a ſtatute of Bankruptcy will that ſame diſſolution occaſion.

Should Mr. Pitt come over before the meeting of Parliament, and that Mr. Fox in conſequence had a majority, Parliament will no doubt be again diſſolved, and the ſenſe of the people taken on the change.

May 11.] After the cloſe of the poll yeſterday for Weſtminſter, an affray happened at Covent Garden. It ſeems, there had been ſummoned an extraordinary number of Conſtables, from the *Tower Hamlets*, to keep the peace. At three o'clock all was peaceable and quiet; but in half an hour afterwards, when the buſineſs of the day was finiſhed, a violent conflict took place between the conſtables and the mob; the former of which were driven out of the Garden down King-ſtreet. At four o'clock, Mr. Juſtice Wilmot brought up a detachment of the guards, who, after twice or thrice parading from Wood's Hotel to the corner of Henrietta-ſtreet (headed by a few conſtables) ſeized on the butchers who attend with marrow-bones and cleavers, and conducted them to *Hood and Wray*'s Committee Room. Mr. Elliot, the High Conſtable, ſeveral of the peace officers, and many of the mob, were very much bruiſed and wounded. The Guards were attending late laſt night.

Every friend to humanity muſt undoubtedly feel the deepeſt regret at the fatal conſequences of the riot of yeſterday in Covent Garden. The loſs of a fellow creature by popular violence, ought to ſuſpend every operation of party attachment, and induce all people to unite in the moſt zealous endeavours to prevent ſuch dreadful exceſſes in future. But, however deeply we may lament a circumſtance ſo dreadful, we ought not to ſuppreſs the dictates of indignation, or remain deaf to the demands of juſtice, when we find that theſe ſhocking events are not the natural effects of public aſſemblies, but the conſequences of a ſettled plan to diſturb the peace, foment miſchiefs of the moſt alarming kind, and familiarize a ſpecies of interference which the people of this country have always beheld with a jealous eye. That occaſions may ariſe, in which military interpoſition may be abſolutely neceſſary for the preſervation of peace, and the ſecurity of government, no man can deny; but ſurely the moſt venal abettors of Court deſpotiſm can never have the hardineſs to ſay, that there was any thing in the complexion of the people who were aſſembled round the Huſtings yeſterday, that could juſtify the appearance of Juſtice Wilmot with his furious band of legal ruffians, and the conſequent reinforcement of the guards! The buſineſs of the day was conducted in the uſual manner, and no other buſtle attended the poll than might naturally be expected, till the above Magiſtrate and his corps appeared, who, the moment of their arrival, evidently ſhowed, that the ſole purpoſe for which they came was to *pick a quarrel*, in order to call in the military, for what end it is not difficult to conceive, ſince the whole proceedings of the Miniſtry, during the Election, have been to effect the moſt arbitrary meaſures, and to leave no effort unexerted that might tend to counteract the wiſhes of the people. Let us, however, hope, that now murder has been the conſequence of their indecent interference, they will ſuffer the Election to terminate quietly, and not mark their defeat with characters of blood.

A correſpondent, who was preſent at the riot yeſterday, aſſures us, that there never was a more audacious and unprincipled plot to deſtroy the freedom of Election, and ſtrike at the liberties of this country, as this will come out to have been. The poll was

proceeding

proceeding peaceably, though triumphantly, for the popular Candidate, no appearance of riot has exiſted for days paſt; yet this is the time choſen by the courtly Lord L——t of the county, to convene together the Magiſtrates of Weſtminſter, and they are directed to take vigorous meaſures to keep the peace; in conſequence of this, a body of deſperate men are hired, and conſtable's ſtaves put into their hands, notwithſtanding the remonſtrances of the real peace officers, who declare that no ſuch aſſiſtance is neceſſary, and that nothing but riot can follow. Theſe men accordingly attack and inſult Mr. Fox's friends;—an affray enſues, upon which they fly like cowards. The third regiment of guards kept in readineſs with loaded muſkets, are then brought forward. The houſes of Mr. Fox's friends are forcibly entered, and after an indiſcriminate ſeizure, a complete military government is eſtabliſhed on the ſpot which has ever been held ſacred to the exerciſe of our deareſt franchiſes. But let the plotters and abettors, of this ſcheme of tyranny, beware. A prerogative Admi—ſt——n may *dare* much, but there are things which Engliſhmen will not *endure*.

The poll, ſay the *Court ſycophants*, was expected to be cloſed yeſterday, and therefore ſome precautions were neceſſary for the preſervation of the peace. This, no doubt, very *pacifically* accounts for the independent Electors in the intereſt of Mr. Fox being knocked down, in the front of the Huſtings, by Juſtice Wilmot's new levied banditti, which he calls conſtables, taking up ſixteen innocent men for a riot, thoſe very conſtables themſelves ſet on foot; and all this, for the ſole purpoſe of introducing the *bayonets* of the *military* with a better *grace!*

It is not a little remarkable, that the maſſacre of *young Allen* in *St. George's Fields*, in the year 1768, happened on the 10th of *May*: the murder was perpetrated by the third regiment of guards; the officer who commanded, was a Scots gentleman, of the name of *Murray*. A letter, encouraging the troops to act with vigour and effect, was written by Lord *Weymouth*, then Secretary of State, now Groom of the Stole to his Majeſty. Yeſterday, the 10th of *May*, a letter was written by the *Duke of Northumberland*, Lord Lieutenant of the county of Middleſex, to the magiſtracy of Weſtminſter, to deſire and beg they would act with vigour and effect. Accordingly, a party of the third regiment of guards were under orders the whole day; and on the pretence of any exiſting riot, were to be marched into Covent Garden, under the command of a Scots gentleman, of the name of *Johnſtone*. Without the ſlighteſt provocation on the part of the people, a muſquet was diſcharged; but here, fortunately, the parallel ceaſes, as there appears to have wanted a victim to this inhuman and barbarous outrage; Mr. Juſtice *Wilmot* therefore, muſt yield in point of authority to Mr. Juſtice *Gillam*, of notorious memory, though every one muſt do him the juſtice to believe that his intentions were equally *laudable*, although his exertions were not attended with equal effect!

It is known to be a ſacred principle in the Britiſh Conſtitution, if we have yet a free conſtitution to boaſt, that no troops ſhould be ſuffered to remain in any city or borough during the time of Election; the city of Weſtminſter is alone an exception to this rule, from the circumſtance of its being the royal reſidence, and that the King's Guards are a neceſſary appendage to the Royal Perſon. But is this circumſtance to authorize ſo palpable, ſo infamous, ſo outrageous, and ſo unconſtitutional an invaſion of the freedom of Election, as was yeſterday perpetrated by the Magiſtracy of Weſtminſter? The Magiſtracy of this city has long been a reproach to the very name of juſtice, and unleſs ſome gentlemen of character will ſtep forward, upon the preſent occaſion, and undertake the function of Magiſtracy; it is poſſible that we ſhall ſoon ſee the inhabitants of this city delivered over to the controul of military power, by a ſet of the moſt abject miſcreants under the denomination of Juſtices of the Peace, who have too long, under the preſent Lord Lieutenant of the county, diſgraced the city of Weſtminſter!

Lieutenant

Lieutenant *Colonel Johnſtone* who headed the detachment of the third regiment of foot guards on yeſterday's *enſanguined* anniverſary, diſplayed a *genius* proportioned to the *honourable ſervice* of the day, and proved himſelf an able ſucceſſor of the celebrated Captain *Murray*, who commanded the ſame corps at the maſſacre in St. George's Fields.

It is not a little extraordinary, when a warrant is out againſt a man for an offence, not bailable by law, that a gentleman of character ſhould think himſelf at liberty to avow his knowledge of the offender's place of concealment, and even offer to the perſons engaged to proſecute him, that he ſhould, on condition of being examined before a particular Magiſtrate, ſurrender himſelf. Yet it is poſitively aſſerted by a gentleman, who declares himſelf to have been preſent at the time, that *the ſon of one of the Candidates for Weſtminſter*, was not aſhamed to bring a formal meſſage to Mr. Fox's Committee at the Shakeſpeare Tavern, offering that L—— the —— Conſtable, who has abſconded, ſhould be forth coming, upon condition of being examined before a certain Magiſtrate. If this be true, the ſtory does not tell much to the honour of the gentleman who brought the meſſage, or the Magiſtrate, before whom the culprit, ſeems ſo peculiarly deſirous of being examined.

In order to preſerve the *freedom of Election*, as inviolate as poſſible, the aid of the *military* is no doubt neceſſary. Our public places of amuſement, the *opera* and *theatres*, were laſt night deprived of the uſual party of guards; the ſoldiery being found neceſſary to attend to other *tragedies* beſides thoſe exhibited in the *dramatic* world!

A certain magiſtrate who has come forward on a recent occaſion is ſo well informed in all *legal points*, that the inhabitants of Weſtminſter may conſider themſelves peculiarly fortunate in having ſuch a chief in their municipal juriſdiction. From his extreme caution not to exceed the *licence* of magiſtracy, he lately wrote a billet to Mr. *Evans* the bookſeller, for guidance on that head, of which the following is a copy:

" Mr. Evans,

" Sir, I expects soon to be call'd out on a Mergensy, so send me all the ax of par-
" lyment re Latin to a Gustis of Piece. I am,

" Yours to command, &c.

" GUSTIS WILMOT."

As the intelligent part of the world are at preſent buſily employed in forming opinions of the different exhibitions of paintings in this city, we think it will prove a gratification to our readers to be informed of an intended exhibition of *political pictures*, which will be opened for public inſpection in a few days in St. Stephen's Chapel; the following are reported to be among the moſt ſtriking ſubjects:

1. The *Lava of Deſpair*, from Spencer, after the manner of Rembrandt by *Sir Cecil Wray*. This artiſt has been particularly happy in his choice of a ſubject, the grouping of the objects that form the fore ground of the picture are ſo characteriſtic and natural, that it is preſumed the painter's mind was ſtrongly impreſſed with that *melancholy* and *diſtraction* he has ſo ably depicted.

2. A *Noli me tangere*, drawn with a hot poker in the ſtile of *Salvator Roſa* by the Right Hon. *W. Pitt*.

The firſt eſſays of this artiſt's pencil were purchaſed with an avidity that promiſed him a conſiderable ſhare of profit and reputation, but unfortunately he has contracted a manner of colouring that will ultimately deſtroy both; his beſt friends have adviſed him to recur to his uſual ſimplicity of ſtile, in which he united truth and harmony; but his mind has been of late ſo far debauched by ſervile flattery, that they perceive their good wiſhes to be ineffectual, as the *preſumption* of the young artiſt is evidently ſuperior to his *judgment*.

3. *Cho-*

3. *Chorœbus* deſtroying the *monſter*, from the *Thebaid* of *Statius*, a capital performance in imitation of *Michael Angelo*, by the Right Honourable *Charles James Fox*.

The grace and greatneſs ſo conſpicuous in this picture will immortalize the artiſt's name, and be conſidered as a monument in future times of the amazing excellence of an individual that exiſted and flouriſhed in this age for the advantage and glory of his country.

May 12.] Yeſterday afternoon at five o'clock, Mr. Prickard, the coroner for the city and liberty of Weſtminſter, with an inqueſt of the neighbouring inhabitants, met at Wood's Hotel, Covent Garden, to ſit on the body of the conſtable who died at one o'clock the ſame morning, of the blows he received in an affray before the Huſtings, at the cloſe of the Poll on Monday laſt.

Meſſrs. J. Hunter and Sheldon, on examination of the body, found three of the ribs, on the left ſide, had been broken, and that the ſkull had been fractured near the right temple, which laſt wound, in their opinion, was the cauſe of his death.—A variety of evidence appeared on the occaſion, moſt of whom came voluntarily to depoſe, that the unneceſſary band of new made conſtables, ſent to the Huſtings that day by Juſtice Wilmot, were the firſt promoters of the riot; and that at the head of theſe, was the unfortunate man deceaſed: but as a coroner's inqueſt ſeldom enquire further than by *ex parte* evidence for the crown, what immediately relates to the death of the ſubject, this part of the evidence (moſt material when the affair is brought before a criminal court of judicature) though heard in ſome meaſure, was but little attended to.—The evidence cloſed about one o'clock this morning; and the coroner having given his charge, the inqueſt, after about half an hour's deliberation, brought in their verdict, "wilful murder by perſons unknown:" in conſequence of which, there is no doubt but the ſixteen innocent and inoffenſive men, committed, as ſuppoſed acceſſaries in the murder, will immediately be diſcharged.

About one o'clock —— Kelly, Eſq. one of his Majeſty's juſtices of the peace for the county of Middleſex, came into the Hotel, and ordered the celebrated *Juſtice Wilmot* into immediate cuſtody, charging him with being an *acceſſary before the fact*, in the death of the unfortunate conſtable. Wilmot being ſecured, was carried before Mr. Hale, another magiſtrate then in the Hotel, who was employed in taking the information againſt him, when this paper went to preſs, reſpecting a charge which was likely to undergo a long inveſtigation; what may be the iſſue thereof, we cannot ſurmiſe; but Mr. Kelly's charge certainly goes to prove, that Wilmot's ordering the riotous band of new made *Middleſex* conſtables into the city of *Weſtminſter*, was contrary to the collective ſenſe of the magiſtracy aſſembled at Guildhall, on Monday laſt, in conſequence of the Duke of Northumberland's letter; and that he, Mr. K. had predicted to the ſaid Wilmot, the fatal conſequences that muſt inevitably happen, ſhould he perſiſt in his raſh, and ill-adviſed project.

A large detachment of the Horſe and Foot and Horſe Grenadier Guards, under the command of Colonels Sir George Oſborne and Thomas, took poſt round the Hotel about ſeven o'clock in the evening, and remained there the whole night, without the ſmalleſt appearance of any riotous or tumultuous aſſembly during the day or evening: the orders for this *conſtitutional* ſervice it ſeems were iſſued immediately from Sir *George Yonge, the Secretary at War!*

It has been uſual with men, who by their *imprudencies*, have reduced their finances, to feel their friends by ſecret applications, before they ventured *publicly* to announce their diſtreſſes. Prudence ſhould have directed the *Wooden* Committee to have tried the

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wary Dukes to ſupply the *wiley* beggars with the needful, e're they had ventured to expoſe their poorneſs in *ſpirit*, as well as in *purſe*, to carry on a ſcrutiny.

A correſpondent is ſorry to inform the public, that the Chairman of the *Ways and Means* at Wood's Hotel, by the increaſe of the adverſary's Poll, and the heat of the weather, from a *puft up* ſtate, ready to burſt the ſeams of his coat, has diſcovered within theſe few days ſuch ſtrong ſymptoms of a conſumptive habit, as to require, in addition to his own, the phyſical aid and aſſiſtance of Dr. Jebb, to prevent a total decay. It gives our correſpondent concern to add, that the Chairman's mental faculties ſeem much impaired, and as it is ſuppoſed, that theſe alarming maladies of mind and body have been increaſed by vexation, diſappointmeut, and diſtreſs, it is earneſtly hoped, that all well-diſpoſed Chriſtians will contribute by their prayers and charitable donations, to reſtore him to his priſtine ſtate.

The Secretary at W— is to bring a Bill into Parliament to make it legal for his Majeſty's army, or militia, to attend by detatchments at the Huſtings in London, Middleſex, Coventry, Weſtminſter, and York, to prevent unlawful tumults and keep the peace during the Poll. And from this we are to ſuppoſe, that the army will ſhortly after ſurround the Houſe of Commons when any popular meaſure is agitated. The people at this moment are ripe to receive any act againſt their antient rights, of which they now ſeem to be heartily tired.

Extract of a letter from Kirkwall, April 26.

"This day came on the Election of a Member for the northern diſtrict of the boroughs in Scotland, when the delegates from the towns of Wick and Dornock voted for John Sinclair, Eſq. late Member for Caithneſs, and ſince returned for Loſtwithiel, in Cornwall; and the delegates from Tain, Dingwall, and Kirkwall, for the Right Hon. Charles James Fox, upon which Mr. Fox was declared duly elected. Objections, however, were ſtated to the delegates from Kirkwall and Dingwall; and it was farther contended, that Mr. Fox, not being a qualified burgeſs in any of the towns, was conſequently ineligible; from which it is ſuppoſed, that the merits of the Election will yet undergo the conſideration of a Committee."

The dreadful ſacrifices of St. George's Fields and Brentford Election, which can never be forgotten by the people of this country, and the abhorrence that will eternally be felt againſt the adminiſtration that promoted them, might have taught men who have the management of the ſtate at this period, what ſhocking effects are frequently produced by the interference of government in popular aſſemblies. While the people are left to themſelves, if they quarrel, a few bloody noſes are the uſual effects of their diſſention; but as ſoon as the magiſtracy make a buſtle, there is generally created an occaſion for military interpoſition, the tumult then aſſumes a more formidable aſpect, and the lives of the ſubject is the conſequence of an attempt to *keep the peace!*

The avidity with which the preſent Miniſtry ſeized the opportunity of filling the metropolis with military on pretence of quelling riots, which only exiſted in the purlieus of Covent Garden, and for an hour after the Election, is a ſpecimen of what we may expect from a young prerogative Miniſter; and it behoves the friends of liberty and freedom to watch, with a ſteady eye, the manœuvres of the ſecret influence, which firſt procures the execution of a number of conſtables, under pretence of reſtraining a riot, and then inſtruct them to occaſion one, merely to give pretence for an introduction of the military.

Facts are inconteſtible.—It is a fact that there were *two hundred conſtables* extraordinary in the field on Monday.—It is a fact that a number of men were made conſtables on that day, and were paid for their attendance.—It is a fact that this body of conſtables commenced hoſtilities, and made the riot, though it is their office to keep

the peace.—It is a fact that they did not act againſt the mob in general, but againſt the partizans of Mr. Fox only.—It is a fact that there were three conſtables for one man of any other deſcription in the garden.—It is a fact that notwithſtanding this ſuperiority of the civil power, the *trading Juſtice* called in a military force.—The concluſions are obvious.

Major M——— threatened to charge the gentle and tender-hearted *Miſs Keppel*, with *aiding* and *abetting* the *riot*, becauſe when a poor old man was knocked down under the window where ſhe ſtood, ſhe, with her uſual ſympathy, *ſhed a tear*, and begged ſome of the attendants to take him away, that he might not be trampled to death!

Lord Robert Spencer narrowly eſcaped being killed on Monday evening by a ſoldier, who, not knowing his Lordſhip, puſhed at him with a bayonet. The weapon miſſed his body, but penetrated his coat.

May 13.] Covent Garden afforded yeſterday a perfect ſcene of peace and good order, for three very good reaſons; becauſe neither *the military Juſtice Wilmot*, nor his corps of *banditti conſtables* made their *conſtitutional* appearance for the *protection* and *ſecurity* of his Majeſty's liege ſubjects!

Yeſterday twelve of the fifteen inoffenſive men, committed to Newgate by *Wilmot*, were brought before a bench of Weſtminſter Magiſtrates, and admitted to bail for a common aſſault; the three others however, upon the *newly ſtudied oath* of the *ſuperceded* Juſtice *Gretton*, were detained on ſuſpicion of being acceſſary to the death of the conſtable.—The *manœuvres of a wretched party* are too palpable not to be ſeen through and execrated.

It is a melancholy truth, that party violence too often takes ſuch entire poſſeſſion of the minds of men, as to ſuppreſs every feeling of juſtice, and even common humanity in the breaſts of thoſe, who in cooler moments are moſt ſuſceptible of them. We will not affirm that the unfortunate conſtable who loſt his life in Covent Garden, has been the victim of the factious temper of the times, or impute his death to any criminal negligence on the part of thoſe who attended him. Mr. *John Hunter*'s* private, as well as his profeſſional character, ſecures him from the remoteſt ſuſpicion upon the occaſion, nor will the malice of faction itſelf venture to inſinuate that the circumſtance of his being a partizan of Sir *Cecil Wray*, in the preſent conteſt, could have the ſlighteſt influence upon his conduct. It is, however, to be regretted that Mr. *Sheldon*†, the gentleman who was ſent by Mr. Fox's Committee to viſit the deceaſed before his death on Monday night, was not allowed to ſee him. It is poſſible, that by ſuggeſting the operation of trepanning, which we underſtand, upon examining the fracture, he was of opinion ought to have been tried, the poor fellow's life might have been ſaved.

Two inoffenſive ſpectators, *William Neal* and *Thomas Shaw*, were ſo cruelly mangled by the banditti of Tower Hamlet conſtables on Monday laſt, that their death is hourly expected!

It appeared yeſterday upon the cleareſt evidence before two diſpaſſionate magiſtrates, ſubſervient to no party, that the unfortunate conſtable who loſt his life in the above affray, was at the head of that *daring band of hirelings*, who commenced the riot, and ſo wantonly and indiſcriminately knocked down all the friends of Mr. Fox.

That illuſtrious modern *Ethic* writer, Mr. Soame Jenyns, mounted the Huſtings a few days ſince, and from a meer *conſcientious impulſe*, gave his ſuffrage for Sir *Cecil Wray*: one of Mr. Fox's inſpectors, however, not entirely relying on this *internal evidence*, took the liberty of tendering Mr. J—— the whole ſtring of oaths, particularly the Catholic teſt, that the gentleman, who, by his writings, has refuſed to tell us

* Mr. John Hunter, a celebrated Surgeon, reſident in Leiceſter-fields, brother to the late Dr. William Hunter, of phyſical ſcientific memory.

† An eminent Surgeon, of Queen-ſtreet, Lincoln's Inn Fields, and Lecturer on Anatomy to the Royal Academy, to which he was promoted on the demiſe of Dr. William Hunter.

what

what religion he *profeſſes*, may, at leaſt, by his oath, declare to the world that which he *abjures!*

Mrs. H——t has not *ballooned* a ſingle vote to the Huſtings, ſince ſhe was *caracatured* by the *unmerciful Viſcount* of Hanover-ſquare.

The late alarming riots that have prevailed in Covent Garden, evince demonſtratively the neceſſity of a reform in the Middleſex and Weſtminſter police. Mr. Sheridan, ſhortly after his introduction to Parliament, propoſed a bill for that purpoſe; but his knowledge and abilities had not then acquired that brilliancy which they now ſo eminently diſplay. It is however to be hoped, that he will not abandon ſo benevolent and neceſſary a deſign, but promote it with every improvement ariſing from the maturity of his judgment and increaſe of his information.

It is not the leaſt ſurprizing that Mr. Fox ſhould be the favourite of the ladies, or that he is returned as member for a Scotch borough. This gentleman warmly introduced a motion to the Houſe of Commons for the repeal of the odious marriage act; an act which controuls and ſuppreſſes thoſe rights and honourable paſſions with which God, Nature, and Reaſon have endowed the young and virtuous. The laws of Scotland ſtill leave mankind free to enjoy their freedom in this point, and therefore it is by no means aſtoniſhing that a portion of the Electors thereof ſhould ſupport a man, who has aſſerted, and who undoubtedly will aſſert thoſe liberal ſentiments,

A correſpondent hints to Mr. Fox's Committee, and to thoſe who would wiſh to beſtow the honours amply due to the Ducheſs of Devonſhire and her beautiful companions, the guardian angels of Weſtminſter, to have gold medallions ſtruck, in honour of their glorious conteſt, as a very acceptable preſent to her Grace, and one to each of her female friends: one ſide of the medal, our correſpondent thinks, might repreſent her Grace at full length, crowning Mr. Fox with laurels and an applicable motto; on the reverſe, the names of her Grace and her friends, who will be handed to poſterity with greater eclat than the moſt celebrated heroines of Roman ſtory.

The following extracts from authentic papers, are ſubmitted for public conſideration, at the preſent criſis; both as a record of former virtue, and as the beſt incitement to future acts of genuine patriotiſm.

Preſentment of the Grand Jury of Middleſex, 1741, reſpecting the *atrocious violation of the freedom of Election, by marching a party of the Guards up to the Huſtings, at the Weſtminſter Election.*

Middleſex, June 14, 1741.

" We the Grand Jury of and for the body of the county of Middleſex, do appre-
" hend, that, among the many enormities and offences committed againſt the public,
" none deſerve our obſervation and cenſure more than thoſe which tend to the ſub-
" verſion of the ancient rights of the people to a free Election of their Repreſentatives
" in Parliament, in whom they repoſe their undoubted ſhare in the government, as
" well as conſtitute them guardians of their liberties and properties.

" For we cannot but apprehend, that whenever the people ſhall loſe the *right* of
" Election, or, which is the ſame thing, the *freedom* of Election, and be obliged to
" chuſe their Repreſentatives under the awe, dread, or influence of any other power,
" there muſt be an end of Parliaments, or, at leaſt, *the people's intereſt and ſhare therein.*

" Wherefore being ſworn to enquire for our ſovereign Lord the King, and the body
" of the county, we, upon our oaths preſent find, That on Friday the 8th day of May
" laſt, while the Election for Members of Parliament for the city and liberty of
" Weſtminſter was depending, and before the declaration thereof was made, a *body of*
" *foot guards* or ſoldiers, to the number of 50 and upwards, headed by officers, did,
" in the afternoon, in a military manner, *march up near the place of polling*, which
" practice may be of the *moſt dangerous conſequence to the liberties of the people, as contrary*
" *to law, and a reſtraint on the freedom of Election.*

" We therefore being affected and alarmed with a due ſenſe and dread of ſo daring a " violation and inſult, on our freedom and liberties, and *the dangerous conſequences of mi-* " *litary power exerciſed in civil affairs*, do recommend it to this Honourable Court to " give ſuch order and direction for preventing and diſcouraging the like heinous offence " for the future, as they ſhall judge moſt proper and convenient." Such is the illuſtriou example given by the firſt county in England of a firm and manly reſiſtance to the inſolence of a military interference in the rights of Election. To this we ſhall ſubjoin an extract of the inſtructions from the city of London to their new members upon the ſame occaſion.

" As ſtanding armies have ever been eſteemed burthenſome to the ſubject, and dan- " gerous to liberty; and as the moſt ſacred and valuable privileges of Engliſhmen have " lately ſuffered *moſt outrageous inſult and violence* at a neighbouring Election, where the " military force was employed to the manifeſt violation of juſtice, and in the *open de-* " *fiance of a law*, which expreſsly commands *that no man, by force of arms, ſhall diſturb* " *the freedom of Election*, we moſt earneſtly recommend that by a conſtant and vigorous " oppoſition to all ſtanding armies in time of peace, you would preſerve this nation " from a calamity which has already been fatal to the liberties of every kingdom " round us, and *which we at this day are beginning to feel!*"

Sir Cecil Wray's *ſagacious* Committee have conducted their *murderous machinations* upon principles truly *Hibernian*. They firſt prevail upon *Wilmot*, that *ſober, ſage Juſticiary Reſident* of Wood's Hotel, to lodge a detainer againſt three harmleſs men, for an offence that will clearly appear to have been perpetrated by the *Tower Hamlets banditti*, and the next day advertiſe a reward of Fifty Pounds, for the evidence of any perſon who can ſtep forth, and declare the murderer or murderers UNKNOWN.

Yeſterday another propoſal was made to Mr. Fox, by Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, through the *official medium* of the High Bailiff, to cloſe the Poll finally this day, (May 14th) which, however, was peremptorily declined by the former; the High Bailiff then rejoined, he ſhould cloſe it by his own authority on Monday next.

It ſhould be known, that the High Bailiff is only a ſecondary officer in the preſent Election, the King's writ being addreſſed to the Sheriffs of Middleſex, who iſſue their precept to the Bailiff of the city of Weſtminſter, and to whom he, the Bailiff, muſt make his return.

Lord *Sydney* ſent for Mr. *Addington* of the police in Bow-ſtreet, on Wedneſday laſt, and remonſtrated with him warmly for not having ſtepped forth and headed the *military* in Covent Garden, on Monday evening,—the independent magiſtrate, with becoming ſpirit and good ſenſe replied—" he did not think any juſtice of the peace warranted in " ſo doing; nor would he in a ſimilar caſe preſume to call out the ſoldiery unleſs au- " thoriſed by the official ſeal and ſignature of his Lordſhip himſelf as *Secretary* " *of State!*"

A warrant has been granted by two magiſtrates of Middleſex and Weſtminſter, for apprehending L—— the High Conſtable, who is charged with having begun the riot in Covent Garden, on Monday laſt. The Coroner's Inqueſt having found a verdict of wilful murder, againſt perſons unknown, the beginner of the affray is legally guilty of murder; and it appears that L—— is well aware of this point of law, for which he has thought proper to abſent himſelf, not relying much upon any evidence which Mr. Juſtice Wilmot may be able to collect, or the immaculate Mr. Gretton fabricate againſt the honeſt marrowbones and cleavers whom they have ſo extraordinarily charged with mur der, for the mere purpoſe of raiſing a groundleſs Election-cry againſt their opponents.

Anecdote.

Anecdote.—The *honour* of *Guſtus Wilmot* has lately rendered him an object of ſuch general ſpeculation, that every minutiæ of his official conduct muſt be acceptable to the public. Not many years ago this worthy magiſtrate had a very hot conteſt with a brother of the bench, concerning ſome emoluments to which he thought himſelf entitled. Every Juſtice muſt be a *man* of *honour*—*Wilmot* conſequently gave the other a challenge, who, however, affected to treat the hero with ſcorn, and, turning his back on the enraged Juſtice, appealed to ſome gentlemen preſent, whether he had not uſed him as he deſerved? "*No*," ſaid one of the gentlemen, "*you ſhould have accepted the challenge*; *one* "*of you might then have fallen, and the other muſt have been hanged. By this means the* "*dignity of the magiſtracy would not have been injured, and the public rid of two very great* "*ſ——ls.*"

An *Hibernian Lord*'s viſit on Thurſday upon the Huſtings, was rather *mal-a-propos* on the part of his Lordſhip, as a gentleman preſent immediately put a queſtion to him reſpecting a 300l. *electioneering bill*, of near ſeven years ſtanding, due to *Wilſon, of the Bull, at Eaſt Retford*, which ſo diſconcerted the *patriotic Pompey*, that he decamped amidſt the general hiſſes of the advocates of liberty, and *common honeſty!*

Mr. Jennings, of Covent Garden, to whom the Ladies, in the intereſt of Mr. Fox, are indebted for the accommodation of his houſe during the poll, has, in the handſomeſt manner, refuſed the ſmalleſt recompence on the occaſion, profeſſing himſelf perfectly neutral, with regard to the Election, declaring his only wiſh has thus been to gratify the curioſity of the Ladies.

A correſpondent informs us, that the article, mentioning Mr. *Addington*'s interview with the *Secretary of State*, is in ſome particulars erroneous; the Secretary did not expreſs a wiſh that the *military* ſhould be called forth, on the contrary, he thought it improper; but from what paſſed, it was evident that Lord *Sydney* had not the beſt intelligence of what happened at Covent Garden, as he underſtood the guards were ordered out on Tueſday to quell a riot, when, in fact, none had exiſted. Mr. Addington's conduct as a magiſtrate, is, in every point of view, irreproachable; his readineſs to ſtep forward to preſerve the public peace is well known, and his reluctance to call out the military, unleſs in caſes of abſolute neceſſity, cannot be too highly applauded. It ſhould not be forgotten, no, not even by a *Secretary of State*, that Mr. Addington is a gentleman!

May 15.] The poll at Covent Garden cloſed yeſterday at two o'clock, inſtead of three, which has been the uſual hour, owing to the following circumſtance:—Mr. Fox's friends having received information that there was an intention of bringing the body of the conſtable who loſt his life in the affray of Monday, from Nightingale-lane, to be buried in St. Paul's, Covent Garden, at the time of cloſing the poll, were apprehenſive, that ſuch a circumſtance might give occaſion to a renewal of thoſe tumults, which it is ſo peculiarly the intereſt of the candidates at the head of the poll to avoid;—they made application therefore to Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, to agree to cloſe the poll at an earlier hour, in order that the people might quietly diſperſe before the ceremony of the burial began. This was with ſome difficulty on their part agreed to, it being ſtrongly ſtated to them that their refuſal would bear an appearance of their wiſhing to turn ſo ſolemn a ceremony, as the interment of a deceaſed perſon to the purpoſes of an Election clamour, and this conſideration induced the abovementioned Candidates to conſent to the propoſal of Mr. Fox's friends; accordingly the poll was cloſed at two o'clock, and the body was interred at four; without more than the uſual attendance upon ſuch occaſions. We are ſorry to add, from the manner in which the proceſſion was conducted, the deportment of ſome of the few perſons who attended it, and the inflammatory hand bills ſhowered down from the windows of Hood and Wray's Committee Room, there is too much reaſon to think a deſign was entertained of creating a tumult upon this occaſion;

ſion; which was happily prevented by the foreſight, prudence, and moderation of Mr. Fox's party.

Another correſpondent has given the following account of the above tranſanction, viz.

The Committee at Wood's Hotel, had planned an affecting *ſpectacle* for the cloſe of yeſterday's poll, from which, the moſt glorious conſequences to *their cauſe*, were by ſuch men naturally expected. A *mock funeral proceſſion* of the murdered conſtable was *ably* planned, to be brought round Covent Garden, to St. Paul's Church, for purpoſes of the moſt *orderly*, and *pacific* nature. The friends of Mr. Fox, however, having notice of the project, were determined to defeat its intended effect, and therefore propoſed yeſterday morning to Lord Hood, that the poll ſhould cloſe at two o'clock that day, in order to gratify the *pious feelings* of the widow of the deceaſed, in the ſingular mode ſhe had adopted for the interment of her huſband. His Lordſhip (who is too much of a *Courtier* already to offend any Gentleman by *too direct* an anſwer) begged leave to conſult his colleague, and the High Bailiff, on a matter of ſo much importance before he could give a reply. However, after many *ifs* and *buts*, and *veſtry cloſetings*, his Lordſhip and the High Bailiff found themſelves at laſt under the neceſſity of acceding to the propoſition.

In conſequence thereof, orders were iſſued from Wood's Hotel, to inform the *honeſt blades* with the *oak-boughs* in their hats, who ſurrounded the Huſtings ſo early,—and Colonel *Johnſtone*'s brigade of the *Third Regiment of Guards*, then under orders at the Savoy—that there would be no occaſion for their further ſervices that day.——The mock interment was likewiſe *by command* deferred till ſix o'clock in the evening, when the proceſſion was made in the following order:

BANDITTI CONSTABLES of the
Tower Hamlets;—*two and two.*
The LOADED BLUDGEON *of the deceaſed,*
decorated with ſcraps of crape, and
borne by one of WILMOT'S THIEF TAKERS.
A COFFIN
(The BODY *having been interred the preceding day at Whitechapel.)*
A DRUNKEN WOMAN
perſonating the RELICT of the deceaſed
crying "BLOOD *for* BLOOD!"
"*Damnation to* F—X!"
The Juſtice —— *and Squire* ——. *well cocked and primed,*
As her CHIEF SUPPORTERS,
Each bearing a bottle of ANNISEED WATER!
Six WAITERS *at* WOOD'S,
with unblanched napkins round their temples.
Six Hakney Coaches
containing Lord HOOD *and Sir* CECIL WRAY'S COMMITTEE.
Mr. JOHN CH——LL.
KILLER *in Ordinary to the* COURT CAUSE.
TAG, RAG, *and* BOBTAIL,
cloſing the Scene.

This ſtriking proceſſion arriving at the end of Ruſſel-ſtreet, took to the right, and perambulated by the Shakeſpeare, Wood's, and before the Huſtings, to the corner of Southampton-

Southampton-ſtreet; after which they entered the church, *depoſited the remains of their mockery*, and then retiring to the front of *Wood's Hotel*, there received the rewards of their *pious labours*, in large libations of *uſquebagh* and *brandy!*

May 15.] *Againſt that part of the recital, ſigned An Elector, in yeſterday's Morning Poſt and Public Advertiſer, which reſpects the Gentlemen who followed the hackney coach, containing Juſtice Wilmot, Mr. Hood, &c. from Wood's Hotel on Wedneſday morning, the Gentlemen alluded to beg leave to proteſt *in toto*. And leaſt their denial of its truth may be miſunderſtood, they do, in terms the moſt poſitive and unequivocal, declare the ſtatement to be *directly falſe*. With regard to the Gentlemen following the coach, it aroſe ſimply thus:

After Mr. Kelly had ſubſtantiated his charge againſt Wilmot, he and Mr. Sheridan left the Hotel, acquainting the few of Mr. Fox's friends who were then in the Coffee-room, that the obnoxious magiſtrate actually ſtood committed. The aſſertion of his committal having been denied by ſome of the Committee at Wood's, the Gentlemen remained a little while in the houſe. That the fact was ſo, they had no doubt, not only becauſe Mr. Sheridan ſaid *it was*, but becauſe ſeveral of the other party ſaid *it was not*. A wiſh, however, to ſee, if under the circumſtances of this affair, any man would be raſh enough to diſcharge Wilmot, induced the Gentlemen to remain. In a ſhort time the accuſed Juſtice came down ſtairs, and went into a hackney coach, amidſt the execrations of ſeveral perſons who ſurrounded the Hotel, and who exclaimed, "*To New-gate with him!*" he was accompanied by three perſons, whom the Gentlemen took to be conſtables. The coach drove into King-ſtreet, and returning back again, ſtopped at the Hotel. It then drove towards Ruſſel-ſtreet, and four Gentlemen (Colonel North, Mr. O'Bryen, Mr. Shove, and Mr. Reid) anxious to know whether he was going to priſon or not, without one moment's premeditation, went into another hackney coach, and drove after them. Curioſity alone incited thoſe Gentlemen to follow the Juſtice, and the courſe which the leading coach took increaſed their curioſity in a tenfold degree. It went up and down the ſame ſtreet three or four times. It went ſometimes ſlow, and ſometimes in full gallop. A conſciouſneſs of ſomething wrong, and an eagerneſs to conceal their deſtination, were evident in the Juſtice's party. The Gentlemen, innocent of the remoteſt intention to injure or offend, held themſelves at full liberty to gratify a curioſity as harmleſs as it was naturally excited, and made no ſcruple to follow the coach. That any perſon known to the Gentlemen purſued on foot, or behind their coach, the Gentlemen abſolutely deny. Others might probably have been impelled by ſimilar curioſity, but of thoſe, if any ſuch there were, the Gentlemen know nothing.—Thus much with regard to the expedition, and the motives of it.

As to the gallant detail of Mr. Hood's feats in two conferences with the gentlemen, they beg leave to aſſure the public, that they are neither more nor leſs than a *ſeries of lies*. To thoſe who know the Gentlemen alluded to, it is preſumed there is no neceſſity of ſaying, that they are not of a complexion to endure with temper the ſpecies of addreſs attributed to Mr. Hood by his hiſtorian. Had he uſed the words imputed to him, the reply due to a blockhead and a bravadoe would naturally have ſucceeded. It is true, however, that Mr. Hood, in a ſpirit congenial with the cauſe he abets, and perfectly characteriſtic of his connections, did expreſs ſome fears for *his perſonal ſafety*; but it is as true that he precluded the Gentlemen the trouble of checking him, by inſtantly diſclaiming every term of offence. The four perſons in the coach that followed had not a ſingle weapon of any kind; the four in the leading coach poſitively had. Thoſe, therefore, who avowedly had "bludgeons and broomſticks," ſeemed better

* For the paper, to which this pointed piece of compoſition is an anſwer, ſee page 120.

calculated

calculated for aſſaſſination, than they who were wholly unarmed; and whether it was for the ſake of his underſtanding, or from motives more influencing upon his nerves, that Mr. Hood apologized, it is difficult to aſcertain: this, however, is true, that he prudently retracted his inſinuations in leſs than half a minute after he had the weakneſs to expreſs them. Mr. Hood might poſſibly be a very wiſe and valiant man. The Gentlemen in queſtion, however, ſolemnly declare, that it is in the newſpapers only they have ſeen his wiſdom and valour upon this occaſion. In *thoſe* indeed there is a pompous diſplay of various proweſs, and if Mr. Hood himſelf can endure without pain the diſtortion which theſe imputed virtues force him into, the detail of his conduct could have no poſſible good effect upon a character, which aſſumes and attaches to itſelf ſo very much of what is ſo very, *very* little its right.

To ſuppoſe that Mr. Hood connived at the publication of yeſterday, would be a hard ſuppoſition indeed. That farrago could only be the fabrication of ſome perſon, who, in contradiction to Mr. Hood's own practice, was prodigal of his ſafety, and wickedly wiſhed to involve him in an embarraſſment, which might hazard much more than the imputation of idiotiſm.

This morning Mr. Fielding moved the Court of King's-bench, for an information to be filed againſt Juſtice Wilmot, for aſſembling a large body of the Tower Hamlet Conſtables in Covent Garden on Monday laſt, by which the freedom of Election was violated, and other outrages, too notorious to be here deſcribed, committed againſt the peace of his Majeſty's ſubjects, &c. &c.—Earl Mansfield paid the utmoſt attention to the eloquent and pointed ſtatement of the caſe by Mr. Fielding, and, at the cloſe of it, informed him, "*that his motion for a rule to ſhew cauſe, would come* "*ſtronger after the final cloſe of the Election*;" in conſequene of which, the further proceedings in this extraordinary tranſaction are of courſe ſuſpended, till the High Bailiff ſhall have made his return for the city of Weſtminſter.

The attempts which have been made by the Committee aſſembled at Wood's Hotel, to transfer the original blame of the riots in Covent Garden, and their unfortunate conſequences, from their own party to the friends of Mr. Fox, are too abſurd and contemptible to produce any other effect upon minds that have the ſmalleſt pretenſions to juſtice, candour, or truth, than a full and complete confirmation of their own guilt.

Without entering into a minute narrative of all the circumſtances which attended this unhappy diſturbance (the detail of which will be laid before the public, with every accuracy and authority, in as ſhort time as the various depoſitions can be adjuſted and tranſcribed) we ſhall only mention two plain facts, that are not even attempted to be denied by the adverſary, and which we conceive will appear to our readers deciſive upon the queſtion, where theſe diſturbances originated.

In the courſe of an Election, which has laſted longer than almoſt any preceding one, and commenced at a period when men's minds were more heated and irritated, than they perhaps ever were known to be even in this country, there have been only two riots.—The firſt was occaſioned by a gang of ſailors parading about the Huſtings in an armed body, menacing and inſulting all the friends of Mr. Fox.—No fatal conſequence, however, happily enſued from this attempt. The ſailors retired, and the riots ceaſed—every thing was quiet before they attended the Huſtings—when they ceaſed to attend them every thing became quiet again. Where then did the cauſe of this diſturbance lay? It would be abſurd to attempt to direct mens opinions on an occaſion ſo obvious and irreſiſtable as this is. The riot commenced on that day, when the naval raggamuffins ſhowed themſelves at the Huſtings—on the preceding and ſubſequent days, when they were not preſent, every thing was orderly and peaceable.

A full

A full month elapſed between this firſt effort to diſturb the tranquility of Weſtminſter, and that more effectual one which took place on Monday laſt, and there had not, during the whole of that interval, appeared the ſmalleſt ſymptom of a tumultuous diſpoſition, nor in fact the leaſt attempt at diſturbance whatever.—If Mr. Fox's adherents had been diſpoſed to tumult, how was it that they did not diſcover their inclination, during this long interval, when they might have done it with leſs danger and more certainty of ſucceſs?—Are the Committee of Wood's ready to admit that the *Mob*, as they called them who adhered to Mr. Fox, are men of ſuch nice honour that they are only to be ſtimulated into action by a ſenſe of danger? If ſo, let them anſwer to the world, why they put them in a ſituation by an influx of armed conſtables, of diſplaying this very extraordinary quality in a "*hired banditti*."—If Mr. Fox's mob, as they term them, were like other mobs, they certainly would have been as much diſpoſed to be riotous when they were pretty nearly on a footing of equality with the enemy, as when they were quite inferior to them, and if they were men of that high mettle to fight only when ſpurred to it by great danger, why were theſe official raggamuffins brought to produce that danger?—Theſe are queſtions that they will perhaps have ſome difficulty in replying to.—Full thirty days had paſſed, during which Mr. Fox, from being the unſucceſsful, became the victorious candidate, and no indication of tumult appeared—neither the exultation of victory, nor the provocations of the enemy, who, as is generally the caſe, became more inſolent in proportion as they were leſs ſucceſsful, could induce Mr. Fox's friends to violate that harmony, the obſervance of which he was every day ſo ſtrongly enforcing to them from the Huſtings. Under theſe circumſtances, a low, dirty, wretched pettyfogging mercenary Juſtice of the Peace for Middleſex, undertakes (contrary to the declared ſenſe of a general meeting of magiſtrates convened for the occaſion) to bring *one hundred* fellows, under the denomination of conſtables, to the Huſtings. It is now known that theſe men were compoſed of the worſt members of the loweſt orders of the community--as they had not been appointed conſtables before the commencement of the Election, and were at laſt appointed by an open and violent friend to Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, let any man aſk himſelf, with what feelings theſe people probably came to the Huſtings, were they likely to be impartial in the execution of their office, who had received their appointment from one of the moſt hot-headed partizans belonging to one ſide of the queſtion? If it was probable that they would, on this account, have a predilection one way, in what manner were they likely to ſhow it; that muſt be anſwered, by aſking what is the uſual mode in which diſbanded ſoldiers, crimps, ſhoe-blacks, and other ſuch vagabonds, generally conduct themſelves in a mob? The conſequence was ſuch as is eaſy to be preſaged from ſuch proceedings.—A riot took place, the unhappy effects of which are generally known, and ſincerely regretted by *one* ſide of the queſtion. Now let any man of plain unſophiſticated underſtandſtanding, lay his hand upon his heart and ſay, which he believes to have been the cauſe of this tumult, thoſe men who had attended at the Huſtings, for thirty days together, with uninterrupted good order and tranquility, or thoſe who came came but one day, and on that the miſchief took place. This can be no queſtion with a fair or reaſoning man. Before theſe conſtables came, all was quiet. When they ceaſe to come, all is quiet again. Then who cauſed the diſturbance?—No detail of circumſtances is wanting in a caſe ſo clear.——He that runs may read.

May 15.] Yeſterday the poll at Covent Garden cloſed at two o'clock, by particular deſire of Mr. Fox. It ſeems, ſome of Sir Cecil's *peaceable* friends had determined to bring the corpſe of the unfortunate conſtable, who died of his wounds, from his reſidence in the Tower Hamlet (to which place he was removed) and to bury him in Covent Garden Church-yard, juſt at the cloſe of the poll. This was intimated to Mr. Fox, who very wiſely prevented the *effects which this humane ſcheme* would moſt probably have produced,

by closing the poll at two. Mr. Fox, in his speech from the Hustings, strongly recommended his friends to depart to their respective houses, and declared the poll would close on Monday next at three o'clock.

Thursday another proposal was made to Mr. Fox, by Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, through the *official medium* of the High Bailiff, to close the poll finally as the next day; which, however, was peremptorily declined by the former; the High Bailiff then rejoined, he should close it by his own authority on Monday next.

The following is a fact that can be proved by the most indisputable testimony. Just as their Majesties were about to set off from Buckingham-house for Covent Garden Theatre, on Friday evening *(May* 14*)* a private message reached them from *two illustrious candidates*, desiring them, for G—d's sake, not to venture into the regions of Covent Garden that evening, for fear of consequences the most fatal, as an *assault* was meditating of the most daring nature! Sensible of the *perseverence* of a certain character, they knew this advice would have no other effect then making the royal visit at the Theatre a matter of greater certainty;—the next thing was to contrive an uproar in the playhouse, to fulfil their zealous prediction; for this purpose, the *heroes themselves*, with *party ribbons* in their hats for the first time, went to the box lobby, and by various attempts endeavoured to force themselves into a conspicuous part of the side boxes, well knowing that a violent contest and uproar must have been the inevitable consequence of their appearance. The boxkeepers, however, who saw through the design, and ever determined to preserve the peace of the Theatre, very laudably told them there was no room in any part of the house (which was far from the fact) and thus prudently defeated the execution of a manœuvre, more desperate and pitiful, if possible, than the proceffional interment of the *riotous crimp*, who was lately slain in their *honourable* service!

The political opinion of the people of this country wears a very different aspect from that in which it was represented to the Throne by Addresses. London, to prove that the Address from the Metropolis spoke not the real sentiments of its inhabitants, has elected the very party who supported Mr. Fox. And Westminster, by a considerable majority, have proved, in the most decided manner, that the Address presented, and said to be theirs, was diametrically opposite to the sense of the people. This must convince our most gracious Sovereign, that he was deceived into a resolution of dissolving the Parliament.

A correspondent informs us as a fact, that early in last week the sum of *four pence* was sent to Drummond's banking-house as a subscription towards Sir Cecil Wray's Scrutiny, and after some consultation in the back office, the same was received and carried to account!! "Tell it not in Gath, &c."

A Gentleman who was present observes, that Mr. Fox's conduct in closing the Poll on Friday at two o'clock, was well timed, for it had the effect of stopping the burial of the deceased constable until four o'clock that afternoon, at which time the hearse arrived in the Garden from the Tower Hamlets, and was by direction of Sir Cecil's *peaceable* friends driven first facing the Shakespeare, and then turned round the Garden under Jennings's window, drove before the Hustings with a mourning coach, following it in which was the widow, who in *tenderness* to her deceased husband, thrust her head out of the coach-window, crying, "*blood for blood.*" If our correspondent had not heard the words and seen the conduct he could scarcely have given it credit.

May 17.] This day at three o'clock the Poll closed for the city of Westminster, after being open since the 1st of April last. The numbers were, for

Lord Hood - -	6694	
Hon. Charles James Fox -	6234	
Sir Cecil Wray - -	5998	
Majority for Mr. Fox, - -	——	236

As

As ſoon as the High Bailiff declared the numbers on the Poll, Sir Cecil Wray, in a written declaration to the High Bailiff, containing his motives for ſo doing, demanded a ſcrutiny. [*For a copy of the Requiſition, &c. and an account of the other particulars relating to the tranſactions, in the Veſtry of this day, ſee* p. 209.]

On Mr. Fox's quitting the Veſtry, his friends who were aſſembled to the amount of many thouſands, inſiſted on chairing him, and the grandeſt ſpectacle enſued which we ever ſaw on any ſimilar occaſion. The crowds were innumerable; the windows were filled with the moſt beautiful women that ever youthful fancy can imagine; the ſtreets were lined with carriages, and choaked with multitudes of the people. The deſcription of Henry IV. was demonſtrated, and notwithſtanding the immenſe concourſe, and the general triumph, the whole was conducted, not only with the greateſt regularity, but with the profoundeſt peace. The following was the order of the proceſſion:

Heralds on Horſeback.
Twenty-four *Marrow-bones and Cleavers.*
The ARMS of WESTMINSTER.
Thirty Firemen of Weſtminſter.
Martial Muſic.
Committees of the Seven Pariſhes, with white Wands, following their reſpective banners, and attended by numberleſs Gentlemen of the ſeveral diſtricts.
SQUADRON of GENTLEMEN *on Horſeback in the Blue and Buff uniform.*
Trumpets.
Flag.—THE RIGHTS OF THE COMMONS.
Grand Band of Muſic.
Flag.—THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE.
Marſhals on Foot.
TRIUMPHAL CHAIR,
Decorated with Laurels, in which was ſeated
The Right Hon. CHARLES JAMES. FOX.
Trumpets.
Flag.—The WHIG CAUSE!
Second Squadron of Horſe.
Liberty Boys of Newport Market.
Mr. FOX's CARRIAGE *crowned with Laurels.*
BANNER—*Sacred to Female Patriotiſm!*
Blue Standard, inſcribed,
INDEPENDENCE!
STATE CARRIAGES of their Graces
The Ducheſs of PORTLAND and
DEVONSHIRE, *drawn by ſix horſes ſuperbly Capariſoned, with ſix running footmen attendant on each.*
Gentlemen's ſervants cloſing the Proceſſion, two and two, &c. &c.

The *route* of the proceſſion was round Covent Garden, down Ruſſel and Catharine-ſtreets into the Strand, Charing-croſs, down Parliament ſtreet, round the end of Great George-ſtreet, and back to Charing-croſs, Pall-mall, &c. St. James's-ſtreet, Piccadilly, Berkley-ſtreet, round Berkley-ſquare; back through Berkley-ſtreet, and into Devonſhire-houſe Court-yard, where the various banners formed in front, while Mr. Fox, alighting from his chair, aſcended the ſteps, and joined his Royal Highneſs the PRINCE of WALES, their Graces the Duke and Ducheſs of Devonſhire, Lady Duncannon, and a train of other illuſtrious beauties, who were aſſembled on the platform, in order to greet the arrival of their favourite Repreſentative. Mr. Fox from thence addreſſed his

friends, in an elegant ſpeech, moſt cordially thanking them for the high honour they had conferred upon him, and requeſting, as their triumph in the cauſe of freedom and independence had been ſo highly honourable to him and themſelves, it might not be ſullied by the ſmalleſt marks of tumult or intemperance.

The proceſſion then turned off to Willis's ſpacious rooms in King-ſtreet, where they ſat down to dinner about eight in the evening, and the night was ſpent with unuſual exhiliration. The conſtitutional toaſts which have always been drank at the meetings of Mr. Fox's friends were given; and Mr. Morris joined his convivial powers to the ſpirits of the company, which were ſufficiently elevated with the triumph of the day. He ſung two new ſongs full of applicable points. After the toaſt of the Independent Electors of Weſtminiſter

Mr. Baker propoſed as a toaſt, "*Mr. Fox, and may the Houſe of Commons fulfil the "efforts of the Independent Electors of Weſtminſter, and complete the Election of the man of "their choice.*" This toaſt was drank with infinite applauſe, and Mr. Fox, in return, obſerved, that he ſhould be the moſt ungrateful man on earth not to feel the moſt lively ſenſations of ſatisfaction and acknowledgment to the preſent company on the event of that day. It was a coincidence of circumſtances which, he could not help remarking, that when ſeveral of the Gentlemen preſent, laſt met in the ſame place, few or none of them expected what they were all now witneſs of; but he was happy to ſay in their behalf, and it did them infinite honour, that even then their principle, their attachment to the great cauſe of liberty was ſtill the ſame. This, in his opinion, was the moſt honourable teſtimony they could have given of the ſoundneſs and conſtitutional purity of their politics. For it was no unuſual think with many to boaſt of ſentiments in proſperity which they were notorious for relinquiſhing in the hour of trial and adverſity. Happily this was not the caſe with his friends, whoſe zeal and exertions were never more ſtrong and exemplary than when their hopes of ſucceſs were moſt doubtful.

Nor did he think it became him to be ſilent in praiſe of their attachment to the genius and ſpirit of the conſtitution, at a time when, by the arts of miſrepreſentation, ſo many other parts of the country had almoſt loſt ſight of their birthright as Britons and as men. They had given a glorious example of their honeſty and public virtue in the worſt of times, and in oppoſition to the moſt deteſtable machinations.

He would ſay it was flattering to him in a very eminent degree, that while he had been exhibited, in various places, as the moſt inordinately ambitious, their conduct who knew him beſt, who were the only competent judges of his politics and his morals, gave the lie direct to the ſcurrilous reports of thoſe who only wiſh to traduce him, and every honeſt independent man, to a level with themſelves. He had lived among them all his days, and been ever under their eye; and this day was, in his mind, no very unequivocal proof that the ſyſtem of public conduct which he avowed was agreeable to them. He truſted the Houſe of Commons would do that juſtice to their free and independent ſuffrages, which had been denied by the High Bailiff of Weſtminſter.

On the eve of a new Parliament he hoped to be forgiven remarking, that notwithſtanding the very extraordinary clamour which had been raiſed againſt him, thoſe new Members who had come to town this night would hardly conceive him to be ſo very unpopular as he had been ſaid to be. It was in ſhort his pride that ſo many of the moſt reſpectable citizens in the kingdom had thus unanimouſly approved his exertions in the public ſervice. This demonſtration they had given in a way which could not be miſunderſtood, and againſt an influence which had few parallels in any Election in the annals of a free country. And he would only add, that the beſt mode of teſtifying his gratitude was by continuing to act the part which had called forth ſo ſpirited and ſo general a ſupport."

The feſtival concluded, as it was conducted throughout, with peace and harmony. There was neither riot nor diſorder. The city was generally illuminated, and it was illuminated without the aſſiſtance of a mob. May ſuch ever be the triumphs of an independent city, over thoſe who would invade the exerciſe of their rights!

We cannot cloſe this account without expreſſing our admiration of the great order and regularity with which the whole was conducted; not an aſſault was offered by the triumphant party, even where the laws of retaliation ſeemed to demand it. The ſpectacle was brilliant beyond imagination, as can be fully teſtified by thoſe myriads of Britiſh beauties, whoſe preſence ſo powerfully graced the ſcene!—The *entre* of Carleton Houſe, and Devonſhire Yard, which every Gentleman paſſed through uncovered, in honour of the illuſtrious poſſeſſors, and the glorious paſs in Berkley-ſtreet, where an illuſtrious *Prince of the Houſe of Brunſwick* aſcended ſome unaccommodating ſteps to the wall, with two illuſtrious Ducheſſes, in order to ſalute the *triumphant ſons of Freedom* on their march, are circumſtances too flattering ever to be forgotten by thoſe who had the honour of beholding them!

May 18.] The High Bailiff of Weſtminſter preſented a paper this day to the Houſe of Commons, in which he ſtated, that as a ſcrutiny had been demanded by one of the candidates for that city, and as it was not in his power to aſcertain on which ſide the majority of legal votes reſted, he had conſented to the application, and that a ſcrutiny was *now pending*. For what purpoſe this little *inaccuracy* is committed, it is not difficult to ſay, as the ſcrutiny is not to take place till the 28th of this month.

This day at noon his Royal Highneſs the *Prince of Wales* gave a grand dejeuné to the nobility and gentry, at Carleton Houſe. Several tents are pitched in Carleton Gardens, for the accommodation of the viſitants, and the grounds laid out in a *novelle* ſtile.—This *morning fete* is given in honour of Mr. Fox's Re-election!

This evening Mrs. *Crewe* gives a ſelect ball and ſupper to the nobility and gentry, in honour of Mr. Fox's Re-election!

Yeſterday morning the *Prince of Wales* was preſent at the *review* at *Aſcot Heath*, in company with his *Majeſty*. His Highneſs returned about half paſt three to town, and rode ſeveral times in his regimentals along Pall-mall and St. James's-ſtreet, where he was received with ſhouts of triumph by the populace, who had collected to ſee Mr. *Fox's proceſſion*. Soon afterwards his *Highneſs* dreſſed for dinner, and appeared in his carriage, diſplaying in his hat the *Fox favour* and *laurel*. In his way to *Devonſhire Houſe*, where he was to dine, no deſcription can equal the *acclamations* he received.

The number of *naval uniforms* which were yeſterday *lent* from the *leathern doublet* in *Monmouth-ſtreet*, to give an appearance of *parade* to *Lord Hood* and *Sir Cecil*, is paſt conception. One fellow (a runner to Bridewell) who diſplayed a *Poſt Captain's lapel* on the occaſion, falling in with a *hackney coachman* arrayed like a *Maſter and Commander*, took him into cuſtody for ſtealing a horſe; and carrying him before the ſitting Juſtices in Bow-ſtreet, thereby deprived the proceſſion of two reſpectable members!

When the queſtion of a ſcrutiny was debated in the Veſtry Room at Covent Garden, little *Counſellor Frog*, in reply to Mr. Fox, made a very happy diſtinction between a *legal* writ and a *conſtitutional* writ. We preſume, however, that this cunning caſuiſt borrowed the hint from Mr. Wilkes's comprehenſive definition of the Conſtitution. It is ſaid of the worthy Alderman, that once commending Mr. Serjeant Glynn as an excellent lawyer, and as well verſed in the Conſtitution as in the law, he was aſked, what he meant by the Conſtitution? To which he replied, *every thing, that is not law*.

The Miniſter is reſolved to take the early advantage of a popular deluſion which he knows cannot be of long endurance. He reſolves to break down the ancient fences

of

of the Conſtitution, and with a bold precipitance to trample on the rights and freedom of Election. With this view the Weſtminſter Bailiff is to be ſupported through thick and thin. Quirks and quibbles are to uſurp the place of plain honeſt principles; in ſhort, all the dirty work of prerogative is to commence at the very onſet of our virgin Parliament.

The Electors of Weſtminſter are in as degraded a ſituation as ever fell by way of puniſhment on a franchiſed body. Their High Bailiff daringly tells them, that altho' he could not diſpute the validity of their ſuffrages at the place of poll, yet the Repreſentative they have choſen ſhall not be *returned*. His inſult to the Houſe of Commons has ſtill greater indignity in it; as he tells the Houſe, that a *Member* elected to ſit among them ſhall be with-held his ſeat merely to anſwer the purpoſe of party, and to ſhow how little he regards their importance!

The ſcrutiny promiſed for Weſtminſter, and which will undoubtedly take place, will lay open, it is generally believed, ſuch ſcenes of the moſt abandoned proceedings, as muſt for ever diſgrace the miniſterial party. They were open enough in many tranſactions ſufficiently culpable; but others, ſtill more heinous than thoſe, remain yet behind the curtain.

In the *ruder* Parliaments of former times, the poor decrepid High Bailiff of Weſtminſter had no noubt been immured within the dreary manſions of *Newgate*, for an act which in theſe enlightened days will probably inſure him, in this *plentiful ſeaſon*, the full-blown honours of *Britiſh Nobility!*

If Mr. *Corbett* is really called up to the *Houſe of Peers*, an event generally expected to take place, it will be by the ſtile and title of Lord *Puzzle Vote*, Baron *Scrutiny*, of the city of Weſtminſter; with remainder, in default of iſſue, to the *nineteenth grandchild, male or female*, of *Hotſpur, moſt high, moſt noble, and moſt puiſſant* Duke of HURLO THRUMBO!

A ſcrutiny for Bedfordſhire was refuſed by the Returning Officer, becauſe the whole Election had been a ſcrutiny. The ſame reaſon was aſſigned for refuſing a ſcrutiny in Buckinghamſhire. Let us ſee what reaſon the High Bailiff of Weſtminſter had for granting a ſcrutiny, if we allow his power of doing ſo to be unqueſtionable. When Mr. Fox firſt began to recover his loſt ground, the Teſt Oath was adminiſtered *becauſe Mr. Fox's voters were all Roman Catholics!* When this proved no ſufficient impediment to Mr. Fox's riſing majorities, the pariſh books were then produced, *as Mr. Fox's voters were all inhabitants of Spitalfields*. This was ſtill found by no means a ſufficient check. The ruling powers then proceeded to ſuſpend till the next morning five or ſix votes on a day, when they had any doubts of their validity; yet, after all this, when Mr. Fox finally cloſes the poll with a majority of 236, the High Bailiff thinks himſelf in duty bound to grant a ſcrutiny, even after the expiration of the writ, when he has no warrant to ſhow for any further authority whatever!

A miniſterial paper contains an advertiſement from Mrs. Caſſon, relict of the conſtable, dated from Nightingale-lane, Wapping, in which, with moſt Epheſian piety, ſhe offers 50l. reward for diſcovering her huſband's aſſaſſin, and adds, that "from her ideas "of conſtructive evidence," ſhe conceives that Mr. Caſſon was the victim of party vengeance. One would have thought it ſcarcely credible that Mr. C——— would have given his ſanction to ſo ridiculous a compoſition, purporting to iſſue from the pen of Mrs. Caſſon, of Nightingale-lane, Wapping.

Miniſters will have a very powerful majority in the new Parliament. To what is this to be attributed—to their *weight* of character, or their *weight* of *metal?*

The

The following is an official copy of the return made by the High Bailiff of Weſtminſter to the Sheriff of Middleſex, and by the Sheriff to the Clerk of the Crown.

" Thomas Corbett, Bailiff of the Liberty of the Dean and Chapter of the Collegiate " Church of St. Peter, at Weſtminſter, in the county of Middleſex, doth hereby cer- " tify unto the Sheriff of the ſaid county of Middleſex, that by virtue of a certain pre- " cept, dated the 16th day of March laſt, and on the ſame day delivered to him the " ſaid Bailiff, by the ſaid Sheriff, for the election of two citizens to ſerve in the en- " ſuing Parliament for the city of Weſtminſter, and by virtue of the writ therein re- " cited (proclamation of the premiſes in the ſaid precept firſt mentioned, of the day " and place as in the ſaid precept is directed firſt being made) he the ſaid Bailiff did " proceed to the Election of two citizens to ſerve in the enſuing Parliament for the ſaid " city of Weſtminſter, on the firſt day of April now laſt paſt, on which day appeared " and were put in nomination the three Candidates herein after mentioned, and a poll " being demanded, he the ſaid Bailiff did forthwith proceed to take the ſaid poll, and " continued to take the ſame day by day, during ſix hours each day, viz. from nine in " the forenoon to three in the afternoon, until the day of the date of theſe preſents in- " cluſive, on which day the ſaid poll was finally cloſed, when the numbers on the ſaid " poll for the ſaid ſeveral Candidates ſtood as follows : viz.

For the Right Hon. Sir Samuel Hood, Baronet, Baron Hood of the kingdom of Ireland	—	—		6694
For the Right Hon. Charles James Fox	—	—		6234
For Sir Cecil Wray, Baronet	—	—	—	5998

The ſaid Bailiff further ſets forth, " That on the ſaid final cloſe of the poll, a ſcru- " tiny was duly demanded in behalf of Sir Cecil Wray ; which ſcrutiny the ſaid Bailiff " has granted for the purpoſe of inveſtigating the legality of the votes more accurately " than could be done on the ſaid poll ; and the ſaid ſcrutiny ſo granted is now pending " and undetermined, and by reaſon of the premiſes, the ſaid Bailiff humbly conceives " he cannot make any other return to the ſaid precept than as herein before is con- " tained, until the ſaid ſcrutiny ſhall be determined, which he fully intends to proceed " upon with all practicable diſpatch. In witneſs whereof, he, the ſaid Thomas Cor- " bett, Bailiff of the ſaid liberty, hath hereunto ſet his hand and ſeal, the 17th day of " May, in the year of our Lord, 1784.

THO. CORBETT, Bailiff."

Having laid before the public authentic extracts reſpecting the atrocious violation of the freedom of Election in the Weſtminſter poll of 1741, we now ſubjoin the memorable ſpeech of the then Speaker of the Houſe of Commons (the illuſtrious Mr. Onſlow) on the day appointed by the Houſe for reprimanding the Weſtminſter Juſtices who had dared to call out the military upon that occaſion 15th Geo. II. Jan. 22, 1742.

" You having at the bar of this Houſe yeſterday confeſſed, that you did ſend for and " cauſe to come on Friday the 8th day of May laſt, a body of armed ſoldiers, headed " by officers, in a military manner, who did take poſſeſſion of the church-yard of St. " Paul, Covent Garden, near the place where the poll for the Election of Citizens to " ſerve in this preſent Parliament for the city of Weſtminſter was taken, before the ſaid " Election was ended ; and you having acknowledged your offence therein, the Houſe " did order you to attend this morning, to be brought to the bar, to be reprimanded " on your knees by me for the ſaid offence.

" I cannot better deſcribe to you the nature of this offence you have been guilty of, " than in the words of the reſolutions this Houſe came to, upon their examination into " that matter, which are,

" That

" *That the preſence of a regular body of armed ſoldiers at an Election of Members to ſerve*
" *in Parliament, is an high infringement of the liberties of the ſubject, a manifeſt violation*
" *of the freedom of Elections, and in open defiance of the laws and conſtitution of this king-*
" *dom.* And it is impoſſible, if you well conſider the terms of this reſolution, but that
" you muſt have in your breaſts the deepeſt ſorrow and remorſe for this raſh act of
" yours, *which if it had not been animadverted upon* might have given the moſt dange-
" rous wound to the conſtitution of this free country that perhaps it had ever felt—
" *This country free, becauſe the Houſe is ſo, which this Houſe can never be, but from the*
" *freedom of Elections to it*; and, amidſt the too many ways for violating that, none
" can be more pernicious, becauſe none more quick, deciſive, and permanent, than
" what you might have unhappily ſet a precedent for, and which might have grown to
" an extremity, under the ſpecious and ready pretences of fears and neceſſity that ſu-
" perſede all law—a precedent *would have received an authority from the place it began in*
—the ſeat of government, and the legiſlature of this kingdom.

" But you have acknowledged your offence, and have aſked pardon for it. This
" has diſpoſed the Houſe to lenity; uſe it not to leſſen the ſenſe of your crime, but to
" raiſe in your hearts that ſenſe of gratitude you have to the Houſe for that gentle
" treatment you have met with on this occaſion."

In reſpect to the Weſtminſter Election, we muſt obſerve, that if Sir Ceail Wray had polled 236 more than Mr. Fox, and that Mr, Fox had demanded a ſcrutiny, we do moſt firmly believe, let the circumſtances of the caſe be what they might, the High Bailiff would not have granted a ſcrutiny, but on the contrary have returned the higheſt number as duly elected. In this opinion, we conceive every candid man in London will agree. The numbers being ſo high above Sir Cecil, the Bailiff, who in fact gave his ſanction to, and approved of thoſe votes, ought to have ſupported his own conſequence by adhering to what he had admitted. We are therefore juſtified in joining with the popular voice in diſapproving the extraordinary conduct of the High Bailiff on this important occaſion.

Extract of a letter from Derby.

" The moment Mr. Fox's victory was announced, the principal inhabitants of
" this town aſſembled at Mr. Symond's, the Greyhound, in the Market Place, by
" repeated huzzas; the bells in the five churches were immediately ordered to be rung,
" and have continued ringing ever ſince without the leaſt intermiſſion. In the even-
" ing, an elegant ſupper was given at the ſame houſe, to a ſelect party of gentlemen,
" and this day a grand dinner was given at the George Inn, at which almoſt all the
" principal inhabitants were preſent. Mr. Fox's health was drank with *two hundred*
" *and thirty-ſix cheers*, (his majority upon the poll) and the evening concluded with
" every poſſible demonſtration of joy, illuminations, bonfires, fireworks, &c. &c. &c."

When the news arrived at Cheſterfield of the Right Honourable Charles Fox being legally choſen Member of Parliament for Weſtminſter, the bells began to ring there, and continued at intervals till paſt twelve o'clock at night. A large bonfire was made in the market-place, and ſeveral cannons were diſcharged. In the evening Mr. Goſling was chaired round the town in honour of the Member, having in his hat a cockade, on which was written, in letters of gold, FOX AND FREEDOM, attended by a great concourſe of people, chiefly compoſed of the principal inhabitants of the town, who all wore laurels in their hats.

It is ſomewhat extraordinary that Lord Mountmorres ſhould be at the head of thoſe who have demanded a ſcrutiny. Lord Mountmorres was certainly a lodger only when the poll began, and lived in ready furniſhed apartments. The title of Iriſh Peer gives

no

no ſanction to a name at a Weſtminſter Election. Let juſtice hold the ſcale, and the weight be impartial. If Mr. Fox has polled improper perſons, he deſerves to be turned out, and to be for ever reprobated for ſuch conduct; and if Sir Cecil Wray has demanded a ſcrutiny on weak and frivolous grounds, he is a character equally deteſtable; very improper means were no doubt uſed on this Election by both parties. The ſervants of the Crown, and the Newcaſtle and Northumberland intereſt began undue influence for the Court party, and the Devonſhire and Portland family oppoſed in favour of the other. This is very unconſtitutional, and contrary to the right of Election.

CARLETON HOUSE.

RURAL FETE.

May 19.] In conſequence of the *Morning Fete*, his Royal Highneſs the *Prince of Wales* propoſed, in honour of Mr. *Fox's victory* over the prerogative Candidates, a company of near ſix hundred of the firſt perſons of faſhion aſſembled yeſterday at Carleton Houſe. The *ſuite* of rooms were laid out in the moſt ſuperb ſtyle for their reception. Nine *marquees* were pitched in the gardens, and covers ſpread in each, conſiſting of *devices* equally expreſſive of the political principles and gallantry of *his Highneſs*. The *Dejune* diſplayed two hundred and fifty covers of the moſt choice viands, confects, and ices: ſtrawberries, grapes, and a variety of the choiceſt fruits, made a part of the entertainment. Four *Bands* were diſpoſed at proper diſtances in the gardens, two of which were compoſed of wind inſtruments; one was a regular orcheſtra, and one for country dances, at the head of which *Werner* preſided. The *groteſque Italian*, who is ſo much diſtinguiſhed for his oddities, made his appearance in the character of a *French Marquis*, his wife aſſiſted in this *dramatis perſonæ*, and occaſioned much diverſion. After the elapſe of a ſhort period, a party was formed for country dances and cotillions. The ball was confined to the garden, and was opened on a ſpot choſen by the Prince. His Highneſs and the Ducheſs of Devonſhire were the *firſt couple*; Lady H. Walpole was next who was honoured by the *royal hand*.

Among others who danced, were

Lord Carliſle	—	Lady Jerſey.
Mr. Greville	—	Ducheſs of Portland.
Mr. Fitzroy	—	Mrs. Anderſon. / Miſs Ingram.
Sir Harry Featherſtone		Miſs Ingram.
Mr. C. Wyndam	—	Mrs. Meynell.
Mr. Burrell	—	Lady Duncannon.
Mr. St. John	—	Miſs Keppel.

Lord *Berkley* was particularly favoured, as Lady *Beauchamp*, Lady *Derby*, and Miſs *Townſhend*, in the courſe of the dance, honoured him with their hands. The Miſs *Norths*, Lady *A. Campbell*, Lady *Chewton*, Lady *Lewiſham*, Lady *Julia Howard*, and ſeveral other ladies as well as gentlemen alſo ſtood up; but the frequent exchange of partners, puts it out of our power to give an exact account. This *rural repaſt* was conſidered as a revival of *old Engliſh hoſpitality*, and ſuch was the ſpirit of the *meeting*, that it may literally be ſaid the breakfaſt was not over till ſix in the evening. A ſelect party of about thirty gentlemen remained after the company departed, to dine with the Prince; among whom were Mr. Fox, Admiral Pigot, Mr. Fitzpatrick, Col. North, Lord Lewiſham, Mr. Boothby, Sir Harry Featherſtone, Colonel Onſlow, Sir Thomas Gaſcoyne, Mr. P. Delme, Lord Berkeley, Lord Winchelſea, Mr. C. Wyndham, Mr. Fitzroy, Colonel Stephenſon, and others.

In the evening, the *Carleton viſitants* met at *Mrs. Crewe's*, who gave a *Ball* on the occaſion. His Highneſs, after his dinner party broke up, attended the evening ſcene

of gaiety. Among the ladies particularly diſtinguiſhed by their dreſs, was Lady *Beauchamp* in a *white Poloneſe* of her own deſign, ornamented with *ſpangles*; Mrs. *Anderſon*, who wore a beautiful fancy *Venetian* dreſs; and Mrs. *Meynell*, the elder, who was elegance itſelf. The gentlemen who viſited Carleton-houſe were dreſſed almoſt, without an exception, in *blue and buff*. The *Prince* was in uncommon ſpirits at dinner, and beſides ſinging ſeveral *ſongs* in a very pleaſing ſtile, alſo joined in ſome *catches* and *glees*. This entertainment was formed under the regulation of Mr. *Weltje*, and does him the higheſt honour for its elegance and taſte.

A curious anecdote happened at the Prince of Wales's public breakfaſt. Some one, for the ſake of a laugh, pinned a *Fox's cockade* on the *tete* of Lady Talbot, whoſe partiality for the Court Candidates was known to be violent. Every body wondered at the Lady's ſudden converſion, and the eyes of the whole company were directed to the ornamented head-dreſs. At length, after thoſe who were in the ſecret had fully enjoyed the titter, they commiſſioned a perſon to ſtep up and compliment her Ladyſhip on her coming over to the ſtandard of beauty and freedom. By this means ſhe diſcovered the cauſe of her being ſo diſtinguiſhed, and ſhe was ſo enraged, that having employed the French Ambaſſador to unpin from her head dreſs the *party emblem*, ſhe courſed round the gardens till ſhe came to the political groupe where Charles was ſtanding, and here ſhe threw the *beau knot* down, and *trampled it under foot*.

Mrs. CREW's BALL.

Mrs. Crew's ball on Tueſday night, in honour of Mr. Fox's victory, was the moſt pleaſant and jovial ever given in the circle of high life, and united all the charms of elegance, eaſe, and conviviality. The company was ſelect though numerous, and aſſembled about ten o'clock in blue and buff uniforms; the dancing begun about eleven, and at half after the Prince's quadrille arrived, conſiſting of his Royal Highneſs, the Ducheſs of Devonſhire, Lady Duncannon, Lady Bamfield, Miſs Keppel, Mr. Stepney, Mr. Greville, &c. who, all dreſſed in uniforms, ſaſhes, and feathers, danced the moſt elegant figure dance that could be formed; the Prince then danced minuets with the Ducheſs of Devonſhire, Lady Bamfield, &c. and then followed country dances, led by the Prince and the Ducheſs, till half after two, when the company deſcended to a truly elegant and comfortable ſupper. The ſupper buſineſs was ſoon diſpatched, and, at the unanimous requeſt of the Ladies, Captain Morris was placed in the chair, and a general call enſued for the Baby and Nurſe; he ſung it in his very beſt ſtile, and the fair circle choruſſed with the moſt heart-felt ſpirit. The Ladies then drank his health, and cheered him three times with true feſtive glee; upon which Captain Morris after thanking the fair company for the honour of their charming approbation, gave as a toaſt *buff and blue and Mrs. Crew*, which Mrs. Crew very ſmartly returned in a glaſs, with *buff and blue and all of you*. The toaſts being drank, a party in another ſupper-room, conſiſting of Lord North, the Ducheſs of Portland, Lady Jerſey, and others, ſent a deputation to Captain Morris, requeſting him to come into their room, upon which he went, and gave that company *the Baby and Nurſe*, he then came back to the great room in a craſh of applauſe from the Ladies fair hands, and reſumed the chair; the company from the other room ſoon followed, and he entertained them with a continual ſucceſſion of droll ſongs, applicable to the times, and ſung them with a ſpirit that made every fair eye in the room dance with delight. In ſhort, never was an evening ſpent with ſo much true pleaſure and comfort, and every tongue in the room was unanimous in their expreſſions of ſatisfaction and admiration. At four the company reſumed the dance, and a wit in the room ſaid, Captain Morris had ſet the Ladies ſpirits into ſuch motion, that he ſuppoſed there would be *Morris-dancing* till dinner-time. There were preſent, among others, the Prince of Wales, Duke of Devonſhire, Earl Fitzwilliam, Earl of Jerſey,

Jerſey, Earl of Carliſle, Earl Cholmondeley, Earl of Derby, Lord North, Lord Leſton, Lord Beauchamp, Lord Melbourne, Mr. Onſlow, Sir Ralph Payne, General St. John, Colonel Fitzpatrick, Colonel North, Lord Robert Spencer, Mr. Haſe, Mr. Sheridan, Mr. Wyndham, Mr. Faulkener, and Ducheſs of Devonſhire, Ducheſs of Portland, Ladies Jerſey, Duncannon, Fitzwilliam, Sefton, Archer, Melbourne, Bamfield, St. John, Beauchamp, North, Payne, &c. &c.—The company were all retired between ſix and ſeven, and the whole entertainment was conducted in a manner that did great honour to the beautiful patroneſs of the night, and will ever be remembered in the feſtive annals of the great and gay world.

[*We have now gone through the Paragraphical Part of our Miſcellany, on both Sides the Queſtion, which, we aſſure our Readers, has occaſioned us great Trouble in ſelecting. Senſible how difficult a Matter it is to hit the Taſte of Individuals, in Things of this Kind, we are prepared to expect Cenſure from ſome and Praiſe from others on one and the ſame Subject: We flatter ourſelves, however, that our Deſire to pleaſe will not be overlooked, though poſſibly our inferior Judgment may juſtly be condemned. We ſhall next proceed to the Trial of the Rioters.*]

ON the firſt of June, *Patrick Nicholſon, James Ward, Joſeph Shaw, James Murray,* and others, took their trial at the Old Bailey, before the Right Honourable *Robert Peckham,* Eſq. Lord Mayor of the City of London; the Honourable *John Willes,* Eſq. one of the Juſtices of his Majeſty's Court of King's Bench; the Honourable Sir *Richard Perryn,* Knt. one of the Barons of his Majeſty's Court of Exchequer; the Honourable *James Adair,* Eſq. Serjeant at Law, Recorder of the ſaid City; and others his Majeſty's Juſtices of Oyer and Terminer of the City of London and Juſtices of Gaol Delivery of Newgate, holden for the ſaid City and County of Middleſex, on ſuſpicion of the wilful murder of *Nicholas Caſſon,* at Covent Garden, on May 10, 1784. The following particulars contain the whole of the witneſſes depoſitions, and proceedings of the Court thereon.

INDICTMENT.

Patrick Nicholſon, James Ward, Joſeph Shaw, and *James Murray,* late of the pariſh of St. Paul, Covent Garden, in the county of Middleſex, labourers, were indicted, for that they, not having the fear of God before their eyes, but being moved and ſeduced by the inſtigation of the devil, on the 10th of May, in the twenty-fourth year of his Majeſty's reign, with force and arms in and upon one Nicholas Caſſon, in the peace of God and our Lord the King, then and there being, did make an aſſault; and that he, the ſaid Patrick Nicholſon, with a certain large wooden ſtick, value one penny, which the ſaid Patrick then and there had and held in his right hand, in and upon the head, neck, ſtomach, ſhoulders, arms, back, belly, ſides, loins, legs, and thighs, of the ſaid Nicholas, then and there foloniouſly, wilfully, and of his malice aforethought, did divers times ſtrike and beat, and caſt and throw down to and againſt the ground, giving him then and there, as well by the ſtriking and beating of the wooden ſtick as afore-

ſaid, as by the caſting and throwing down to and againſt the ground as aforeſaid, one mortal fracture on the ſkull of him the ſaid Nicholas Caſſon, in and upon the left ſide of the head, and divers mortal bruiſes in and upon the head, neck, ſtomach, ſhoulders, arms, back, belly, ſides, loins, legs, and thighs, of him the ſaid Nicholas, by which ſaid mortal fracture of the ſkull, and the ſaid mortal bruiſes as aforeſaid, the ſaid Nicholas Caſſon did languiſh, and languiſhing did live, and on the 11th day of May of the ſaid mortal fracture did die; and that the ſaid James Ward, Joſeph Shaw, and James Murray, at the time of committing the felony and murder aforeſaid, feloniouſly and wilfully, and of their malice aforethought, were preſent, aiding, abetting, aſſiſting, and comforting him the ſaid Patrick Nicholas him the ſaid Nicholas Caſſon to kill and murder; and the Jurors ſay, that him the ſaid Nicholas Caſſon, they the ſaid Patrick Nicholſon, James Ward, Joſeph Shaw, and James Murray did kill and murder.

They were alſo charged upon the Coroner's Inquiſition with the like murder.

JURY.

John White,	William Sherman,
Robert Winkſworth,	William Roberts,
William Morris,	Andrew Cunningham,
Thomas Neale,	Thomas Alſop,
Joſeph Berks	Charles Hayley,
John Hayter,	Robert Sudlow.

Counſel for the Proſecution.

Mr. MORGAN, Mr. SYLVESTER.

Attorney. Mr. JONAS.

Counſel for the Priſoners.

Mr. ERSKINE, Mr. PIGOTT,
Mr. FIELDING, Mr. GARROW.

Attornies.

Mr. COCKER, Mr. CROWDER, Mr. LOTON.

The witneſſes examined apart at the requeſt of the priſoners Counſel.

Mr. Sylveſter opened the indictment.

And Mr. Morgan opened the caſe as follows:

My Lord, and you, Gentlemen of the Jury, you will pleaſe to favour me on the part of the preſent proſecution; this is a very ſerious and important buſineſs, and therefore it is peculiarly neceſſary that you ſhould pay a particular attention to the evidence that will by and by be produced before you; Gentlemen, a very wiſe regulation was recommended by one of the Judges yeſterday, to one of the Counſel for the priſoners and me; that this cauſe ſhould be tried by a Jury of Gentlemen who are not inhabitants of Weſtminſter, for the expreſs purpoſe of trying the priſoners at the bar with the utmoſt impartiality; I addreſs you therefore, Gentlemen, looking upon you as men, uninfluenced by that unhappy ſpirit that has raged for a conſiderable time laſt paſt in the city and liberty of Weſtminſter; and as men who, I truſt, will on this occaſion uſe their ſoundeſt judgment and their cooleſt deliberations. If any of you have at any time been engaged in the party diſputes that have lately ſubſiſted, and if you have heard or read any thing concerning thoſe diſputes, I truſt you will remove from your minds every impreſſion that you have hitherto received, but more eſpecially any impreſſion you may have received unfavourable to the priſoners at the bar. Gentlemen of the Jury, it is a duty becoming me, ſtanding here as Counſel for the proſecution, to ſtate to you the outlines

of

of the tranſaction, for the mere purpoſe of guiding your attention to the eſſential part of the evidence, when that evidence ſhall be produced to you, and for no other purpoſe; therefore, I ſhall not conſider it as incumbent on me, when I have ſtated the facts to you, to preſs you with obſervations on that evidence; the learned Judge will ſum up the whole with that preciſion and impartiality which becomes high auhority, ſitting in a ſeat of judgment, and I truſt in this matter, no party ſpirit whatever will interfere in the adminiſtration of public juſtice. Gentlemen, I need not ſtate to you, that the late Election for Weſtminſter was carried on, conteſted, and prolonged, in a manner that ſcarce ever was known in that city; nor need I inform you, that the Candidates were the Right Honourable Charles James Fox, Lord Hood, and Sir Cecil Wray; the Huſtings were held in the portico of the church of St. Paul's Covent Garden, there was a booth run up in front, and extended to the end of the church, that part next Henrietta-ſtreet was in general occupied by Mr. Fox and his friends, the other part next King-ſtreet, by the other party; during the time of the Election, which laſted many days, an immenſe croud of people aſſembled on the Huſtings, I need not tell you that there was a great deal of clamour, and of noiſe, as there is at all Elections; at one end of the Huſtings, crying out Fox for ever, no Wray, at the other end of the Huſtings, crying out Hood and Wray for ever, no Fox; ſome of the Gentlemen, friends to Mr. Fox, uſed the houſe known by the ſign of the Unicorn, between Henrietta-ſtreet, and the end of the Huſtings; at that Houſe likewiſe from time to time aſſembled a great body of Iriſh chairmen, Welch porters and others, armed with ſticks and bludgeons, but eſpecially towards the cloſe of the Poll, they ſeveral times forced their way in among the croud, and endeavoured to preſs through that part of the croud, which faced the part where Mr. Fox ſtood, up towards King-ſtreet; on one day towards the cloſe of the Poll, a body of them were incenſed, becauſe ſome perſons would not call out Fox for ever, and all at once as if in conſequence of a ſignal given, they drew their bludgeons, and flew inſtantly on the people; proceedings of this kind induced the Duke of Northumberland to write to Mr. Manwaring, to take into conſideration what ſhould be done, for the purpoſe of preſerving the peace, particularly at the cloſe of the Poll; the magiſtrates met, and I underſtand, one of them, Sir Sampſon Wright, in conſequence of this wrote to Mr. Elliot, the High Conſtable of the Tower Hamlets, and requeſted him to attend with the conſtables of the diviſion, on Monday morning the 10th of May, to go down to Guildhall, Weſtminſter, and there receive his inſtructions; he attended accordingly with his conſtables, and among theſe conſtables was the unfortunate Nicholas Caſſon, who was killed on that day; Mr Elliot went to Guildhall, he did not receive any particular inſtructions, and repaired to his men; the Poll did not finally cloſe that day, nor did it within a week afterwards; about the cloſe of the Poll, within the compaſs of a few minutes, an Iriſh chairman, who is ſuppoſed to be one of the banditti, for I cannot help calling him ſo, was puſhing about, and very ill uſing a black man; one of the peace officers obſerved him, he interfered, there was a reſiſtance, and they got the black from this man, reſcued him and put him into ſafety; this I ſuppoſe laid the foundation for an attack by ſeveral of the men, and if I do not miſtake, by the priſoners Murray and Shaw, upon the peace officers; the conſequence of which was, after ſome little ſtruggling, Murray and Shaw, if I do not miſtake, were taken up and carried to Patterſon's rooms; while this was doing a larger body of men aſſembled with ſticks and bludgeons, and the priſoner Nicholſon as I am inſtructed to ſay, and will be proved in evidence, with a large ſtick or bludgeon, knocked Caſſon down; this was followed by ſeveral violent blows, I am not clear whether Ward was there: Murray and Shaw had been upon the ſpot and active, but whether they were taken from the ſpot before or after, you muſt learn from the evidence; there has not been time

to

to prepare a regular brief, and what I am ſtating now, is from the depoſitions of fifteen or ſixteen different people. The two men that were taken up had been upon the ſpot; upon this the men forced their way:—after they had knocked down, Caſſon, they endeavoured to keep the conſtables off; ſeveral of them purſued their blows, and ſtruck the man ſeveral blows over the head, and other parts of the body, and to conclude the buſineſs, I believe one, if not more, got upon his body, trampled upon him, and broke three of his ribs; there he lay on the ground ſpeechleſs, and whilſt he ſo lay, he received ſeveral wounds; from that moment the man never ſpoke; a very violent attempt was made to ſurround the body, and keep off the conſtables; their object was to remove the body, which they did with infinite difficulty into Wood's Hotel; the man died in the courſe of a few hours. The coroner's inqueſt ſat on the body the next day, and brought in their verdict wilful murder by ſome perſon or perſons unknown. In the attempt to carry off the body, ſeveral of them were knocked down, and treated, as I may uſe the expreſſion, in a very cruel manner:—one of them, a Mr. Naſh, was purſued up King-ſtreet, and up the ſteps of Lowe's Hotel; then the men turned round towards King-ſtreet, where they continued the riot.—Gentlemen, theſe are the outlines of the caſe that I have to lay before you in evidence. Gentlemen, I ſcarce need tell you, under the direction of the learned Judge, that if a body of men armed, drawn up in battle array, three or four in a rank, and a great number of them in depth; if they aſſemble to commit indiſcriminate inſult on his Majeſty's ſubjects, though they may not maim, ſo as to occaſion the death of any man, yet if death enſues, and their deſign was illegal, the event will be murder, and they muſt be anſwerable for that offence. If I clearly prove that Patrick Nicholſon ſtruck the firſt blow, it is of no conſequence whether he ſtruck the fatal blow or not; it will appear, Gentlemen, that Shaw was upon the ſpot when Caſſon was knocked down, and that he was one of the very active rioters; it will appear likewiſe, that Murray was there at the time under ſimilar circumſtances; but I am inclined to think that Ward was taken into cuſtody either a few minutes before or after; but however that may be, Patrick Nicholſon ſtruck the firſt blow. If Shaw and Murray were active upon the ſpot, committing acts of violence, though they did not actually ſtrike the man that died, but ſtruck other perſons, I ſhall ſubmit they were equally culpable with Nicholſon. If it ſhould appear that Ward was preſent and active at the time, he is equally guilty; but you will not pay any other attention to this ſtate of the caſe than what is neceſſary to induce you to attend particularly to the evidence, and to diſcriminate between the caſe of every one of the priſoners; if you find them clearly and decidedly active, committing acts of violence, beſides Nicholſon who actually ſtruck the ſtroke, you will ſay ſo; but if the Judge and you ſhould be of opinion, that they ought not to be found guilty of conſtructive murder, then you will give that verdict. I only deſire you will carefully attend to the evidence, exerciſe cool judgment on the ſubject, baniſh every idea of the circumſtances from your memory, exerciſe a ſound diſcretion on the occaſion, and let a verdict be found on the cleareſt evidence.

Court. All the witneſſes ſhould be out of Court.

THOMAS DAVY *ſworn.*

Examined by Mr. Sylveſter.

I am a porter; I live at Mr. Adam's, in Grafton-ſtreet.

Was you at Covent Garden on Monday the 10th of May?—Yes.

At what hour did you come there?——About nine in the morning.

How long did you ſtay there?——I did not leave it till three.

Was there any particular diſturbance happened about that time?——I ſaw a great deal of diſturbance in regard of rioting.

Tell us what you ſaw, and who the perſons were that began the riot.—The party were chairmen, and butchers with cleavers.

What

What did you ſee the chairmen and butchers do?——I ſaw the butchers begin with the marrow-bones, and then the cleavers, and they went marching on; and the chairmen followed the butchers, and were marching from Henrietta-ſtreet to King-ſtreet; they croſſed the Huſtings.

That is, from Mr. Fox's ſide to Lord Hood's and Sir Cecil Wray's ſide?—Yes.

What did you ſee theſe men do particularly?——The conſtables came, part of them were in Henrietta-ſtreet and part in King-ſtreet; the butchers I thought were going right through, to go homewards; but in the room of that, they let the Iriſh chairmen in till ſuch time they got right facing the conſtables: Mr. Loton, the high conſtable, I ſaw him go down from Wood's Hotel, but I did not hear what he ſaid; he walked as if he was going to Henrietta-ſtreet: The Iriſh chairmen began to play with their ſtaves, many of them I know well, and they faced the conſtables. One of the chairmen called out to his companions, *Go it, my boys, go it*; then the chairmen began playing with their bludgeons. I did not ſee the butchers ſtrike any perſon; the chairmen began cutting and knocking down every perſon they met.

About what hour of the day was this?——As near as poſſible I can gueſs, it was juſt about three, or it might be ten minutes paſt, but it was after the poll-books were ſhut, which ſhut in general at three; to ſay that I obſerved particularly the time I did not; it might be half an hour, it might be three quarters.

What elſe did you ſee them do?——I ſaw ſeveral people that were very much injured by blows brought away.

Did you ſee any one in particular?——I cannot ſay I ſaw any one in particular; I ſaw the deceaſed man lay, but I did not ſee him till *after* he was brought into Mr. Wood's Hotel; I never ſaw any perſon ſtrike him.

Look at theſe men.——I do not know any of them.

Croſs-examined by Mr. Erſkine.

You was a pretty regular attendant upon the poll I believe, Mr. Davy; you are out of place I believe now the Election is over?——I have been out of place ever ſince Chriſtmas.

You was not employed there then?——No, Sir, I was not.

You gave a great deal of your time there?—I did, Sir, it was my pleaſure; I was not there every day, I miſſed one day, and I would have been there if I could.

You are the man that ſtood before St. Clement's pariſh?——Always.

And was always very abuſive there?—Sir, I do not know I abuſed any perſon.

Did you never call to a Gentleman by name to come out of the Huſtings?——No, Sir, I called to a great many Gentlemen.

Do you know Counſellor Baldwin?——Yes, I never inſulted him.

Have not you called to Mr. Loton, *You Loton, come out?*——No, never.

Do you mean to ſwear that you never called out to this Gentleman that ſits by me in a moſt inſulting manner?——No, Sir, never in my life; there is the Gentlemen now.

Now, Sir, attend; do you mean to ſwear, Sir, before the Court and the Jury, that you never in the courſe of the poll called out to this Gentleman?——No, Sir, I can ſafely ſwear that; I do ſwear it.

Are not you the man without the tooth?——You need not mind my tooth, you have loſt one as well as I.

Did you not call out to Mr. Crowder and Mr. Loton, time after time, to come out to you?——I never called to theſe Gentlemen to come out to me particularly, no otherwiſe than when they were examining a vote, I have many times ſaid, if you cannot examine them, let them come down to me, and I will examine them.

Have

Have you not in the whole courſe of the day?——I have called out Hood and Wray for ever, many times.

You never received any money for this?——No, Sir, never.

You are a very generous man indeed; you was out of place then?——Yes, Sir.

Is that the ſuit of cloaths you had at firſt?——I have got another ſuit of cloaths, I got them by hard labour, I have cloaths to put on at any time; I have lived in the pariſh of St. Ann's eight or nine years.

When Mr. Fox came on the Huſtings, did not you throw dirt?——I never threw dirt; I never threw any one thing in my life, nor was ever ſeen doing ſo; if any man can ſay ſo, let him.

You have ſworn that you never did abuſe and inſult either this Gentleman, Mr. Loton, or this Gentleman, Mr. Crowder.——No otherwiſe than in talking juſt as I may to you.

Did you never call to them to come out to you?—No, Sir, I never did; when I have ſeen people ſhaking and trembling as they came up, I have ſaid, it is a falſe vote, ſend them down to me, and I will examine them.

You never ſaid, come out to me Loton?—No, never in my life.

You do not know at what *time* this man was killed?—I do not; I ſaw him lay *before* he came to Wood's Hotel, he was brought by people, I do not know the time he was killed, I ſaw him lay.

Was you in Covent Garden, near the Huſtings, about the time he was killed?—I do not know, I did not ſee the man killed, nor did I ſee any man killed.

When did you firſt know that there was any man killed?—That might be about four o'clock or after; it was near four.

Do you know whether he was killed before or after what you have been deſcribing?—I do not know.

Then all this, for any thing you know, might have happened long after this man loſt his life?—I cannot ſay any thing of that.

What was you doing at Wood's Hotel?——No harm, I could go there when I pleaſed.

Was you not employed by that party?—No Sir, I did not eat nor drink, only what I paid for.

Had you never money given you during the time of the Election, or victuals by ſome of the Committee, or by ſome perſon concerned for Lord Hood or Sir Cecil Wray?—I have eat and drank, but never at any perſon's coſt of the Committee; I never eat or drank at any one's coſt but my own, at Wood's Hotel.

Did you ever pay any money at Wood's Hotel?—For whatever I pleaſed to call for, I have many a time gone into the room as other people did, and never have either eat or drank; I have had a glaſs of rum at Wood's Hotel, and paid for it to Mr. Wood himſelf.

What meat had you there?—I cannot ſay.

Have you not eat repeatedly every day of your life?—No Sir.

How often will you ſwear to, three times?—It is impoſſible for me to tell where I have eat and drank.

Will you ſwear, you did not eat ten times?—Yes, I can.

Will you ſwear, that you did not eat five times?—Yes, I can.

You paid for all this meat?—I did not, if I went in to get a glaſs of any thing, there was victuals always ready, and I have taken a reliſh.

Now what can the Jury think of you: attend Sir, we are not all deaf?—I do not know whoſe coſt it was, if a man goes to get a glaſs of any thing, and gets a mouthful, I do not call that a thing to be paid for.

You

You ſaid you paid the money to Wood himſelf?—Yes, I eat and drank what I pleaſed, I go and eat frequently when I like, if I call for a glaſs of wine, I can have a mouthful of any thing.

Let us look at your left hand. *(A finger wanting.)*

Mr. Erſkine. That is not the worſt part about you, by a great deal; then you do not know but Caſſon had been killed before theſe people had come up?—No, it was before Caſſon loſt his life.

Then you ſwear, that the butchers followed the chairmen, before Caſſon loſt his life?—Yes, Sir, but they went back again.

You told me three or four minutes ago, that you knew nothing about Caſſon's having loſt his life, till you went to Wood's Hotel at four o'clock?—I tell you now the ſame.

Then how do you know that he was not killed till after theſe men went acroſs?—I ſaw the poor man brought in, I cannot tell exactly the time.

One queſtion more, you told me a moment ago, when I aſked you whether all that you had been deſcribing, happened before or after the death of Caſſon, you ſaid you did not know, now you take upon yourſelf poſitively to ſwear, that all this happened before?—I mean to ſtick to the beſt of my knowledge.

Which will you ſtick to?—I cannot ſay, whether the man when he was brought into Wood's Hotel was dead or not.

Where do you live?—In Church-ſtreet, at Mr. Gregory's, at the Coach and Horſes.

JOHN WILD *ſworn.*

Examined by Mr. Morgan.

I am High Conſtable for Holborn diviſion, I live at No. 21, Chancery-lane.

Was you preſent on the 10th of May, before the Huſtings?—I was.

Give the Court an account of the earlieſt part of the buſineſs that you ſaw?—I will, Sir, to the beſt of my knowledge, I think it was about twenty minutes or half an hour paſt three, there was a diſpute between a black ſervant and another man, the one hallooing out Fox! and the other ſaid, No Fox!

Which called out Fox?—It was the white man.

What ſort of a man was the white man?——He appeared to be a working man, he had a frock on, and I remember very well he had a large handkerchief about his neck, upon which I ſpoke to him, I was withinſide of the rail, and deſired them to be peaceable and quiet, and to ſeparate and not to have words, upon which the black man came up towards King-ſtreet, the other rather followed him, and two or three more huſtled him againſt the black man, I ſpoke to the white man, and the man did not ſeem to return back; and I ſpoke to a peace officer, to go between them, and ſeparate them, for the black man to go away, if he was going, and to turn the other man the other way to prevent any diſturbance; the man with the handkerchief was rather obſtinate (the white man) and I went to him myſelf, and put my hand againſt the white man's ſhoulders, and deſired him to go the other way, I walked with him down to the bottom of the Huſtings, and when I came there he got up on the flat ſtones adjoining to the pump, and there he was peaceable and quiet; upon which I turned my head, and there I ſaw a man laying on his back by the pump, my face was facing Henrietta-ſtreet end; I afterwards found that man to be Caſſon.

In what condition was the man when you ſaw him?—He was laying on his back, and appeared to have had a blow from ſome perſon, who I cannot tell, under the left ear,

I ſtooped down and ſaid "Good God here is a man knocked down." Mr. Loton, the High Conſtable was near me, and he ſaid we will give him ſome aſſiſtance, and immediately there was a diſturbance between many people with ſticks in their hands, oppoſite to the Huſtings, near Henrietta-ſtreet, upon which I went between them I mean that end next to Henrietta-ſtreet, I ſpoke to them, and they were peaceable and quiet for ſome little time; at that time I think I was ſpoke to by Mr. Sheridan, and deſired to withdraw the Conſtables; I believe it was him, my anſwer was, to the beſt of my knowledge, "theſe conſtables do not belong to me, I have no power over them."

What was doing about Caſſon at that time?—I was not near him at that time, Mr. Loton was near him I believe, Mr. Loton or ſomebody elſe ſaid, we could not go away and leave the man in that ſituation.

How far was the pump from the Unicorn?——It may be twenty yards; then ſome gentlemen ſaid, we will take care of the man; upon which being ſatisfied upon hearing that reply made to Mr. Loton, I withdrew towards King-ſtreet, I believe Mr. Loton went with me; upon which the marrow-bones and cleavers came, I followed them, I ſpoke to them, and deſired them to go on peaceably and quiet, I firſt ſaid, I wiſhed them to turn back again, they made me ſome reply, but what I was not able to underſtand, from the noiſe of the marrow-bones and cleavers, but I do not believe it was any impertinent anſwer; and they paſſed by that end of the Garden that leads to King-ſtreet; preſently many men came on after them with ſticks, and I walked on very unconcerned, I took no notice at all, they did not appear to me for breaking the peace, as I thought; when I had gone a few yards further, I received a moſt violent blow from ſome perſon, I cannot tell who, on the back part of my head.

Mr. *Baron Perryn.* When Caſſon was upon his back, did he appear inſenſible the firſt time that you ſaw him?—He did to me, my Lord.

Croſs examined by Mr. Pigott.

I ſhall give you very little trouble, becauſe I believe the teſtimony you have given, is perfectly conſiſtent with what paſſed at the time.

Court. He has given a fair evidence.

Mr. Pigott. You ſay every thing was perfectly quiet, till there was a little diſpute between a black man and a white man?—Yes.

I would aſk you, whether the interference of the Gentlemen, on the ſide that was called Mr. Fox's ſide, appeared to you to contribute to keeping the peace at that time, or otherwiſe?——I ſhould imagine ſo at that time:—what happened after I cannot tell.

After the little difference between the black and the other man was perfectedly quieted, and you ſaw the ſubſequent tranſaction, were any of the conſtables at the Henrietta ſide of the Huſtings?—Yes.

What conſt bles were they?—I believe they belonged to the Tower Hamlets.

They were not of your diviſion?—Mine were moſt of them gone home, I had only three or four.

They were not the Weſtminſter conſtables?—I believe there was ſome Weſtminſter conſtables amongſt them, but I believe the major part was from that end of the town.

They were not the conſtables that were originally attending the Huſtings for the purpoſe of preſerving the peace and order?—No.

Do you happen to know whether they were conſtables at all or no?—No further than I was informed by Mr. Elliot.

If

If there had been any appearance of a riot, or diſturbance, would your conſtables have gone away?—I do not believe they would, if they had ſeen it.

How long had theſe men been conſtables?—I underſtood four or five days.

I aſk you from your obſervation of the general conduct of thoſe conſtables that came from the Tower Hamlets, whether they contributed to preſerve the peace that day?—I ſhould imagine ſo.

For the purpoſe I have no doubt; but, I only want to aſk you, whether the bringing them did in your opinion contribute to the preſervation of the peace that day?—I cannot take upon myſelf to ſay that, I was not at that end of the Huſtings at that time.

Under what magiſtrates did they act?—The High Conſtable will inform you that.

But I ſhould like to have it from you, if you know, becauſe every thing you ſay will be attended to?—I was informed it was from Sir Sampſon Wright.

Mr. Morgan. That will not do.

Mr. *Pigott.* Did you ſee Mr. Juſtice Wilmot that day?—Yes, Sir.

Upon the Huſtings?—I will not take upon me to ſay that.

Where were theſe people lodged, theſe Tower conſtables as they are called?—I do not know.

Do you know the number of them?—I do not.

Had Mr. Juſtice Wilmot uſually attended the Poll every day?—I do not recollect he had.

JAMES LOTON *ſworn.*

Examined by Mr. Sylveſter.

I am High Conſtable of Weſtminſter.—On the 10th of May, ſoon after the cloſe of the Poll, I was ſtanding within a part of the rail, at the front of the Huſtings, and the voters were coming up with Mr. Wild and ſome other peace officers, and there was ſome little affray. I deſired Mr. Wild to tell the officers to ſtick cloſe to one another. Mr. Wild, firſt of all, was the man that ſpoke to the perſons that were making a ſcuffle, and he immediately deſired the men to go down to the ſouth part of the Huſtings. I followed him very cloſe, and when we had got to the ſouth end near the pump, I heard Mr. Wild ſay, good God, here is a man knocked down! I ſtooped forward, and I ſaw the deceaſed Caſſon laying upon his back very near the pump, with his head towards the pump, and his feet towards the coach-way, and on the foot pavement there was a great number of people ſtanding armed with large ſticks, and there was ſome perſon from among them ſaid, here is a conſtable that is knocked down, and none of your conſtables dare come to his aſſiſtance.——Charles Carey, a peace officer, went immediately to endeavour to lift him up, aſſiſted by ſome others, immediately the people who were with ſticks began to make a hallowing, and the ſticks were all thrown upright:—Mr. Wild and myſelf immediately went forward, and deſired them to be peaceable and keep good order;—almoſt immediately, Mr. Sheridan and Mr. O'Brien came forward, and ſpoke to Mr. Wild; and another Gentleman came and ſpoke to me, and deſired I would withdraw with the officers; I told the Gentleman I could not take away the peace officers, or go away myſelf, till the perſon that was knocked down was taken proper care of, and I ſaid the ſame to Mr. Wild: the ſame Gentleman who had ſpoke to me before came again to me, and told me the perſon ſhould be taken care of; that no further hurt ſhould be done to him;—I told him he behaved ſo much like a Gentleman that I could not refuſe him; I did not know who he was, but I have ſince been informed that his name was

O'Kelly, and he told me upon his word and honour he would take care of the man.

Did you ſee the priſoner or any of them do any thing at that time?——No I did not.

It was after this the riot began?——There was a great ſcuffling, but there was no blows ſtruck; we formed a line for the marrow-bones and cleavers to go along, and a whiſtle was then given; I ſaw the right-hand priſoner Ward with a marrow-bone and cleaver in his hand.

Mr. *Erſkine.* This was afterwards.

Croſs-examined by Mr. Fielding.

How many conſtables had you that day?——About ſixty.

Theſe men were under your eye as well as your direction; you told them to keep cloſe together?——Yes.

The men from the Tower Hamlets were among the other conſtables?——I knew they were ordered there; I did not know where they came from; I do not know their reſidence.

Do not you know that they were lodged in Wood's Hotel, and that that was the common rendezvous?——No, Sir, they were not to my knowledge, my conſtables in general were ordered to Patterſon's Room for the purpoſe of having their names called over.

Patterſon's Room was a houſe of Sir Cecil Wray's?——Yes, I did not ſee what paſſed between the black and white man; I only knew that there was ſome ſcuffle.

On what part of the Huſtings did the ſcuffle firſt begin?——About the third part of the north end of the Huſtings, rather more to Hood and Wray's, than to Mr. Fox's, that is quite at the lower part of the Huſtings, where he lay was nearer to the Unicorn than to Wood's Hotel.

It did no occur to you that it would be more convenient to take the man into the Unicorn, than into Wood's Hotel?——I ſhould not have choſe to have taken him into the Unicorn for this reaſon; I ſaw a number of people there with large ſticks, I had ſeveral blows before by theſe people, and I ſhould not have choſe to have carried him through them; I never ſaw any thing of him after the Gentleman that promiſed me he ſhould be taken care of, quitted me; I never ſaw him after I quitted him, till the whole affray was over, I then ſaw him laying in the yard.

HENRY HARVEY *ſworn.*

Examined by Mr. Morgan.

What are you?——I am one of the conſtables belonging to the pariſh of Saint Ann's, Limehouſe; it was on the 10th of May; I only know that man in the brown coat, that is James Ward; I never ſaw him before, nor I have ever ſeen him ſince; I never ſaw any one of the others to the beſt of my knowledge.

Mr. *Morgan.* Go to the priſoners—look at them.

Mr. *Erſkine.* Good God, Mr. Morgan!

Mr. *Morgan.* Sir, becauſe I know what he has ſworn before.

Mr. *Garrow.* My Lord, it is now my turn to croſs-examine this witneſs, and I aſk your Lordſhip, whether it is ever permitted in a criminal court of juſtice, to tell a man, or to hint to a man, what he has ſworn elſewhere; and, I truſt, my Lord, I ſhall not be told now, as I was a ſhort time ſince, that I am too young to do my duty to my client.

Mr. *Morgan.* Do you recollect the perſons of either of the others?—To the beſt of my knowledge I do not.

Did

Did you ſee any thing done to Caſſon?—I was there attending my duty, with many other peace officers, I was near to the deceaſed when the riot firſt began, I was cloſe to the end of the Huſtings, where Lord Hood's diviſion was; there was ſome ſquabble, and a man came out with a white wand, who, I ſuppoſe, was under the direction of the High Bailiff, and ordered us to go into the Huſtings on that ſide; after the books were ſhut up, I went into the church, and the riot began at the end of the Huſtings where Mr. Fox's party were; I went down to aſſiſt Mr. George Elliot, the High Conſtable on the Henrietta ſide.

For what purpoſe was you ordered to go?—I imagined to keep the peace, in caſe any thing happened.

Did you ſee any thing done?—When I came there, there was a number of chairmen and Iriſhmen, with ſticks and bludgeons lifted up, amounting to fifty or ſixty.

Was Caſſon then knocked down?—No, that riot was quelled, and I put my ſtaff in my pocket, and I went through the Iriſh mob, and came round the back of the church; I returned into the front of the Huſtings, and I acquainted Mr. Elliot the High Conſtable, and Juſtice Wilmot, that there were a number of people with ſticks and bludgeons at a houſe opened for the purpoſe of Mr. Fox; Mr. Elliot and Juſtice Wilmot were then at Lord Hood's corner of the Huſtings; Mr. Wilmot made anſwer, *You fooliſh blockhead, we are able to beat off five thouſand of them*; with that I ſtood cloſe to the High Conſtable and the Juſtice, and many more of my brother officers, expecting theſe butchers with their marrow-bones and cleavers to go along.

Did you ſee Caſſon ſtruck?—I ſaw the blows given by many of the men, but who gave the blows I cannot ſay; theſe blows were given to many of the people, and myſelf.

Did you ſee any body ſtrike Caſſon?—I did not.

Was Ward upon the ſpot?—That man was there.

When did you firſt ſee him there?—I never ſaw him till the ſecond riot began.

Do you know whether Caſſon had or had not been knocked down?

Court. Long before the marching of the marrow-bones and cleavers Caſſon was killed.

Jury. Was Caſſon alive when you ſaw Ward there?—I ſaw the tall man, there might be about a dozen or fourteen with ſticks upright, and the dead man was as far off as that gentleman.

Jury. I wanted to know if Caſſon was alive at the time of that ſecond riot?—I ſaw him alive at the firſt beginning of the ſecond riot.

Was Caſſon before that ſecond riot knocked down or not?—Not to my knowledge.

Mr. *Morgan.* I beg to have that queſtion repeated?—I ſaw Ward before.

Had Ward a ſtick in his hand?—I cannot ſay, there were a great many of them, and they had ſticks.

Croſs-examined by Mr. Garrow.

What are you beſides conſtable?—I am conſtable and beadle of the pariſh of St. Ann's, and a gardener by trade.

Have you been a gardener lately?—Yes, I follow it every day.

You was attending your duty in Covent Garden the day you have deſcribed?—Yes.

How did it happen to become your duty, who were a conſtable at Limehouſe, to attend to preſerve the peace at the Weſtminſter Election?—Here are my inſtructions.

The inſtructions read, directed

" To the conſtables and headboroughs of Limehouſe, and every of them, requiring " them, in his Majeſty's name, to meet the High Conſtable with their long ſtaves the " next day, and ſigned

" George Elliot, High Conſtable.

Did

Did you attend ſo?——Yes.

Does your long ſtaff go into your pocket?—It is a two foot ſtaff, I put it into my coat pocket for my conveniency.

You talk of ſomething happening near Mr. Fox's houſe, that was the Unicorn, was it?—I never ſaw the ſign.

What countryman do you happen to be?—I am what you may call an Old Engliſhman.

How did you know that was an Iriſh mob?—The Iriſh are a ſet of people that are very frequently in thoſe caſes.

So you take every man that is in a riot to be an Iriſhman?—Sir, I do not ſay every mob is compoſed of Iriſhmen, I believe there were more Iriſhmen than Engliſhmen.

So you came round the back of the church you ſay?—I walked all round the church, I went through a paſſage that comes into King-ſtreet, and I told my brother officers and the Juſtice, that there was a number of people with ſticks at Mr. Fox's houſe; I had been inſide the Huſtings, and was ordered out when the High Bailiff went off, and Mr. Fox went out.

How long was you in marching round through Henrietta-ſtreet, King-ſtreet, and the Huſtings, before you told your brother officers what was likely to happen?—About ſeven or eight minutes.

Your companion, Mr. Wilmot, however told you, you fooliſh blockhead, we are able to beat five thouſand?—Mr. Wilmot was not my companion, I looked upon theſe gentlemen as appointed by the laws of this country to keep the peace there.

Was theſe five thouſand to be beat by your gang armed with tattoos and bludgeons?—It was not my gang.

I beg your pardon if I have offended you or Mr. Wilmot; but by whom were the five thouſand to be beat, was it not by the men from the Tower Hamlets, that Mr. Wilmot was ſuppoſed to beat the five thouſand?—I do not know what you mean by tattoos.

Was it not by theſe Tower Hamlet fellows?—I look upon the officers belonging to the Tower Hamlet as capable as any others.

Was it not by the men that came from the Tower Hamlets?—I cannot ſay any ſuch thing, how do I know any thing of the principles of other people?

Had not the regular Weſtminſter peace officers quitted the garden?—I do not know them, there were a hundred with long ſtaves.

Were they Weſtminſter conſtables?—I cannot ſay.

How many came with you from the Tower Hamlets?—Only four out of my pariſh, I do not know how many.

Where was you muſtered when you went to Covent Garden?—At a place they call an Auction Room.

It is not called Patterſon's Room? I cannot tell, it was in King-ſtreet.

How many of you were aſſembled at this muſter room on the morning of the 10th?—I cannot tell.

Were there ſo few as ſixty?—I cannot tell.

Were there ſo few as one hundred of you muſtered there?—I ſuppoſe the room would not hold one hundred.

Were there aſſembled in that morning ſo few as two hundred?—I cannot tell.

Were there ſo few as three hundred upon your oath?—I have been a peace officer ſeven years laſt Eaſter Tueſday; I am conductor of all the offices in the pariſh.

What office do you hold immediately under Mr. Wilmot?——None at all, I never received a farthing of his money in my life; I was ſent for by a Gentleman, who is the High Conſtable's ſon, Mr. Elliot.

How

How long ago is it ſince he found you out?——He ſaw me there.

You know that is not my queſtion.——I believe it might be in the courſe of a day or two afterwards.

Was not you ſent for before the Coroner's inquiſition ſat on the body of Caſſon?—I do not know when that ſat; I ſaw Ward with his ſtick up like the other chairmen.

Had he his blue great coat on?——I cannot ſay, I was not cloſe to him above a minute before I was knocked down.

You had never ſeen Ward before in your life?—No; I remember the features of the man, I do not remember any thing particular he had in his dreſs.

Mr. *Baron Perryn.* Did you ſee any body ſtrike the deceaſed at any time?—No.

JOSEPH GILMORE *ſworn.*

Examined by Mr. Sylveſter.

What are you?—A carpenter; I live at the Three Tuns in Fleet-ſtreet; I was at Covent Garden on the 10th of May.

Did you ſee the deceaſed Caſſon ſtruck?—I did.

Who ſtruck him?——This man in the blue coat with a red cape, Patrick Nicholſon.

What did you ſee him ſtrike the deceaſed with?—A large ſtick with a nob to it.

Where did he ſtrike him?—On the ſide of the head.

Where did the deceaſed ſtand at the time he was ſtruck?—Near to the pump.

Which ſide of the head did he ſtrike him?—That I cannot ſay particularly, whether it was the right or left.

Did he fall with the blow he received?—Yes.

Did any thing happen after that?—I did not ſee any thing more; I ſaw him taken into Wood's Hotel two minutes after.

Are you ſure that man was the man that ſtruck the deceaſed?—I am ſure of it, upon my word, upon my honour, and upon my oath.

Have you ſeen him ſince the affair?—Never.

Croſs-examined by Mr. Erſkine.

Pray, Sir, was you examined before the Coroner?—No, I was not.

When was it that you made this diſcovery to any body that you are telling us now?—Yeſterday in the afternoon, the reaſons I will tell you preſently.

You ſaw this man ſtruck by the priſoner at the bar?—I did.

Then you knew at the time, for you ſay you ſaw him carried into Wood's Hotel, that that was the man that was killed?—I imagined him to be the man by his dreſs.

Perhaps then you can favour us with the reaſon why you did not make the diſcovery ſooner?—My reaſon was this, I had made application before concerning the ſtriking of Mr. Naſh; one Kenny had ſtruck Naſh, I gave my addreſs as living over the water, at the General Elliot, in Blackman-ſtreet; I had never heard any thing of the matter, and I came up to the Old Bailey yeſterday about a little buſineſs I had of my own in hand, and I lighted of Mr. Naſh; I ſpoke to him, and aſked him if that affair was coming on; he ſaid it was to come on this day, and therefore deſired I would attend the Old Bailey; I then gave a ſecond addreſs where I did live, and as ſuch I received notice to attend this morning.

As

As ſoon as this man was ſtruck, you ſaw him carried into Wood's Hotel?—I went away from there and went round, and I came round to Wood's Hotel, and the man was brought in

You ſaw Naſh aſſaulted?—Yes.

How long after?——I ſuppoſe it might be very near an hour after that affair happened.

Have you ever ſeen the priſoner at the bar before?——I had ſeen him in the Garden before, and I had ſeen him at ſome houſes; I never ſaw him do any outrageous act.

Was not you examined before the Juſtice about Kenny?—Yes, and that is the very reaſon I aſſert what I do.

You told nobody of this there?—No, I was never aſked.

You knew Caſſon had been killed at this time?—He had.

You knew that?—I did.

You never mentioned it?—I was aſked whether that was the man that hit Caſſon, I told them, no; I was not aſked whether or no I ſaw Caſſon hit or no, that queſtion was never aſked me.

Will you ſwear that?—I will, Sir; the queſtion was never aſked me to my knowledge; the queſtion aſked me was, whether I had ſeen that man ſtrike Caſſon; I ſaid, no.

Did you ſay you had ſeen him ſtruck?—I did.

Did you ſay by whom?—I did not, becauſe I did not know his name.

Did you endeavour to deſcribe his perſon, that he might be apprehended?—No, I never was aſked.

You knew that the Juſtice was ſitting to enquire into the death of Caſſon?—Yes.

For that purpoſe, and for that purpoſe only?—Yes.

You came to give evidence about Naſh?—Yes.

Was not you then aſked?—Never to my knowledge, there was not ſuch a queſtion put to me.

Do you know that Gentleman?—Yes.

Did he not put any ſuch queſtion?—No.

Did you not know that the very purpoſe for which the magiſtrate was ſitting, was to ſee whether it could be found out who it was that ſtruck the mortal blow?—The purpoſe that I went for was, to be a witneſs whether that man was the man or not; I was aſked whether Kenny was the man; I did not ſay to the Juſtice that I knew who the man was; I ſaid that I knew ſeveral that was in the crowd.

Now you know that Kenny was only charged with aſſiſting ſomebody that killed him?—Yes.

Not charged with having ſtruck the blow at Caſſon himſelf, but with aſſiſting ſomebody that had; you knew that fact?—I did.

Then you knowing who the perſon was, that was unknown to the Juſtice, that had ſtruck him, whom Kenny was ſuppoſed to have aſſiſted, did not tell the Juſtice?—The queſtion never was put.

Who ſhewed you Nicholſon yeſterday?—Nobody at all, I did not ſee him yeſterday; I knew the man when he came to the bar, and I had not ſeen him but five or ſix times.

What was your other buſineſs at the Old Bailey?—I had a little job, a lock, and I was going to get a key to it.

Was it about no trial?—No, Sir.

Nor you never was examined about any trial?—I have had no notice.

Did

Did not you come with Naſh with a brief to that gentleman?—No, never in my life, nor never knew him.

Nor you know nothing of the matter?—No, Sir.

You ſay nobody aſked you if you ſaw who was the perſon?—I ſay ſo.

Court. How did you know that this was the man that was taken into cuſtody when you did not know his name?—I heard that the man was in cuſtody, and as I was coming, I ſaw Naſh, and aſked him when his affair came on concerning Kenny; he ſaid he did not know; ſays I, I have had no notice of it, it has amazed me much; ſays he, I believe it will come on to-morrow, as the men are in cuſtody; you muſt attend to-morrow morning at nine o'clock; accordingly this morning a perſon came to me to deſire me to come down to the Old Bailey, and I was then informed that the men were in cuſtody.

Did you know his name before?——I did not, nor do I know that that is his name now.

You came quite accidentally to the Old Bailey yeſterday?——Yes, I did not know till yeſterday that I came up, that theſe men were to be tried, I did not know a word of it, I was going to ſearch the brokers for a key, I went to ſeveral, their names I do not know.

In what ſtreet did you go to any ſhop?——In Turnmill-ſtreet, and Peter-ſtreet, and Cow-croſs, and now the lock lays at Mr. Ive's, ironmonger, in Fleet-ſtreet; I could not get a key to it.

Do you remember the marrow-bones and cleavers?—I do.

Was it before or after this man received his death wound that they marched?—The marrow-bones and cleavers came firſt.

Did not you ſay it was in King-ſtreet you ſaw the affray?—I ſaw Naſh knocked down in King-ſtreet.

Mr. Sylveſter. When you was before the magiſtrate, were either of the priſoners in cuſtody then?——Not that I ſaw.

EDWARD ARNOLD *ſworn.*

Examined by Mr. Morgan.

What are you?——A carpenter and joiner.

Court. He is not upon the indictment neither.

Mr. *Fielding.* No, theſe are all new diſcoveries.

Mr. *Morgan.* Where do you live?——At No. 2, in Mount Pleaſant; I was at Covent Garden on the 10th of May; I ſaw Caſſon ſtruck.

How was he dreſſed?——In a ſnuff-coloured coat and a green waiſtcoat.

What ſort of ſtuff was his waiſtcoat made of?—Shag.

Do you know either of the priſoners at the bar? look at them.

Mr. *Fielding.* And loook round the Court, look here.——That is the man in the blue coat and a red cape, Nicholſon, that is the man I ſaw ſtrike Caſſon twice.

Did you ſee him do any thing elſe?—I think he jumped upon him.

Did you ſee any of the other men?—I did.

(Mr. Erſkine ſent word to have the priſoner Nicholſon removed from the corner of the bar to the middle.)

Croſs-examined by Mr. Pigot.

How happened you to be at Covent Garden?—I happened to be ill, and curioſity led me there; I had no hand in the riot; I was there between one and two, and ſtaid there till the Election was over.

You only took a ſolitary walk?—Yes.

Do you know Gilmore?—Yes.

Where does he live, in your neighbourhood?—He is an old acquaintance of mine; we were not together,

He was there by accident, as you was?—Very likely.

You ſay Nicholſon is the man?—I think he was the ſame man, the perſon in the blue coat and red cape, that gave the blow.

Did you ever ſee him before?—Never in my life.

Did you ever ſee him ſince?—Never.

What did he ſtrike him with?—A ſtick.

What ſort of a ſtick?—I believe it was an aſh ſtick, with a club at the end of it.

How was he dreſſed?——I remember only his features, he had loſt his noſe and one eye.

So the features of a man whom you have never ſeen before, and never ſaw ſince, you know perfectly well?—I think he is the very man.

Now, Mr. Arnold, you do not know how he was dreſſed?—No, it is the features of the man; I ſaw the man carried to Wood's Hotel, I never moved from the place where I ſtood.

How near was it from the place where Caſſon received the blow?—I ſtood a little diſtance from the back of the Gentlemen, by the ſteps going up to the Huſtings; when the man was carried away I went up to the other end of the Huſtings, I went with him, I never quitted the place where I ſtood till he was carried to Wood's Hotel.

Was he carried immediately from the place where he fell to Wood's Hotel?—In the courſe of two minutes.

And you followed him?—Yes.

There was ſome examination into the matter by the Coroner's Inqueſt?—I did not ſtop any longer.

Do you know, or do you not know, that whenever a man is killed there is always an examination before a Coroner?—Yes.

Did you go before that Coroner's Inqueſt, and tell that you knew the man that had given Caſſon a mortal blow?—No.

Did you ever offer to talk with Gilmore?—I told him, we were ſpeaking together, and I ſaid it was a cruel thing to ſee a man murdered in that way.

When might you happen to have this converſation with Gilmore, laſt Friday ſe'nnight?—No, Sir, it was laſt Wedneſday.

What did Gilmore ſay upon that?—He ſaid he could give his oath that he ſaw the man, and I told him the ſame when we were in diſcourſe together laſt Wedneſday.

Court. Gilmore ſaid he never ſpoke to any perſon about it, let him be aſked.

Mr. *Fielding.* My Lord, he has been in Court all the time.

You never converſed with Gilmore about it till laſt Wedneſday?—No.

You met him accidentally?—I did, and he ſaid he thought he could ſwear to the man; I ſaid I thought I ſhould know the man too.

Did you tell any body elſe of it?—The perſon I work for, Mr. Stokes, he adviſed me to come and tell what I did know; I have not mentioned a word about it till this day.

Then from Saturday till to-day you never ſpoke to any body?—No.

Not to any of the people that conduct this proſecution?—No.

You come here perfectly voluntary, never been ſubpœned, never deſired?—No.

Court. I cannot ſee how he was upon the Gentlemen's briefs.

Mr. *Pigot.* No, my Lord, it is not to be accounted for.

Mr.

Mr. *Morgan.* In a croſs examination of ſuch witneſſes in ſuch a cauſe, it is perfectly extraordinary, but perfectly conſiſtent with the whole conduct of the parties, to intrude obſervations.

Mr. *Pigot.* And with ſuch a witneſs, in ſuch a cauſe, it deſerves a reprehenſion, and I wiſh it was in my power to give it ſuch a reprehenſion as it deſerves.

Mr. *Pigot.* You came here to-day without any ſubpœna?—Yes, in company with a Gentleman I work for.

Is he a witneſs too?—No, I believe not.

Have you ſeen Gilmore to-day at all?—Yes, I have, but had no converſation concerning this.

No, that I dare ſay.——He was in the room, there was no converſation about this buſineſs.

You never heard by any accident that any reward was to be given?—I do not wiſh for any reward.

I know you do not wiſh for it, becauſe I know you are quite above it; but I want to know whether you ever heard of it by any accident?—No, never.

You never read the newſpapers?—I never ſaw it in the newſpapers.

I know you never did.—I ſometimes read the newſpapers.

You never walk abroad?—My buſineſs lays abroad.

You never read any hand bills that are ſtuck up at the corners of ſtreets?—I never ſaw it.

Did you never caſt your eyes to the corners or ends of ſtreets, or thoſe places where they ſtick up hand bills?—I have ſeen different things, but I never ſaw that.

You read ſuch things ſometimes, they intereſt you a little?—Unleſs I am going by, I do not take any notice; they are things that do not concern me, but this I never ſaw nor never heard of.

There were ſome marrow-bones and cleavers at the front of the Huſtings?—Yes.

That was before Caſſon was killed, was it not?—Yes, and I don't know how long after; they were there before and after the time I ſtaid.

The marrow-bones and cleavers were there before?—They were there before at the bottom part.

Court. Was not this bill of indictment found on Friday?—Yes.

JOHN JOSEPH *ſworn.*

Examined by Mr. Sylveſter.

Was you at Covent Garden on the 10th of May?—Yes, I am a coal-porter in Duck-lane, Weſtminſter.

Did you ſee the poor man that was killed ſtruck?—I do not know Gentlemen whether that was the man or not.

Where did the man ſtand that you ſaw ſtruck?—He ſtood within ſix or eight yards of the pump.

How was he dreſſed?—In a ſnuff coloured brown coat, and green ſhag waiſtcoat; to the beſt of my knowledge, he had a round hat on, and his own hair.

Where was he ſtruck?—On the left ſide of his head.

What was he ſtruck with?—With a flat bludgeon, the nob of the bludgeon was flat.

Deſcribe the end of it?—The head of the bludgeon was flat.

Who ſtruck him that blow on the head?—Gentlemen, I cannot ſwear that; I cannot ſwear that the man that Patrick Nicholſon ſtruck was the man that was murdered;

I ſaw the beginning of it; but the end of it I did not ſtop to ſee? I ſaw the priſoner Nicholſon ſtrike a man, dreſſed in a brown ſnuff coloured coat and green ſhag waiſtcoat, and a round hat.

What became of that man who received the blow from Nicholſon? I do not know, —I did not ſtop—I went away immediately; at the blow that came from the priſoner Nicholſon, the man fell down like a block.

Did you ſee the priſoner Nicholſon after?—Yes, I ſaw him and took him; I lived by him for years.

Are you ſure he was the man?—I am ſure he was the man that ſtruck the blow; but whether that was the man that had his death from the blow, I cannot ſay.

Did any thing paſs the next day?—The next morning I came to my own door, it rained very hard, and Nicholſon, and a girl that he kept, ſtood together; he ſaid, I believe I ſhall not be at the Huſtings to day, for I expect a warrant againſt me.

Look at thoſe other men?—I do not know one of them,

Court. How long have you known Patrick Nicholſon?—About four or five years.

Croſs-examined by Mr. Erſkine.

How long was this after the marrow-bones and cleavers went acroſs?—The marrow-bones and cleavers went twice, and at the ſecond time of their coming this happened; they firſt went from Henrietta-ſtreet, towards King-ſtreet.

You ſay at the ſecond time?—I have given my evidence as plain as I can: have I given my evidence, or have I not?

But you muſt anſwer a little more?—I ſay, as they came back again the ſecond time with the marrow-bones and cleavers.

Court. Was this before ſuch time as the blows were given?—Yes, it was at the time the blows were given.

Mr. *Erſkine.* You call yourſelf a coal-porter?—Yes.

You was a ſoldier once?—Yes.

You are not a ſoldier now?—I am a ſoldier now.

That diſcipline was a little too ſevere?—What do you mean by diſcipline?

Many a better man than I or you either have had diſcipline; but never a worſe man than you I believe?—I always did my duty as a ſoldier.

You have been in America, have you not?—Yes.

You have had a pretty ſevere flogging there?—So has many more.

Can you rembember what it was for?—It was for robbing.

Did not you charge a man with an attempt to commit an unnatural crime upon you? —No, Sir, I did not.

You will ſwear that?—I will ſwear it and prove it; I dare any man to ſay that.

I ſay it, Sir, and will prove it.—I inſiſt upon it that you would.

You did not?—Never, I will front the man that ſays ſo.

Perhaps you do not know Mr. Hubbard?—I know him, ſend for him if you pleaſe; I inſiſt upon his being ſent for.

He went over to America with you?—Yes, I know him well.

You were in the ſame regiment with him?——Yes, and in the ſame company.

And was not you flogged?—I am not come here to be flogged.

But I will flog an anſwer out of you:——Was you, or was you not with Hubbard in America; and did not you receive five hundred laſhes?—That does not concern this buſineſs, I am not come on that buſineſs now; this is not what I came about.

Court. You have no right to aſk him for what crime he was flogged, I do not think a man is obliged to anſwer any queſtion to his own turpitude.

Mr.

Mr. *Erſkine.* My Lord, with great ſubmiſſion, I have always underſtood, that no man is in a Court of Juſtice to be aſked as to any thing that may bring a proſecution upon him; but in order to get at the veracity of a witneſs, and to ſee whether this man is really ſpeaking truth or not, I have a right to aſk him to an offence which is paſt and gone, and for which he cannot receive puniſhment again.

Court. I have always underſtood that no man or woman is to be aſked a queſtion that tends to diſgrace themſelves, I have known a woman aſked whether ſhe ever had a baſtard child, and it has always been ſtopped.

Mr. *Erſkine.* It is quite ſufficient for me upon this occaſion that the man has poſitively ſworn that he never was flogged.—I defy you or any man in this kingdom to ſay that I have ever robbed any man.

Then you have been very unfortunate in having been taken for other people.

Do you know Mr. Rothen?—Yes, as honeſt a man as ever touched the gallows.

How often have you been in the watch-houſe?—I have been in the watch-houſe a dozen or fourteen times, always for fighting.

And nothing elſe?—No, Sir, nothing elſe, I defy you.

Perhaps you do not know Mr. Groves?—Who is he?

He knows you.——He knows me, what can he ſay;—that I have been whipped again?

Do you recollect reſiſting him with knives along with Champneſs?—No, Sir, I never did.

When he had a warrant againſt you?——You mean I aſſiſted him.

I mean you would not ſuffer yourſelf to be taken, but reſiſted him with knives.—If you will ſhew me the Gentleman I will tell you, but I cannot without you do.

GEORGE ELLIOTT *ſworn*

I am a broker by trade—I am High Conſtable of the Tower Hamlets.

Did you attend the Huſtings on the 10th of May?—Yes, with my conſtables, in conſequence of an order from Sir Sampſon Wright.

Was Caſſon one of your conſtables?——Yes.

Did you ſee the deceaſed whilſt he was on the ground?——Yes.

What was his dreſs at the time?—I am not clear as to the colour of his coat, but I believe he had a ſort of green ſhag waiſtcoat.

Did, or did not that man die?—He died at Wood's Hotel, as I heard.

How many conſtables did you take up?—I am not poſitive to the number; that man had only three with him; I ſuppoſe I had between fifty and ſixty.

Croſs-examined by Mr Pigott.

You have given a very proper evidence;—were there not a good many conſtables made and brought to the Huſtings?——I did not ſee a man there that was not a pariſh officer, unleſs it was four; there were four came to me to receive orders; I told them I did not know them.

Court. Was you preſent at this muſter in Patterſon's auction room, in Covent Garden?—I could not get them together there, Caſſon was the firſt man that was there, I was ſeveral times in the auction room; on Monday fortnight I muſtered them in that room.

Had you the Tower Hamlet conſtables there a fortnight before?—I had as many as I could get.

JONATHAN

JONATHAN REDGRAVE *ſworn.*

Examined by Mr. Sylveſter.

I am a conſtable of St. James's, Clerkenwell, I was at Covent Garden on the 10th of May, when this unfortunate man met with his death.

Did you ſee who it was that ſtruck him?—No.

Did you ſee any perſons particularly active at that time?—I did, I ſaw James Murray very active in knocking people down, and likewiſe he ſtruck me down.

Was that before or after this poor man met with his death?—I believe it was after; it muſt be after.

How long after?—Ten minutes.

Was you there at the time Mr. Caſſon received his death?—I was towards Wood's Hotel, and this was done towards the pump.

WILLIAM SEASONS *ſworn.*

I am a conſtable at Clerkenwell, on the 10th of May I ſaw Ward, and the man with the one eye, that is Shaw, I did not ſee the man knocked down.

Was you engaged in taking theſe men into cuſtody?—I was not.

Did you ſee them taken, either of them?—I did not, but I was there after they were taken.

CHRISTOPHER YOUNG *ſworn.*

I am a taylor in White-croſs-ſtreet.

Was you at Covent Garden on the 10th of May?—I was twenty-three days there, but I cannot ſay the day I firſt went, I was there at the very time and place, where the poor man was killed, I did not ſee him, but I was knocked down at the ſame time by James Ward.

Was that before or after Caſſon had received his death blow?—I do not know, my breath was out of me, I was taken up for dead.

Croſs examined by Mr. Garrow.

Ward was among the marrow-bones and cleavers?—Yes, he had a marrow-bone in one hand, and a cleaver in the other, dreſſed as a butcher in a white jacket.

Had he a ſtick in his hand?—No.

Did the butchers wear white jackets?—It was white jackets, or flannel, I cannot ſay which.

ROBERT LINNEL *ſworn.*

Was you at the Huſtings when Caſſon was knocked down?—No, Sir.

Was you at the Huſtings on the 10th of May?—Yes.

Did you ſee any thing done?—Not in regard of the murder.

You do not know when Caſſon was knocked down?—No, Sir.

Mr. *Morgan.* I wiſh to call Mrs. Caſſon, to prove the dreſs.

Mr. *Garrow.* She has been in the gallery all the time, therefore I object to it.

Mr. *Erſkine.* It is a very uncommon thing.

[*The widow wiſhed to ſpeak from the gallery, but was not permitted by the Court.*]

JOHN HUNTER *ſworn.*

I am a Surgeon, I attended the wounded man, I was called on by two gentlemen of my acquaintance to go to Wood's Hotel, to ſee a man who had received ſome injury at the Huſtings, at Covent Garden; between eight and nine in the evening I went there and found a man in bed, perfectly in his ſenſes, having all the marks attending either a violent blow on the head, or ſome injury done to the vital pars of the ſtomach or the heart;

heart; I was informed that he had been bled, and ſome phyſic was ordered, I ſaw nothing more could be done, I examined the man every where as narrowly as I could, but I ſaw no violence; there was a ſurgeon ſaid, that there was a mark of violence on the left ſide of the head or neck, but I did not obſerve it; as there was nothing to lead me to a further examination I left him, deſiring that he ſhould be kept quiet, and I would call in the morning; but I believe I ſignified that I did not ſuppoſe that I ſhould find the man alive in the morning; I happened to be out that evening, ſeveral people called on me, and I was told that Mr. Sheldon, the ſurgeon, had been ſent for to meet me; it was paſt twelve when I returned, and I wrote an anſwer that I would meet Mr. Sheldon on the morrow morning at ten o'clock; the ſervant came back and told me the man was dead, and Mr. Sheldon was there then, I then thought there was no neceſſity to meet Mr. Sheldon; I received an order the next day, to attend the Coroner at five the next evening to open the body, Mr. Sheldon and I opened the body; on opening the body we found in his cheſt three ribs broke on the left ſide, and ſome other ſmall marks of violence not of much ſignification, there was ſome extravaſated blood in the cheſt; I next examined the head, upon making an inciſion into his cap on the left temple, I obſerved extravaſated blood where a blow moſt probably had been received, when the ſkull was removed we obſerved more blood to iſſue than common; at the firſt membrane of the ſkull, we found oppoſite to the extravaſated blood, a conſiderable quantity of coagulated blood laying between the two membranes of the brain; we examined the ſkull on the inſide, and oppoſite to that from where the firſt extravaſated blood had appeared, there were found ſeveral fractures.

Court. Were thoſe the occaſions of his death?—No, thoſe were the appearances of it: the extravaſated blood found on the right ſide, oppoſite to where the blow was given, occaſioned by the blow, was the cauſe of his death.

What do you ſuppoſe the blow was given with?—I ſhould ſuppoſe it was given by a blunt inſtrument; a ſharp heavy inſtrument, ſuch as a rod of iron, will make a very conſiderable external appearance, perhaps greater than an internal one; but an inſtrument of a conſiderable ſize, and with conſiderable velocity, may make no external appearance, becauſe it covers ſo large a ſurface, but it may give the head ſuch a ſhock, ſuch a quick velocity, as to produce extravaſation.

Court to Jury. What do you ſay with reſpect to the priſoners Ward, Shaw, and Murray; do you think it neceſſary to put them on their defence?

Jury. We think not.

Court to priſoner Nicholſon. Now is the time to make your defence, your Counſel cannot ſpeak for you?

Priſoner. I leave it to my Counſel and Almighty God!

Captain GARSTON *ſworn.*

Examined by Mr. Erſkine.

Was you at Covent Garden on the 10th of May?—I was.

Was you there at the cloſe of the poll?—I was.

In what part of Covent Garden?—Abreaſt of the pump.

At what diſtance?—I ſuppoſe about four yards, I was ſitting on a coach box.

Did you ſee a perſon at the pump that had been ſtruck by ſome body?—I did.

Which you know now to be the perſon we have been talking about to-day?—I imagine ſo.

Was he laying under the pump?—He was leaning back in a man's arms, there were ſeveral people about him, they were giving him air; I did not ſee the blow given.

How long had you been there before you ſaw this man in that condition?—About a quarter of an hour, previous to the cloſe of the poll.

In

In what ſtate was the Huſtings at that time in reſpect to the tumult?—It appeared to me to be perfectly quiet; previous to the time the perſon lay under the pump, there had been a ſmall affray, in which the conſtables beat the people on the right and on the left.

Did you ſee what was the cauſe of that little affray?—A man appeared to me to be holding up ſomething like a halfpenny, and there was a ſcuffle about a black man; it appeared to me that the conſtables jumped over the outward rail, and endeavoured to take theſe people that had been in that little ſcuffle into cuſtody; and that it was a trifling affray, comparatively ſpeaking, to the buſtle I ſaw one day before, near the Huſtings.

How long was it before the confuſion became conſiderable?—It was a conſiderable time afterwards; in about four or five minutes after the conſtables jumped over the rails, I ſaw this man down; the conſtables came out in very great force, I ſpeak as to number: about four or five minutes before I ſaw Caſſon down, they were driving people to the right-hand and left, the conſtables beat them exceſſively, and ſtruck them with their ſhort ſtaves, they had ſome ſhort ones; the people that were in the front went away of courſe; Caſſon was killed in that little affray, I ſaw him laying under the pump ten or twelve minutes.

Did the proceedings that you obſerved in the conſtables appear to be neceſſary to quiet the diſturbance?—It is a matter of opinion, I did not obſerve it.

Did you ſee any reſiſtance?—No, none, nor a ſtick held up at that time, except the common little buſtle; I thought there was a vaſt number of conſtables to take away two or three people that committed a paltry riot.

A conſiderable time after, I believe there was a ſcuffle?—There was.

How long after was it when it began, and how did it begin?—About ten or twelve minutes, or a little more; the man was laying under the pump at this time: there were marrow-bones and cleavers came round to the Unicorn from the end of Henrietta-ſtreet to the rails the other ſide of the pump, a little way where the man laid on the pavement, and they kept beating their marrow-bones and cleavers for ſome time, and the mob at that time appeared to be in ſpirits: this was the firſt time I ſaw the marrow-bones and cleavers go off. The conſtables appeared to me rather too open; it appeared to be a manœuvre of the conſtables; as ſoon as they got them within their reach, they attempted to cloſe upon them.

If any of the perſons who were on the outſide at the time the conſtables jumped over the rails had aſſaulted the conſtables, do you think you muſt have ſeen them?—I think I muſt; it appeared that there was no aſſault on the conſtables till after the man had been killed ten or twelve minutes.

Croſs-examined by Mr. Morgan.

How long had the company of butchers with the marrow-bones and cleavers been there before?—I did not ſee the marrow-bones and cleavers; he could not have been knocked down but a very few minutes by this mob.

Did not you when you firſt came ſee the mob?—The marrow-bones and cleavers, I ſaw the men in whitiſh coats; I ſat on the coach-box about four or five yards from the breaſt of the pump.

Were there not marrow-bones and cleavers there?—They might be, but I did not ſee them, not until after Caſſon had been killed; I firſt ſaw them on the other ſide of the pump, I never ſaw them on that day.

Where were they when you firſt ſaw them?—They were there when I firſt ſaw them.

Were

Were they Iriſhmen?—It is impoſſible to diſtinguiſh a man's country by his face, I ſaw nothing particularly extraordinary; I very honeſtly confeſs myſelf, that I thought the man was killed in the indiſcriminate hurly burly; I ſaw no ſtaff by him.

How many men did you ſee, chairmen?—About twenty-five or thirty, not more.

Do me the favour to look at the priſoners, and tell me if you remember them?—I took notice of Ward, the butcher, with one eye, and I recollect him particularly that day being on the other ſide of the pump, coming up long after Caſſon was killed: they came down in a very large body, they intirely filled up the Huſtings and booth; they appeared to me to be a hundred and thirty.

Do you really limit the number of chairmen to twenty-five?—No, I think there might be thirty.

How many of them might be about Caſſon when he was under the pump?—I do not recollect ſeeing above two or three people about him, and they had ſticks beating the hands of the people.

Were they chairmen?—I cannot charge my memory with ſeeing any chairmen about him.

Does not the pump ſtand at ſome diſtance from the Huſtings?—Yes; they went off, but they returned again, but they did not advance at the time; when Caſſon was killed the conſtables retreated; there were a few ſtragglers about the body, who got about him, and gave him water.

Court. They could not all be gone?—The people on both ſides could not get away? it was the people in front that ran away, thoſe that were on the left ſide were beat moſt unmercifully.

AARON ABBOT *ſworn.*

Examined by Mr. Pigot.

I am beadle and conſtable of St. Paul's, Covent Garden; I have been four years beadle, and two years conſtable; I was in Covent Garden on the 10th of May, I was on the leads at the Unicorn, I could ſee the pump and a long way beyond it, and a part of the front of the Huſtings; I was there when the poll cloſed at three o'clock, and I was there before that time.

Was there any rioting in the front of the Huſtings?—I cannot ſay there was much, only a parcel of conſtables came puſhing people about.

Was there any diſturbance then?——Only that they would not let people ſtand quietly.

After the cloſe of the poll was there any diſturbance?—There was ſome ſcuffle in the front, a man held ſomething, it might be a halfpenny, and called out Fox for ever, and one man whom they call Lucas, that generally wears ſpectacles, he jumped over the rails to ſtrike him, and the affray began on that; that is my opinion of it: from that there came a great body of them together, parading backwards and forwards to the amount of two hundred, down by the Huſtings with their ſticks, knocking people about.

Did they follow Lucas?—I believe they followed him.

Did thoſe conſtables ſtrike?—They ſtruck a great number of people.

Were thoſe people reſiſting them?—Not that I ſaw, they came down as low as the pump and came back a ſecond time, ſome of them ſtruck at the whole of them.

They ſtruck indiſcriminately?—Yes, Sir.

Was there any cry about any body's being knocked down?—Then there was a cry as I really believe, of a High Conſtable that had knocked a man down.

Did you ſee the man knocked down?—I did not ſee him ſtruck, I ſaw him when he was down.

Did you at that time obſerve any of the chairmen or butchers there?—There were none nigh to my knowledge.

Did the conſtables go away after that?—After that they began ſtriking violently.

Did the marrow-bones and cleavers come acroſs after that?—At that time they ſtood by a row of coaches all quiet, with their cleavers over their arms, but they went towards the pump and returned again, and went and ſtood very quiet by Mr. Jennings's door, then they were taken one by one, to the Committee Room.

Croſs-examined by Mr. Sylveſter.

If I underſtand you right, you were upon the leads of the Unicorn?—Yes, it projects a good way out.

The Huſtings were incloſed in the boards?—Yes.

Lucas was within the Huſtings?—No, Sir, there is a way intirely through in the front of the Huſtings, and there is a rail, and he was there; there was a ſcuffle.

Between whom?—By the conſtables in general, as I ſaw, I do not know but they might ſcuffle with one another, they hardly knew one another, and the conſtables went to knock down every man that called out Fox for ever, they did not knock down any other perſon whatever, I did not ſee who ſtruck the deceaſed, there was one Mr. Elliott, he was very buſy and ſtruck away very violently, and there was Mr. Wild equally the ſame, very buſy.

Did he ſtrike any body?—I ſaw him ſtrike people, Lucas, who wears ſpectacles, he was very buſy all the whole time, and indeed the whole of the Election.

Was there no chairmen nor butchers about Mr. Fox's ſide?—There were not, but there were plenty of ſpectators, they might have ſticks, I did not take particular notice.

Then how can you take upon yourſelf to ſwear, you do not mean to ſay, that round this pump there were none but conſtables?—There were the moſt conſtables, but I cannot ſay that there were none but conſtables.

Did you know the priſoner?—I cannot ſay.

CHRISTOPHER JACOB *ſworn.*

Examined by Mr. Fielding.

What are you?—I am an Umbrella-maker, I live in Round Court, I was at Covent Garden on the 10th of May.

In what ſituation was you when the poll cloſed?—In the front of the Huſtings about the middle part.

And at that time all was quiet?—There was a ſcuffle enſued between a black man and a white man, and there were ſome conſtables before the rails, and they jumped over the rails, they preſſed forward, and they were immediately joined by another body of conſtables, the name of one is, as they ſaid, Lucas.

From what ſide of the Huſtings did this body of conſtables come?—From Wood's Hotel, every one of them.

How many conſtables might there be collected there?—There might be forty, I cannot ſay exactly, they came bearing down their ſtaves, and this man in black, with a pair of ſpectacles and a light coloured two curled wig, I am told his name is Lucas, he ſtruck at ſeveral people, they bore me down as well as ſeveral other people,

people, and they preſſed onwards towards Henrietta-ſtreet, the people gave way towards the pump.

What happened by the pump at that time?—When they came down nearer the pump there was a man dreſſed with white ſtockings and black breeches; his waiſtcoat I cannot be ſure to, but his coat was of the olive kind; I believe his waiſtcoat was green; I ſaw this man fight with Lucas in ſpectacles, with a conſtable's ſtaff in his hand, and they ſaid the man in black ſtruck a blow, which blow that man received.

Court. Where did that blow light?—Whether he ſtruck at him with a deſign I cannot ſay, but a blow that man received ſomewhere on the ſide of his head, it made him ſtagger very much; the man that made the blow at me, lifted up his ſtaff at the ſame time, and that took my attention from the man, I did not ſee him drop, but I ſaw him reel, I was preſſed conſiderably, and ſoon after I came upon the flag ſtones facing the watch-houſe, then I looked and ſaw the ſame man under the pump, they were rubbing water down his temples, I was not two yards from him, I am ſure it was the ſame man, I ſaw no others than conſtables that were about him at that time when I ſaw the blow given; when I came on the flag ſtones, Mr. Sheridan aſked me who the man was that lay under the pump, I ſaid I did not know who he was, but I heard he was a conſtable, I ſaw no other but conſtables.

Did you ſee any chairmen or any perſons reſembling chairmen at the pump at that time?—No, Sir, I do not know that that was the man, I never ſaw him after, the man that was under the pump I ſaw the blow given to.

Did you ſee the priſoners there?—No, I did not.

Mr. *Morgan.* What are you?—An Umbrella-maker.

Are you a Jew or a Chriſtian?—I am a Chriſtian, Sir, my name is Jacob, I was there moſt days, I was there that day from one, I was not paid.

You did not ſee this unhappy man trampled on, did you?—No, I did not.

Had you ſeen Caſſon any time before to fix your attention upon him, ſo as to obſerve whether he was an officer or not?—I do not know that he was an officer, only as the people ſaid, I did not ſee him with a ſtaff in his hand, I did not deſcribe him ſo.

WILLIAM JENNER *ſworn.*

Examined by Mr. Garrow.

I am a Breeches-maker, I live in St. Martin's-lane.

Was you in Covent Garden the 10th of May?—I was near the church, but I was drove down by the mob to the pump, that might be between three or four, I went there about half paſt twelve, and was there till ſix.

Who drove you down to the pump?—I was drove entirely by the conſtables.

Did you ſee any thing remarkable near the pump?—Yes.

What was it?—I ſaw the conſtables all bear down in a full body from Wood's Hotel, which is King-ſtreet end of the Huſtings down to the pump; when they came to the pump, I was ſtanding facing the ſpot, and there came a head conſtable with the whole kit of the conſtables, each had a black ſtaff with ſilver tipped at each end, and a crown at top; it was about two feet long, I was ſtanding there, and if I had not moved I ſhould have been knocked down by it, he held it up in his hand, and he was knocking down all before him, I was obliged to move out of his way, or elſe I ſhould have got a blow, he was followed by a large number of other perſons, the multitude ran away.

Did you ſee any body ſtruck?—Yes, there was a man on the right hand ſide of me near the pump; he was a talliſh man between forty and fifty, dreſſed in a darkiſh co-

loured coat and a green feathered waiſtcoat; he was ſtruck with this High Conſtable's ſtaff on the left ſide on the temple.

Did the blow appear to be ſevere?—No, it did not, but he fell with the blow; after he was knocked down, he was trampled over by the other conſtables; he was taken to the corner of Mr. Fox's houſe, the Unicorn, and taken up one pair of ſtairs, and there continued an hour.

Where was he carried to afterwards?—I do not know, I never ſaw him afterwards; I was up there half an hour in the room.

Croſs-examined by Mr. Sylveſter.

You know the High Conſtable of Weſtminſter?—Yes.

It was not he that knocked the man down?—I do not know that I ſhould know him again.

Look at each of theſe High Conſtables, was it either of them?—No, I do not ſay it was, but I am ſure it was a High Conſtable; the man I ſaw had no ſtaff; there was a ſerious ſcuffle between the two parties, Mr. Wray's party drove off Mr. Fox's.

They were all pretty peaceable when this blow was given?—He had no ſtaff in his hand, the man that was knocked down, not as I ſaw; I cannot rightly ſwear to the conſtable's hat, but I could to his wig; I am ſure he was an High Conſtable.

Mr. *Erſkine.* The other witneſſes, that have ſworn againſt the priſoners, have ſworn to the direct contrary.

WILLIAM FOSSET *ſworn.*

Examined by Mr. Erſkine.

I was near the Huſtings on the 10th of May—I remember the conſtables coming round from King-ſtreet way out of the Huſtings, and driving the populace before them; there were a vaſt number of them indeed,—but one I particularly obſerved was one Lucas, as I was in the populace; I was obliged to make way, and obſerved Lucas ſtriking a man who happened to cry out Fox for ever.

Did he ſtrike him in a violent manner?——He ſtruck him in a violent manner.

That was his only fault was it?—That was the only fault I ſaw in him.

What were the populace in general doing when the conſtables were driving them with their ſticks?—Nothing but crying out Fox for ever, they were doing no miſchief, nor offering to do any; I particularly ſaw this Lucas almoſt knock a man down.

After this did you happen to be near the pump?—I will tell you,—firſt and foremoſt in coming along, I called out Gentlemen conſtables, the Election is over, and the books are cloſed, why do not you diſperſe, and the mob will diſperſe afterwards; and juſt as I ſpoke thoſe words, a conſtable, with a ſhort ſtaff, made a blow at me; he tried to make a ſecond at me, but I flew into the mob to get out of his way.

What had you been doing to deſerve this blow?—No other than what I have ſaid, I was then coming nearer the pump, and I ſaw a man fall.

At this time was the populace reſiſting the conſtables?—There was no reſiſtance at that time; the conſtables came up to the pump, and were knocking and clearing with their ſticks, I cannot tell how the man fell; I heard a great cry immediately that the conſtables had knocked down a man and killed him;—theſe were the conſtables that came from King-ſtreet.

Croſs-

Croſs-examined by Mr. Morgan.

Had you paid any particular attention to this man that was knocked down at the pump, before he was knocked down?——No, Sir, I did not; there was a great affray enſued ſome time after—I was among the populace, and ſaw a number of conſtables with ſticks; I never ſaw any with bludgeons that I could particularize.

You never ſaw them draw them out of their coats all at once?—I never did; I ſaw none to my recollection but the conſtables about the man when he was knocked down, I did not go to the place.

Did you go after?—No.

CHARLES GIBSON *ſworn*

Examined by Mr. Pigott.

I am a Breecher-maker—I was at Covent Garden the 10th of May, about ten minutes before three, upon the leads belonging to the Unicorn; and about a quarter after three, Mr. Fox came out from the Huſtings and went to one Mr. Jennings's, and in about five or ſix minutes, a parcel of conſtables came down with long ſtaves in ranks like ſoldiers.

Did they ſtrike any of the people?—Firſt of all, there was ſome before them crying out Fox, and they collared ſome numbers of them, and other reſcued them, but there were no weapons uſed on Mr. Fox's ſide.

When the conſtables came on, did the people make any reſiſtance?—Not the leaſt for twenty minutes; there was a man knocked down by the pump, within about a yard.

Was he taken into the Unicorn afterwards?—He was under the pump ten minutes before he was taken into the Unicorn, and bathed with water.

Who was about there?—There were conſtables round about him, but there was nobody with bludgeons about him.

Was there any perſon there making any reſiſtance?—Not the leaſt in the world, he was led through the ranks of chairmen which had ſticks in their hands, and was taken to the Unicorn,—he remained there very near half an hour.

Then it was three quarters of an hour, before he was carried to Wood's?——Yes, the guards were there ſome time before he was taken to Wood's.

Croſs-examined by Mr. Sylveſter.

You are a journeyman Breeches-maker?—A maſter---I was next to Covent Garden in the front of the leads; they came eleven or twelve in a rank, and the High Conſtable before them; Caſſon was in the firſt rank; I ſaw a man give him a blow; they had all ſtaves; but as for him, I did not ſee his ſtaff; I did not ſee him till the man knocked him down; there was no ſcuffle for twenty minutes after; only juſt then people cried out Fox, and they took them into cuſtody, and the people went to reſcue them again; but they had no arms—ſo there was a ſcuffle; there were ſtaves on one ſide, and no ſticks on the other; I ſaw the deceaſed receive a blow ſomewhere about his temple; I think I ſhould know the man that gave the blow; I do not ſee him there; I do not know his name; I ſaw the ſtaff go twice; and I ſaw him give the firſt blow; and there was another blow given at him—but whether it was by him or no, I cannot tell.

Mr. *Fielding*. It will not be neceſſary to trouble your Lordſhips with any more evidence, we have an infinite number of witneſſes as to the ſecond riot, and how it began.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN, Eſq. *ſworn*.

Mr. *Fielding*. I need not trouble you, Sir, with any queſtion:——I will ſtate as ſhort as poſſible all I know of the matter; about a quarter before three, Colonel Fitz-

patrick

patrick and myſelf came to the Poll; we found we were late; and we came down through the alley, which was made for the voters of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, at the King-ſtreet end; there was the common cry made that was uſually made to Mr. Fox's voters, but no inſult till we came to the Huſtings; when we came there, we found that part that is railed for the voters, partly filled with a large company of people that had conſtable's ſtaves in their hands, and ſeveral men with ſtaves in their hands; but, otherwiſe, not at all appearing like peace officers called out, No Fox, and ſeemed as if unwilling to let us paſs; but ſeveral of the other conſtables that knew us, and who appeared to be the Weſtminſter conſtables, called to them, and told them our names; I obſerved they ſeem to be a very extraordinary ſort of people, not in the leaſt reſembling peace officers, otherwiſe than having a great many painted ſtaves, which ſome of them had not; I went to the Huſtings—two men waited to ſpeak to me—I brought them round to the deſk—I tried to get them to the deſk—but theſe men, upon hearing they were to poll for Mr. Fox, drove them down again, and prevented their polling for Mr. Fox; the Poll was then ſuddenly cloſed, five minutes before the right time, and ſeveral of our friends complained that Mr. Atkinſon had cloſed the Poll five minutes before the time, by which means Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray had the majority; upon ſeeing the conduct of thoſe people who were preſent, that had been ſworn in, in a very irregular manner, by Mr. Wilmot; I thought it right to go round into the veſtry to the High Bailiff; I never had been there before, Mr. Fox and the other Candidates were caſting up the Poll; I complained of the conduct of theſe men; Mr. Atkinſon and me had ſome altercation upon the ſubject, and after ſome converſation we went to the door into Bedford-ſtreet, out of the Church-yard; when we got through the door, I was to turn to the left, and go towards Jennings's, where ſome ladies were waiting; as ſoon as I came into Henrietta-ſtreet, I ſaw a vaſt number of people running away—it ſurpriſed me very much: I aſked what was the matter, and ſeveral people anſwered me, that Wilmot's conſtables had fallen on Mr. Fox's people, and driven them before them; I turned the corner as quickly as I could, and I conceive that it muſt have been pretty nearly at that time that Caſſon was ſtruck. I did not ſee the blown given; there had been a ſmall affray or tumult that had ceaſed for a moment, but there was a threatning of another affray by the conſtables ſhouting and brandiſhing their ſtaves; I could only judge by the ſort of tumult, and the general appearance, I had a perfect conviction in my own mind, as well as from intelligence, that there was a determination to make an affray, and that ſome miſchief ſhould be done; to prevent which I ran up between the conſtables, and that part of the men that ſeemed to oppoſe them, and called out to Mr. Fox's people, if you wiſh well to Mr. Fox, ſtand back and keep the peace; many of them called out, that thoſe ſcoundrels of Wilmot's had behaved ſo ill, that they were ſure they came there on purpoſe to make a riot, I told the mob ſeveral times the only means to diſappoint them was to be peaceable; I then went up towards the conſtables, they were then drawn up in a body, they were brandiſhing their ſtaves, and ſeemed threatening the people in a manner to provoke a riot, and ſeeing one conſtable who appeared at their head with a ſtaff with a ſilver tip, whoſe name I afterwards underſtood was Wild, the perſon examined to-day; I went and told him my name, and two or three people behind me hooted out, No Fox! I put my hand on Wild's ſhoulder, and begged him to come two or three paces from theſe conſtables, which he did; I then ſaid you ſeem to have the command of theſe people, why don't you remove them and take them away; Wild replied he had no command over them, they were Wilmot's people; I ſaid their intention was certainly to breed a riot, and Wild anſwered me that he was afraid it was, but he would go back and ſee what he could do; Wild ſaid ſomething to me about a perſon being knocked down; I did not

make

make the anſwer, that the man ſhould be taken care of, but I ſhould if I had known it; I muſt in juſtice ſay, that while I ſaw Wild, he endeavoured to do his utmoſt to prevail on theſe people to go back; if they had there would have been nothing further: juſt after I had finiſhed ſpeaking to Mr. Wild, a perſon ſaid to me, pray, Mr. Sheridan, let this poor man have room, and I looked round and ſaw a circle made round a man who was raiſed up, with two men by him, one of which was fanning him; I aſked them why they did not get water and throw it in his face; there was ſome Weſtminſter conſtable aſſiſting the man, and a great body of people that were ſuppoſed to be in Mr. Fox's intereſt were there, the general cry was, that he was knocked down by the conſtables; others ſaid no, that he was a conſtable, and knocked down by one of his own conſtables; I remember two or three people ſaying, theſe Wapping conſtables were pretty fellows to fight, for they have knocked down one of their own men, the general cry was very ſtrong, that he was knocked down by a conſtable.

The difference of opinion was, whether he was a conſtable or one of Fox's party, but there was no difference of opinion who knocked him down?—There was none; I was in hopes that there would have been perfect peace and quiet; I turned round and ſaw the other conſtables had not moved a ſingle ſtep; I ſpoke to Wild, he ſaid he could do nothing with them; I am poſitive there was not one marrow-bone and cleaver came up while I was there.

Mr. *Morgan*. I believe, Sir, you was frequently there?—Yes, Sir, often enough to have obſerved any thing.

Was you there on the Monday that this accident happened for any conſiderable ſpace of time?—I had not been there before that day, I came in at King-ſtreet end of the Huſtings, conſequently I could not ſee the marow-bones and cleavers, we came down James-ſtreet, we did not chuſe to come round the Garden, Colonel Fitzpatrick was with me.

I believe it was a ſettled rule with you to come in at the other end?—I very often came in at King-ſtreet end, it being more convenient to me, I did not chuſe to put myſelf out of the way, the general ill conduct of the perſons at the end of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray's, had made it neceſſary to come in at the other end.

You do not mean to ſay that all the noiſe was made at Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray's end?—Moſt certainly not.

How many days had the chairmen and other people, armed as we ſay with ſticks and bludgeons, attended?

Mr. *Pigot*. You do not mean to aſk that queſtion.

Mr. *Morgan*. How many men were there that day?—I will ſave Mr. Morgan the trouble of keeping the Jury with unneceſſary queſtions; the Huſtings were conſtantly ſurrounded, as ſtated by the learned Counſel in opening this curious proſecution; for he ſtated, that the Huſtings were conſtantly ſurrounded with immenſe numbers, and that is a fact, though ſtated by him; and there were complaints for people to come up and poll; the conſequence was, that there were daily advertiſements from both Committees, in all the public papers, each ſide boaſting, that great care was taken to keep a line for the voters; there were many conſtables employed on both ſides; any man that would lend his aſſiſtance, if he had a cane, or rattan, or any thing, was much better qualified to do it; I obſerved the line on the King-ſtreet end was better kept than the line on the other; but it was by both parties admitted, and found abſolutely neceſſary, that whoever would lend his aſſiſtance, it was doing a ſort of ſervice, as theſe people always conducted themſelves: no perſon can deny that there were people with ſticks at both ends of the line, but their numbers I do not know.

Mr. *Erſkine*. I ſhall now proceed to ſhew your Lordſhip and the Jury, that this man of the name of John Joſeph, is unworthy of all credit in a Court of Juſtice.

Serjeant

Serjeant HUBBARD, of the Coldſtream Regiment of Guards, *ſworn.*

Examined by Mr. Erſkine.

Do you know John Joſeph, who has been examined here as a witneſs to day?—Yes, ten years and upwards, I am of the ſame regiment; I recollect his receiving puniſhment by the ſentence of a Court Martial, for extorting money from an American, and he could not pay him the money, and after that he laid an unnatural charge againſt him.

He denied that here to day, he ſays there is no truth in it?—It is truth, he was tried for that crime, and convicted, and received puniſhment as far as I have heard in the Court Martial; I ſaw part of the puniſhment inflicted on him.

You have known this man a great while, and of courſe know his general character; would you believe him upon his oath?—I would not.

How many laſhes had he?—The ſentence was a thouſand.

Mr. *Sylveſter.* You are a ſerjeant in the Guards, and he is a ſoldier in the Guards?—No.

Was you preſent?—I heard part of the ſentence of the Court Martial read.

You was not preſent when he was tried?—I did not hear the whole of the charges; none of the officers are here that were preſent there.

Court. This is quite irregular, you ſhould produce the ſentences, all that the Jury will attend to is, that the man has known him ten years, and would not believe him upon his oath.

HENRY WRIGHT *ſworn.*

I am keeper of Tothill-fields Bridewell, and have been ſo eighteen years, I have known Joſeph ten or twelve years; he was committed to our priſon at the laſt Weſtminſter Election for ſtealing a poker.

Court. Aſk Wright his general character.

Would you believe him upon his oath?—I do not think that any body would in ſuch a matter as this; upon my oath I would not believe him.

How long has he been out of your cuſtody?—The laſt Weſtminſter ſeſſions.

Serjeant PHILLIPSON *ſworn.*

I was formerly ſerjeant in the Guards in America; I knew Joſeph perfectly well, I knew him three years in America.

He is a man of very good character, is not he?——A very bad one.

Would you believe him on his oath?——Really I would not.

You do not think him, from your knowledge of him, deſerving of any credit?——I do not.

JOSEPHUS ROFFEY *ſworn.*

Do you know Joſeph?—Yes.

What are you?—I am a ſhoe-maker by trade, and a patrol; I know him excedingly well.

What ſort of a man is he as to his character?—He has an exceeding bad character.

Would you believe him on his oath?—Not for a farthing.

Mr. *Morgan.* I can let you into a ſecret; he has juſt as good an opinion of you.—That may be ſo, but I have a better opinion of myſelf than he has of himſelf.

Court to Jury. Gentlemen, the priſoner, Patrick Nicholſon, ſtands indicted for the wilful murder of Nicholas Caſſon; and with reſpect to the three laſt priſoners, after having gone through the evidence on the part of the proſecution, I ſtated to you whether you wiſhed that they ſhould be put on their defence, and you thought as I did, that

that there was not ſufficient evidence to put them on their defence, as to being preſent at the time; therefore, in the long evidence which I am going to ſtate to you, you will conſider the priſoner, Patrick Nicholſon, only. The firſt witneſs was Thomas Davey; he is contradicted by almoſt every other witneſs, and his evidence is very little material as to the charge againſt this priſoner. You will obſerve, that neither Gilmore nor the other witneſſes were examined before the Coroner, before Juſtice Wilmot, or before the Grand Jury who found the Bill laſt Friday; and the caſe reſts upon the credit you give to theſe three witneſſes on the part of the proſecution, to which you muſt ſubjoin the evidence reſpecting the character of John Joſeph, who is the only perſon that was examined before with reſpect to this tranſaction. The other witneſſes were never known to be witneſſes till this morning, and the Counſel ſay they have not their names in their briefs; if you believe theſe three witneſſes, to be ſure the charge is proved againſt the priſoner; but ſuppoſing you ſhould give credit to theſe three witneſſes, ſuppoſing you can poſſibly give credit to the three witneſſes examined for the proſecution, with all their variations and contradictions, and the character of Joſeph, there is another matter for your conſideration, which is, what is the offence? Now every one of the witneſſes that have been examined on the part of the priſoner, and not contradicted at all, own, that the firſt attack was given by the conſtables; if ſo, what the people did may be ſaid to be in their own defence, and one of them giving an accidental blow, you cannot make it any thing but manſlaughter; but for my own part, I think, on the variations and contradictions that appear on the part of the witneſſes for the proſecution, it is for you to determine whether you will not acquit the priſoners.

PATRICK NICHOLSON,
JAMES WARD,
JOSEPH SHAW,
JAMES MURRAY,
} NOT GUILTY.

Mr. *Erſkine*. My Lord, Mr. O'Brien, who was included in this indictment, came here for the purpoſe of ſurrendering himſelf; if you can ſpare a few minutes to have him arraigned, I believe I may truſt to the candour of the learned Gentlemen on the part of the proſecution, that they have no further evidence.

Mr. *Morgan*. I cannot ſay I can give ſtronger evidence againſt him than I have already given.

DENNIS O'BRIEN, Eſq. was then indicted for the wilful murder of Nicholas Caſſon, and aiding, abetting, and aſſiſting in the ſaid murder.

There being no other evidence, he was

ACQUITTED.

PATRICK KENNY and THOMAS NICHOLSON were indicted (the next morning) for the wilful murder of the ſaid Nicholas Caſſon.

Mr. *Garrow*. My Lord, the Counſel for the Crown decline to give any evidence againſt theſe priſoners.

BOTH ACQUITTED.

A COMPLETE STATE OF THE POLL FOR THE CITY AND LIBERTIES OF WESTMINSTER.

Days of the Month.	Days of polling.	The Number of each Day's Poll.			Total Number			Majority on the Poll.	
		Hood.	Fox.	Wray.	Hood.	Fox.	Wray.	Fox.	Wray
April 1	First Day	264	302	238	264	302	238	64	——
—— 2	Second	970	941	866	1234	1243	1104	139	——
—— 3	Third	951	680	871	2185	1923	1975	——	52
—— 5	Fourth	1077	945	1010	3262	2868	2985	——	117
—— 6	Fifth	674	545	637	3936	3413	3622	——	209
—— 7	Sixth	522	414	495	4458	3827	4117	——	290
—— 8	Seventh	339	299	303	4797	4126	4422	——	296
—— 9	Eighth	80	75	69	4877	4201	4489	——	288
—— 10	Ninth	341	271	299	5218	4472	4788	——	316
—— 12	Tenth	246	205	207	5464	4677	4995	——	318
—— 13	Eleventh	117	142	97	5581	4819	5092	——	273
—— 14	Twelfth	151	186	116	5732	5005	5208	——	203
—— 15	Thirteenth	143	143	113	5875	5148	5321	——	173
—— 16	Fourteenth	96	82	79	5971	5230	5400	——	170
—— 17	Fifteenth	81	75	65	6052	5305	5465	——	160
—— 19	Sixteenth	68	65	68	6120	5370	5533	——	163
—— 20	Seventeenth	54	73	41	6174	5443	5574	——	131
—— 21	Eighteenth	65	76	49	6239	5519	5623	——	104
—— 22	Nineteenth	35	51	27	6274	5570	5650	——	80
—— 23	Twentieth	52	45	49	6327	5615	5699	——	84
—— 24	Twenty-first	51	56	38	6377	5671	5737	——	66
—— 26	Twenty-second	52	79	40	6429	5750	5777	——	27
—— 27	Twenty-third	39	77	29	6468	5827	5806	21	——
—— 28	Twenty-fourth	39	56	36	6507	5883	5842	41	——
—— 29	Twenty-fifth	25	38	23	6532	5921	5865	56	——
—— 30	Twenty-sixth	16	42	12	6548	5963	5877	86	——
May 1	Twenty-seventh	14	29	13	6562	5992	5890	102	——
—— 3	Twenty-eighth	12	24	12	6574	6016	5902	114	——
—— 4	Twenty-ninth	14	33	11	6588	6049	5913	136	——
—— 5	Thirtieth	12	35	5	6600	6084	5918	166	——
—— 6	Thirty-first	14	20	11	6614	6104	5929	175	——
—— 7	Thirty-second	10	9	8	6624	6113	5937	176	——
—— 8	Thirty third	11	21	9	6635	6134	5946	188	——
—— 10	Thirty-fourth	23	15	19	6658	6149	5965	184	——
—— 11	Thirty fifth,	5	16	6	6663	6165	5971	194	——
—— 12	Thirty-sixth	5	17	6	6668	6182	5977	205	——
—— 13	Thirty-seventh	4	12	3	6672	6194	5980	214	——
—— 14	Thirty-eighth	3	7	2	6675	6201	5982	219	——
—— 15	Thirty-ninth	6	17	5	6681	6218	5987	231	——
—— 17	Fortieth	13	16	11	6694	6234	5998	236	——
	Total	6694	6234	5998					

BRITISH MUSEUM

POETRY.

In the following Collection of Miſcellaneous Poetry, we will not pretend (no more than in the Paragraph) to preſcribe to the Reader's Taſte and Judgment: he may chuſe his own ſide of the Queſtion, and determine for himſelf on the Poetical Merit of each anonymous Author. On Mr. Fox's Part, there will appear ſeveral Originals, never till now made Public— We owe the acquiſition to arduous Induſtry. Equal Pains was taken to come at Manuſcript Compoſition in Favour of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray; but we were not fortunate enough to procure any Thing which had not before appeared in a Newſpaper, or ſome other periodical Miſcellany. All the Merit therefore that we claim in commencing this Part of our Work, is in Selection, *only, as far as Hood and Wray continues, the running Title. We hope the Friends of Mr. Fox will not be offended at our giving, as it were,* Precedence *to ſuch Productions of the Muſes which compliment the Cauſe of his Opponents. It is a mere mechanical Diſtinction, and ſo regulated, becauſe the like Order has been already obſerved in the Proſaical Matter, which, in Fact, could not be otherwiſe, for, beginning with Advertiſements, the firſt of Hood and Wray's is of* prior Date *to the firſt of Mr. Fox's.*

An HEROIC EPISTLE *to the* MAN *of the* PEOPLE, *or a* CONGRATULATORY ADDRESS *to the* NABOB *of* BENGAL, *on his* moſt excellent Speech *in* PARLIAMENT; *with* NOTES Critical *and* Explanatory.

HAIL! Charly, Saviour of a deſperate land,
Flouriſh the feather'd ſceptre in thy hand!
If not where Congreſs lately rous'd our ſpleen,
And thirteen ſtripes are now triumphant ſeen;
Yet where the ſun on idol pagods ſhines,
And flaming rubies ripens and refines;
Where Clive o'er virtue preſs'd to glory's goal,
" And the bright flame was ſhot thro' Haſting's Soul;"
Where Cheyt *, fleec'd by Chriſtian worſe than Jew,
A ſhirtleſs bankrupt! ſeeks redreſs from you;
From you conſpicuous in theſe dregs of times,
With patriot eloquence unmaſking crimes.
Periſh the thought! that e'er the luſt of ſway
Should fire the Hero dup'd by luſt of play.

* Cheyt Sing. For an account of this unhappy Prince, ſee the Reports of the Select Committee.

Ver. 26. Atque iidem venti vela fidemque ferunt. OVID.

Periſh

Periſh the thought! tho' you've been ſteep'd in ſtews,
That grov'ling intereſt ſhould point your views,
By breaking laws, in juſtice others fail,
You ſtep o'er law, to balance juſtice' ſcale.
By treating freedom as you'll ſerve the King,
(As eunuchs by caſtration learn to ſing)
Curtailing rights which troubleſome were grown,
You ſeat fair freedom firmlier on her throne.
For what are *Charters* to thy ſpacious mind,
Which graſps at once the good of human kind,
And paltry individuals leaves to rave,
Who faith and fees to legiſlature gave.
In vain may P— and W—— in ruth *,
(With as much modeſty at leaſt as youth)
To prop our beauteous conſtitution call,
And fear for Engliſh honour in its fall.
In vain may ** nice diſtinctions draw;
W— curſe all ſwindling: Th—— grumble law.
You tread a downward paſſage to the ſkies.
As ſkilful divers by their ſinking riſe;
And plunging boldly from old Thames's ſide,
Emerge triumphant on the Ganges' tide.
From flaming *Chartres* a fair Phœnix ſprings,
Bearing a labell'd title, *King of Kings!*
Ground in the magic mill contriv'd by you,
Britannia wonders at her roſy hue.
Hail to the new-pois'd ſphere! hail golden times!
When Leadenhall is purg'd of all its crimes.
To thee! to thee! Directors ſhall give place,
And couſin George † the Bua ‡ of thy grace.
" *Empire in Empires*," as ye ſail around,
Ye ſages in balloons, repeat the ſound.
As ſome old ſcraper, grudg'd his maſſy ſtores,
Dreads to the world to open his dark doors,
Should a fly ſpendthrift wriggle to his ſide,
Tho' tough the miſer, many a winter try'd,
The paraſite each hiccup hears with dread,
And wonders, long before he was not dead;
Laments how wan! his pulſe's languid beat!
Holds out a truce with Death, that ſpecious cheat!
Doctors and 'Pothecaries do the feat!
In vain Gripe graſps his bags with ſwimming eyes,
The falſe friend ſeizes them, he dies! he dies!

* If the reader cannot find an interpretation of this truly claſſical word in Dr. Johnſon's Dictionary, he is deſired to conſult Archæological Epiſtle.

Ver. 31. The Company is not bankrupt, but inſolvent.——See Debates.

† Leſt this ſhould be miſtaken for the name of ſome old companion at the E. O. table, from the familiar epithet of propinquity to Charles, be it known that the perſonage here intended was once ſtiled King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, &c. &c.

‡ The Bua is the nominal King of Tonquin, where the Chouah, or Foxite, claims all the executive powers of government.

Ver. 65. Te duce ſi qua manent ſceleris veſtigia noſtri,
Irrita perpetuâ ſolvent formidine terras. VIRG.

So

BRITISH MUSEUM

So you, with remedies unknown before,
Directors quack, their cholic is no more.
Let others glimm'ring politics purſue,
The Northern ſtar is ever in thy view;
Safe ſhalt thou brave the tempeſts of the deep,
While liberty and honour, ſinking, weep.
No more ſhall Gallia, Spain, or Holland fret,
Preſto! the Indian ſpunge ſhall wipe away our debt.
The lucubrations ſoon of Dr. Price,
Shall cover cheeſecakes, or envelope ſpice.
Flow, rhet'ric, flow, from thy delightful ſource,
Untir'd, unſtopp'd, unrivall'd in thy courſe,
On whoſe ſmooth waves e'en children ſafely play,
Tho' the ſmooth waves to kingdoms fate convey;
While Wit her poſies ſcatters as they glide,
And pearls and diamonds lurk beneath the tide;
While journals, that would diſembogue the ſtore,
With Ganges' num'rous mouths, have need of more.
Dreaming their wealth, how ſwells Joe Miller's page!
What new Lyceums glad a future age!
A many-headed monſter ſome may trace,
Like Janus, thou haſt got a *double face*;
One mark'd by age with characters of truth,
The other ſmiling with perpetual youth.
Bleſt *Coalition!* where we ſee combin'd,
All that can raiſe the laughter of mankind;
Where, ſpite of fretful virtue's prudiſh frown,
The bawd and ſtrumpet play upon the town.
Though Scott may baſely black quotations * frame,
Lo! Sheridan defends thy righteous aim,
And ſeven bright Angels iſſue from thy throne,
All dreſs'd in linen whiter than thy own.
Let ſordid ſouls (for ſuch there are at Court)
With thy reſpectful name unpitying ſport.
As water from an eminence deſcends,
As cork floats in it, as flame upward ſends.
As odour ſprings from incenſe, ſmoke from coals,
As owls love ſolitude, as herrings ſhoals,
As birds their airy houſes built in trees,
As waſps ſuck honey, and as flowerets bees,
As toaſts delight in public to be ſeen,
As the bowl rolls along the level green,
As children's little minds are fix'd on fruit,
Biſhops on eaſe, and bigots on diſpute,
As critics true on Ariſtotle dote,
As yea and nay the Quaker meek denote,
As the ſmooth mirrors to the face is true,
Punning and pleaſantry they have in view,

* See Revelations, Chapter xiii. and bleſs Providence, who hath given our Senators piety in this infidel age! Ver. 121. This alluding to an anecdote of ſcandalous Hiſtory, the world (for all the world will undoubtedly read this poem) is aſſured, that it will be developed very ſhortly in a New Atalantis.

Dear

Dear as to maiden ſeventy beauty's name,
To Poets dreams of univerſal fame.
But thou'rt a Fox that, leaping o'er all mounds,
Their yell deſpiſeſt, and will tire thoſe hounds.
From dirty roſtrums, never hoarſe tho' loud,
Thou ſhalt no more deal noſtrums to the croud.
Camels, or elephants, ſhall gladly kneel,
To bear the great reſtorer of their weal.
With lovely Perdita to grace thy ſide,
E'en Mahomed ſhall envy ſuch a bride:
And for a moment ſtooping from his ſphere,
Raviſh'd, on luxury thy lectures hear;
Then own, ſurpris'd, the bliſsful ſcenes he drew,
Prophet of pleaſure! are refin'd by you;
While Cachemirians, fairer than the Spring,
With *muffled noſes* ſhall ſalute thee, King!

To the Worthy *and* Independent ELECTORS *of the* City *and* Liberty *of* WESTMINSTER.

" GENTLEMEN,
" HIS Majeſty's Miniſters having thought fit,
" I ſay, Sirs, his Miniſters—tho' tis young Pitt,
" To diſſolve his good Parliament with little wit;
" In flat contradiction to what they declar'd,
" (Tho' 'tis what I confeſs I had very much fear'd)
" Nay, in flat contradiction to me and my friends,
" In majority voting, *for no private ends*;—
" And without any public pretenſion whatever,
" To ſend us a canvaſſing—in this horrid weather;
" I again muſt ſolicit your votes and your favour,
" As I dare ſay you doubt not my future behaviour.
" To ſecure to the people their weight in the ſcale
" Of our good conſtitution, ſo as never to fail,
" Has ſtill been my thoughts, both by night and by day,
" At *Weltjie's* in wine, and at *Brookes's* in play.
" And, Gentlemen, believe me, whether I'm found
" Standing faſt on official, or Newmarket ground,
" Your liberty's dear, and your true concerns are
" Moſt *exactly alike* my peculiar care;
" And therefore I hope the ſame principles now,
" Which twice have induc'd you your good-will to ſhow,
" Will again do the ſame for your friend the moſt fervent,
" Your grateful, devoted, and moſt humble ſervant,
" C. J. F."

St. James's-ſtreet, March 24, 1784.

" P. S. As the day of Election, Sirs, happens to fall,
" (And this I would willingly tell my friends all)
" On *the firſt day of April*, I beg leave to ſay,
" I *peculiarly* wiſh you to meet me THAT day."

The

The PRIVATE REFLECTIONS *of a* PATRIOT.

A CERTAIN great Patriot, whoſe name you may gueſs,
By Providence given, this country to bleſs,
Who conceiving a plan,
Like a very wiſe man,
To make himſelf greater, has made himſelf leſs;
Thus ſpoke, as he ſaunter'd in Brookes's alone,
Let me ſee what I've done for a People or Throne.

At my firſt ſetting out, as my talents were bright,
I got ſome preferment, but that was ſo ſlight,
That my profit by day was diſpos'd of by night.

When encumber'd with debts, men of honour muſt pay,
I applied for more places—Lord Boreas ſaid, nay;
So I voted againſt him the very next day.

Then, 'midſt various changes of hopes and of fears,
'Midſt the Muſes and Graces, Jews, Jockies, and Peers,
I found out the means to rub on a few years.

During this, my Lord Boreas went on very well;
His friends procur'd places as faſt as they fell,
And I wiſh'd him and all his dependents at hell.

At St. Stephen's I found there was little to do,
The Houſe ill attended, the Speakers were few,
Till the Americans kick'd up a hurliburloo.

Here a new piece of bus'neſs was thrown on my hands;
The State call'd 'em rebels, I call'd 'em our friends;
And I did all I could do, to further their ends.

In vain did the Miniſter drain our reſources,
My ſpeeches went over by various courſes,
Before we had embark'd, nay, or voted, our forces.

At length France and Spain were engag'd in the broil;
Here was ſomething to fight for, ſome proſpect of ſpoil;
And the national ſpirit was ready to boil.

Their navy 'gainſt ours I was ſure could not ſtand,
And as that would undo all the ſchemes I had plann'd,
We voted that Keppel ſhould have the command.

Such cooks as this Keppel muſt ſure ſpoil the broth,
He was bold at manœuv'ring, at fighting was loath,
" Nor ſuffer'd the ſun to go down on his wrath."

So we loſt a good day; but it anſwer'd my ends,
For he threw all the blame upon Sandwich's friends,
And their quarrel could ne'er make the nation amends.

Diſtreſſes by land follow'd loſſes by ſea;
If a conqueſt we gain'd, 'twas the bite of a flea;
But if we were beaten, 'twas apples to me.

At length, to ſecure the Congreſs their powers,
Conway mov'd that Sir Guy ſhould be ſnug in his tow'rs,
At the moment that victory muſt have been ours.

That bus'neſs thus ſettled, I then went to work.
My Lord North and his crew to unſeat with a jerk;
And, to aid my deſign, call'd in trumpeter Burke.

And thus we enliſted a number of troops;
Oppoſition was form'd into various groupes;
And Rockingham ſtood at the head of our dupes.

So Lord North was diſmiſs'd, and we gain'd the aſcendant,
And the Marquis brought in every needy dependant,
Then ſtole off to Heaven with virtues tranſcendent.

Shelburne ſeiz'd on his ſeat; I diſputed his claim;
He call'd me a liar; I call'd him the ſame,
And from that time determin'd to play a deep game,

So I quitted my place, and thoſe follow'd that would,
Reſolving to do all the miſchief we could;
And as for Lord Thurlow, why, G—d d—mn his blood!

Shelburne made up a peace, and, I own what is true,
I abus'd him and all the new Miniſters too,
Becauſe 'twas the beſt thing I thought they could do.

But to cover the better this deep diſpoſition,
I lamented the Loyaliſts wretched condition,
And form'd with Lord Boreas a grand Coalition:

On principle form'd it; and who but muſt ſay,
Self-intereſt's a principle pow'rful in ſway,
And that principle led us to draw the ſame way.

With this phalanx, 'gainſt him and his meaſures we roar'd;
Lord Boreas was *hear him'd*, and I was encor'd,
And Burke on balloons of ſublimity ſoar'd.

So Shelburne was turned out of very good bread,
And my friend, Duke or no Duke, was plac'd in his ſtead,
A good honeſt ſoul, but no tongue in his head.

Pitt and Townſhend were forc'd to walk down the back ſtair,
And ſo 'twould have been, had old Chatham been there;
For, like Brentford's uſurpers, we each ſeiz'd a chair.

And "who were ſo happy, ſo happy as we!"
Conſtitutional queſtions debated might be;
But no queſtion could ſever my colleague and me.

Thus our friends carried every new motion before 'em,
Even Majeſty's ſelf was not one of the Quorum,
Till I brought in—"*Ah! nunc renovare dolorem!*"—

My Reform Bill; 'twas hard ſuch a project ſhould fail,
So ſtrong in effect, and ſo mild in detail;
God damme, 'twas dreſs'd like a whore in a veil!

With the Commons it met with but faint oppoſition,
But the Peers, through the gauze, ſaw the vile impoſition,
And tripp'd up the heels of my ſtrumpet Ambition.

Then all ſecret adviſers I loudly abus'd,
Through a certain young Gentleman's ear I'd infus'd
With a drug that one Shafteſbury formerly us'd.

The bill was thrown out; we remov'd from our quarters,
And our gang all reſign'd with the ſpirit of martyrs;
So the Company ſav'd both their chattels and charters.

Now each day ſome new bar to my project reveals,
A firm Miniſtry preſently trod on our heels,
And Thurlow, that bane to my hopes, got the Seals.

But, what was ſtill worſe, nay, a d—mnable thing,
The voice of the people, that once us'd to ſing,
"God bleſs Mr. Fox," now cry'd "God bleſs the King."

Yet one comfort was left us, the Commons were ours;
So we mov'd that that Houſe muſt include the three pow'rs,
And we voted Prerogative quite out of doors:

'Twas an obſolete right, and of courſe muſt be wrong.
Mov'd, that friends to the King make no uſe of their tongue,"
That "Peers are old women, and Pitt is too young."

Now, in ſpite of addreſſes, I ſtill will go on,
Make terms of my own, if I can, or make none,
Whilſt this ſpirit of Chatham ſurvives in his ſon.

PADDY QUINLAN's ADDRESS *to* CARLO KHAN.

Intended as a Baſſo to Captain Morris's Ballynamona Oro. Sent from Cork its ownſelf, dated Patrick's Day in the Morning.

Tune *Larry Grogan.*

Dear Car,
IS it true
What I've long heard of you,
"The Man of the People" they call you, they call you!
How comes it to paſs
They're now grown ſo raſh,
At the critical moment to leave you, to leave you?
Oh! that curs'd India Bill,
Arrah why not be ſtill,
Enjoy a tight place and be civil, be civil;
Had you carried it through,
Ough! that would juſt do,
Then their *charters* we'd pitch to the Devil, the Devil.

But *Carlo*, my Honey,
If you pleaſe, we'll be funny;
Many tricks (don't we know?) you have play'd 'em, have play'd 'em;
With Reſolve and Addreſs,
Becauſe not in the meſs,
Poor Billy, 'twas done for to plague 'im, to plague 'im:

" Fair and equal," 'tis true,
With Prerogative too,
You've bugbear'd the Houſe that you ſpeak in, you ſpeak in;
Since the people are gone
With Sam Houſe to a man,
Never mind! tho' the Devil ſhould take 'em, ſhould take 'em.

Oh! 'tis comical, faith
How Charley of late,
You've chang'd the ſide of the queſtion, the queſtion:
Majorities then
Were ſuch queer ſort of men,
That *Honeſty* made you deteſt 'em, deteſt 'em:
" Minorities" now
Are ſo venal, I trow,
Be eaſy! they've done you much evil, much evil.
For our *Charters* they ſtood,
Troth! it boded no good
To your cauſe! which they pitch to the Devil, the Devil.

" *Privileges*" of late
Have much heated your pate,
Pray Carlo, what will you next hit on, next hit on,
" A *Plan* of *Reform*"
In Petto's the ſtorm;
Sure, there's nothing in that at the bottom, the bottom:
" The Houſe" too, I hear
Is the thing, you declare,
Whoſe Majeſty now you inſiſt on, inſiſt on!
Since the people, " bold Hector"
Have chang'd their Protector,
Again to the Devil we bob 'em, we bob 'em.

For the People before,
How you uſed to roar,
Whenever you mounted the Roſtrum, the Roſtrum:
But Charters and Kings
Are held " ſacred things."
How ſuddenly chang'd was your Noſtrum, your Noſtrum:
Euphorbium, I think,
Made a damned fooliſh ſtink,
As analiz'd by your Committee, Committee:
A memento to thee,
Brave Car, dont' you ſee,
To the Devil the people now pitch you, now pitch you.

For the preſent adieu,
Sweet Car, 'tis for you,
No ſmall ſhare of trouble I've taken, I've taken:
Glad indeed for to find,
How much to my mind,
Your cauſe and yourſelf have been ſhaken, been ſhaken:

Coalition!

Coalition! oh rare,
How it made the lads ſtare!
When North you 'gain foiſted upon 'em, upon 'em:
'Twas bravo! 'twas nice,
Hye for Brooks and the dice,
So again to the Devil we bob 'em, we bob 'em.

The CONSULTATION.

SAYS F—t——k to F—x, "Oh how can we *ate!*
"By *Jaſus* you know we have both pawn'd our plate?"
Black Reynard replies, "We can have one good meal,"
By *filching* from Thurlow his boaſted *Great Seal**."

The DEVIL *take the Hindmoſt.*

WITH a borough before, and a bailiff behind,
See our Senators run as faſt as the wind:
Then ſcamper, ye bankrupts in fame and in purſe,
For the loſs of a *ſeat* is a damnable curſe.

The NEW COALITION: *Or, The* FOX *who had loſt his* TAIL, *And the Vermin turn'd out of his Borough.*

Set to the Jew's Harp.

To the tune of—*A Cobler there was*, &c.

SAYS Fox to old Ver-min, to avoid repetition
Of a favourite topic, I mean Coalition,
Here's my hand once for all, and I'll fully explain
Why North and I join'd, and why you'll join us twain.
Derry down, down, down, derry, &c.

In public, North tax'd with treaſon and cheat;
Said, I'd make England poor to make myſelf great;
Said, I'd nothing to loſe, and only to gain
By cogging the dice—when old England's the main.
Derry down, &c.

He ſaid, tho' of honeſty much I did lack,
Yet whilſt Clubs did count—I was Pam of the Pack;
And as Old Noll of Huntingdon well did of yore,
Would beat King—if not beat'n Knave out o' door.
Derry down, &c.

* The Great Seal is made of ſilver, and weighs about 61b.

I replied,

I replied, he did loſe half our empire and trade;
I ſhow'd that his loſs by his folly was made;
I ſhow'd 'twas his ſcheme too, theſe realms to enſlave;
So left it in doubt—if moſt fool, or moſt knave.
Derry down, &c.

That himſelf he'd enrich'd, tho' the nation made poor;
Had his Cinque Ports, his penſion, his ribband, and whore;
Yet ſome tenderneſs ſhow'd for the Venus his wife,
So Buſhy Park gave her—then left it for life.
Derry down, &c.

Now all muſt obſerve, (for all do agree
In what I ſaid of him, and what he ſaid of me)
That a raſcal has right to call raſcal a brother,
And a g—— had no right to make all this pother.
Derry down, &c.

A Temple to Charles ſaid (the Second) too rude,
"Be the Man of your People, and ſtudy their good."
Such freedom of language I ſtill muſt condemn,
For it ne'er can ſuit us, tho' it may better them.
Derry down, &c.

My character known, it induc'd the good North,
After twelve years miſtake to honour my worth:
So in public I'm his—but I'd plead private merit,
To have you, my friend, of congenial ſpirit.
Derry down, &c.

Pharo-dealer, ſtock-jobber, can never be ſtranger,
Tho' mine more the profit, and your's more the danger,
I have all things to gain, you have nothing to loſe,
So dear, dear Lord Ver-min our bargain let's cloſe.
Derry down, &c.

For the India Bill vote, you cannot but chuſe,
'Tis a good vote of credit with all our old Jews,
And vote the Receipt Tax—you cannot ſay nay,
For who takes a receipt—who has nothing to pay?
Derry down, &c.

Says good old Lord Ver-min, your reaſoning is ſtrong,
It hurries conviction and feelings along;
Take my hand and I'm your's, and the devil's—but tell
Iriſh Ned, that I think he's too bad e'en for hell.
Derry down, &c.

Poor Ver-min his borough ha'n loſt, may ſtill find,
Some earth of the Fox to keep off the wind;
And the Fox having loſt his thick tail—may depend,
To keep his a— warm, on the fur of his friend.
Derry down, &c.

So Ver-min and Fox got in the ſame hole,
To grabble and ſpatter, and ſtink and cajole;

And the firſt thing they can do to honour their worth
Is to keep them both there—and to ſtop up the earth.
Derry down, &c.

No Ver-min we'll have in our Buckingham county,
We're for Freedom with law, and for Prudence with bounty,
We're for King and for people, and t'avoid repetition,
We're all to a man 'gainſt the damn'd Coalition.
Derry down, &c.

The FOX's PROGRESS

WHEN firſt young Reynard came from France,
He try'd to bow, to dreſs, to dance,
But to ſucceed had little chance,
The courtly dames among;
'Tis true, indeed, his wit has charms,
But his grim phiz the point diſarms,
And all were fill'd with dire alarms,
At ſuch a *beau garçon*.

He left the fair, and took to dice,
At Brooks's they were not ſo nice,
But clear'd his pockets in a trice,
Nor left a wreck behind;
Nay, ſome pretend he even loſt
That little grace he had to boaſt,
And then reſolv'd to ſeize ſome poſt,
Where he might *raiſe the wind*.

In politics he could not fail;
So ſet about it tooth and nail;
But here again his ſtars prevail,
Nor long the meteor ſhone.
His friends, if ſuch deſerve the name,
Still keep him at a loſing game,
Bankrupt in Fortune and in Fame,
His day is almoſt done.

CARLO KHAN's *Anſwer to* PADDY QUINLAN's *Addreſs*.

Tune—*Larry Grogan.*

Dear Paddy,
'TIS true,
I've reaſon to rue,
That "The Man of the People," they dub'd me, they dub'd me;
Don't you think it was cruel,
In you, my dear jewel,
To mention the thing that ſo drub'd me, ſo drub'd me;

A tight

A tight place I had,
I confeſs it, dear Pad,
To break Charters, I now find an evil, an evil;
In your ear, by the bye,
'Twas North, and not I,
But his council I pitch to the devil, the devil.

Many tricks I confeſs,
With Reſolve and Addreſs;
As you told me, 'tis true, I have play'd 'em, have play'd em;
Nor ought will content,
If that Pitt don't prevent,
Many dances I mean yet to lead 'em, to lead 'em:
Majorities then,
And minorities, when
They anſwer my purpoſe, God ſave 'em, God ſave 'em.
If for Charters they ſtand,
As the laſt choſen band,
With the devil I'm ſure for to leave 'em, to leave 'em.

But Paddy, my dear,
'Cauſe now in the rear,
A place you think ne'er I ſhall get in, ſhall get in;
Were you not ſuch a ſot,
You'd ſoon ſee the plot,
The ſecret I find, you're not yet in, not yet in:
Of North I'm the paw,
And I'll "fight with my jaw,"
'Till the old houſe I bring down upon 'em, upon 'em;
A place when I gain,
Then I bellow a "main,"
To the devil the people I bob 'em, I bob 'em.

To Mr. F——

HONEST Charles, O thou pride, thou delight of my ſoul!
Take advice from a friend and a brother;
All advantages loſt, by bad tricks, at one *poll*,
May be gain'd, by good *ſticks*, at another.

BELZEBUB.

SAY, Ducheſs, loveliеſt woman, ſay,
Where is your prudence flown?
Admitting Fox ſhould win the day,
His conſequence will hardly pay,
For having loſt your own.

The

To the Worthy and Independent ELECTORS *of* WESTMINSTER, *who have the honour of being employed by a certain great Prince.*

SINCE ———'s great Prince
Condeſcends to evince
His concern in your future election,
How happy each cobler,
Butcher, ſmith, and pot-wobler,
Who ſhall merit his Royal protection!

For God's ſake conſider
The rank of the bidder,
Who offers ſo much for your plumpers:
What's the nation or Pitt,
To th P——e and Tom Tit!
D—— ſuch ſtuff—aud to Fox fill your bumpers.

He ſwears he'll ſupport,
Spite of people and court,
His friend Charles on the trying occaſion;
So remember to vote
As his H——ſs has wrote,
Or by George you'll be ſent to d—n—tion.

The ſtorm how it gathers—
No *Fox* and no *feathers*,
Cries the P——e in a paſſion to Weltjié;
But if you'll be geeſe,
You may keep *three* a-piece;
Sure ſuch condeſcenſion muſt melt ye.

A late EPIGRAM. *Epigrammatized by* CARLO KHAN's *old Friend*, PADDY QUINLAN.

WHEN Paddy heard, that *Devon*'s beauteous fair
An active part in *Reynard*'s canvaſs took,
By Ja—s ſwore! that Quinlan would beware
The ſweet effects of an enchanting look.

Courage, *Great Carlo!*—ſince the Paphian Queen
Your cauſe ſupports,—nay, toaſts you in a bumper:
Succeſs muſt follow!—not one with whom ſhe's been
Refus'd his vote: all ſigh'd to give!—a PLUMPER.

PADDY QUINLAN *to the* ELECTORS *of* WESTMINSTER.

YOUR great "Indian Chief," *Khan Charlo* is come,
Your voices to get! poh! 'tis all a mere hum,
A feat, if you'll give him, he'll promiſe and ſwear,
He'll break all your Charters as ſoon as he dare.
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

On ſuch terms as theſe, ſure! he'll meet with ſucceſs;
And fair his pretenſions are, all muſt confeſs?
For breaking of Charters, and humbling of Kings,
Elect him! oh, hone! and he'll do greater things.
Derry down, &c.

Here was poor "little Guy," whom you well yet remember,
Not of Warwick the fam'd! no, 'twas Guy of November,
Who made ſuch a noiſe! with his "gunpowder" plan,
He was nothing at all! if compared with our *Khan*.
Derry down, &c.

A NEW SONG.

Tune—*As you mean to ſet ſail, &c.*

YE freemen who ſail for dear liberty's iſle,
As the ſea ſhall run ſmooth, and the ſkies on you ſmile;
As you hope that your voyage propitious may prove,
Let the child of your choice be the man of your love.
As you hope, &c.

As you held up your hands and declar'd for a name,
Let your ſuffrages crown whom you flatter'd with fame;
Of the magic of calumny keep yourſelves clear,
And the quickſands of bribery never come near.
Of the magic, &c.

As electors who ſtudy your rights to ſecure,
That the man whom you truſt be no pirate be ſure;
At his own or his mutinous myrmidons call,
Who will ſacrifice cargo, and owners and all.
At his own, &c.

Then, freemen, in time to your pilot attend,
If you laugh at him now you ſhall weep in the end;
If you blindly determine the rudder to Fox,
'Tis a hundred to one that you ſplit among rocks.
If you blindly determine, &c.

THE COALITION BALLAD.

As ſung at the SHAKESPEARE.

COME liſten awhile, and I'll give you a ſong,
With a great deal of truth, and not very long;
'Tis of *North*, *Burke*, and *Fox*, to give you the *worſt*,
Either *one* or the *other* faith may be *firſt*.
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

Lord

Lord North, for twelve years, with his war and contracts,
The people he nearly had laid on their *backs*;
Yet ſtoutly he ſwore, he ſure was a *villain*,
If e'er he had better'd his fortune a *ſhilling*.
Derry down, &c.

Againſt him *Charles Fox* was a ſure bitter foe,
And cried, that the empire he'd ſoon *overthrow*;
Before him all *honour* and *conſcience* had fled,
And vow'd, that the AXE it ſhould *cut off his head*.
Derry down, &c.

Edmund Burke, too, was in a mighty great rage,
And declared *Lord North* the diſgrace of the age;
His plans and his conduct he treated with ſcorn,
And thought it a curſe *that he'd ever been born*.
Derry down, &c.

So hated he was, *Fox* and *Burke* they both ſwore,
They infamous were *if they enter'd his door*;
But prithee, good neighbour, now think on the end,
Burke and *Fox*, they call him *their very good friend!*
Derry down, &c.

Now *Fox*, *North*, and *Burke*, each one is *a brother*,
So *honeſt*, they ſwear, there's not ſuch another;
No longer they tell us, we're going *to ruin*,
The *people* they ſerve, in whatever they're doing,
Derry down, &c.

If *receipts* they e'en tax, or *charters they break*,
They tell us, that all they can *lawfully* take;
They bring us forſooth to the *vileſt condition*,
And bid us admire their *damn'd coalition*.
Derry down, &c.

No longer the nation they plague with their ſtrife,
Reſolv'd for to ſerve one another through life,
They now to each other are wond'rous civil,
And the *people*—they may go to the *devil!*
Derry down, &c.

But *Chatham*, thank Heaven! has left us a *ſon*;
When *he* takes the helm, we are are ſure not undone;
The glory his father reviv'd of the land,
And *Britannia* has taken *Pitt* by the hand.
Derry down, &c.

Since Fox he is now to all underſtood,
Your votes give *Sir Cecil* and *Admiral Hood*;
No diſgrace on the cauſe they ever will bring,
Both ſteady they are to their COUNTRY and KING.
Derry down, &c.

On a certain D——S.

Her mien like Cytherea's dove,
Her lips like Hybla's honey;
Who would not give a vote for love,
Unleſs he wanted money?

Alas! to reputation blind!
I wonder ſome folks bore it;
You've loſt your fame, and thoſe that find
Can ne'er again reſtore it.

EPIGRAM.

SAYS Fox to Houſe, 'tis ten to one;
At Weſtminſter I am undone;
But ſtill I have one county clear—
I can come in for Devonſhire.

"KISS MY —— IS NO TREASON."

A NEW SONG.

AT half hour paſt three,
Fox roſe—who but he,
The Company's charter to ſeize on?
Good Lord, how he lied!
What a pity none cried,
F—, kiſs my —— 'tis no treaſon.

Hear! hear his loud gibes,
On war, rapine, and bribes!
—A ſubject to ſay what you pleaſe on:
While he laughs in his ſleeve,
That the Houſe ſhould believe,
—Oh, kiſs my —— is no treaſon.

" Ye place-men ſo *keen*,
" And ye patriots ſo *clean*,
" Come all hands to out-vote ſober reaſon.
" I'll provide you ſnug jobs,
" With thoſe bloody Nabobs,
" And ſing, kiſs my —— is no treaſon."

Not a ſon of a ——
But muſt quickly grow rich,
With all India to draw for rupees on;
O! ſuch wonderful things,
—Seven Emperors—Eight Kings!
—Thank God, kiſs my —— is no treaſon.

His

His dogs one and all,
How they yelp at the call,
Poor Indians to worry and ſeize on.
When they've gorg'd well their chops
With your Leadenhall ſops,
They'll ſing, kiſs my —— is no treaſon.

North juſt in the nick
Fell conveniently ſick,
And ſlunk from diſgrace in due ſeaſon;
Howe'er 'twas all one,
For he ſent 'em his ſon—
He may kiſs my —— 'tis no treaſon—

O may George ſoon determine
To drive out ſuch vermin,
Or tie 'em all up by the weazon!
While joyful we'll ſing,
God bleſs our good King—
And Fox kiſs my —— 'tis no treaſon.

The FOX *in a* STRING.

Tune,—*Belleiſle March.*

ALL hail to the ſtring
That lets F—x have a ſwing,
For ſetting the land in a blaze;
May the rope be made tight,
It will give all delight,
And Jack Ketch will deſerve all our praiſe.

May N——h too with B—ke,
Go off with a jerk,
While laughing old Nick may attend.
Then for Lord Hood and Wray
We will loudly huzza,
Each the nation's preſerver and friend.

This great Carlo Khan
Some ſay had a plan,
To take all our charters away
But his ſcheme was found out,
And you need not to doubt,
Was oppos'd by the ſtaunch Cecil Wray.

The Eaſt India Bill
Was too bitter a pill,
For the people at large to digeſt,
And the d——d ſtinking Fox,
Tho' he'd got the State p—,
Was ſoon made their ſcoff I proteſt.

For

For the curſt Receipt Tax,
He deſerves ſure an axe,
But a halter will do in its ſtead,
May old Scratch take his ſoul,
And when the bells toll,
We will ſing that ſly Reynard is dead.
Each Weſtminſter boy
Shall exult, full of joy,
That the artful impoſtor's no more.
But Lord Hood and Wray
They will loudly huzza,
And each honeſt voter *encore*.

To the Worthy and Independent ELECTORS *of the City and Liberty of* WESTMINSTER.

THE advantage, dear friends, now obtain'd on the poll,
(Though by no means deciſive, as to the whole,)
Is ſuch as, I own it, muſt render your care
And utmoſt exertions indeed *neceſſaire*.
In this conteſt your intereſts are much more engag'd
* * * * * * * *
Than mine, my dear friends—and I own I ſhould mourn,
If the cauſe of th' Electors ſhould be overborne;
Thoſe Electors ſo true, independent, and free;
For then next to impoſſible even 'twill be
That any man ſhould, no not even in ſport,
Stand againſt nominations that come from the Court.
The queſtion's not now who elected ſhall be,
But who ſhall *elect* faith, we moſt plainly ſee,
And the ſtruggle's not 'twixt Sir Cecil and me;
No, 'tis 'twixt the Court influence, much to their ſhame,
And the rights independent Electors may claim;
But the number of votes ſtill not poll'd is ſo great,
That we little can doubt but ſucceſs we ſhall meet,
If exertions moſt proper, moſt ſteady and true,
As ſhall be by me, are the ſame made by you.
For nought on my part ſhall be wanting I vow,
No, I love you as well, as I e'er did, juſt now:
And depend, my dear friends, that no trouble nor pains,
No ſad inconvenience, no turn of my brains,
Shall be wanting to ſerve and to ſave you all free
From ſubjection and thraldom, (Oh, never mind me!)
Which yourſelves laſt Election ſo nobly diſdain'd,
When your virtuous choice thus of me you obtained.
I have the honour to be, with reſpect moſt profound,
Your obedient, faithful, and—down to the ground,
C. J. F.

A CERTAIN CANDIDATE's ADDRESS *in Verſe.*

To the Worthy ELECTORS *of the City and Liberties of* WESTMINSTER.

THOUGH Sir Cecil and Hood
(Let me do what I would)
Have left me, alas! at a diſtance;
Yet I beg and entreat
You won't think they can beat,
But come give me ſome better aſſiſtance.

For myſelf I don't care
(Since I've boroughs to ſpare)
Whether I be thrown out or elected:
Yet my ſpirits quite ſink,
For it grieves me to think,
How all Weſtminſter will be dejected.

For if you are ſo ſtout
As to turn a man out,
Becauſe he's a rogue, in your flurry,
You'll find by and bye,
No ſuch R—ſc—l as I,
Will dare offer again in a hurry.

There's no quarrel, d'ye ſee,
'Twixt Sir Cecil and me;
The whole queſtion is this that has rent you,
Whether F—es again,
Or plain honeſt men,
Shall in all time to come repreſent you.

The numbers unpoll'd
Have been carefully told,
And I now have the pleaſure to greet 'em,
That if all who remain,
Being charm'd by my ſtrain,
Will give plumpers for me, we ſhall beat 'em.

Now I vow and I ſwear
No pains will I ſpare;
Night or day, boys, I'll never be quiet;
I'll fight 'em, I'll cheat 'em,
I'll bully 'em, beat 'em;
Fire and fury, F—, freedom, and riot;

C. J. F.

The CANVASSING DUCHESS.

A BALLAD.

Air.—*De Malbroug.*

THE Piccadilly beauty,
Merlonton merlontaine,
Is gone upon canvaſſing duty,
Huzza! for Carlo Khan.

The Ducheſs has taken the breeches,
Merlonton merlontaine,
So ſweetly her ſenſes bewitches
The charms of Carlo Khan.

The mob in the ſtreet ſhe addreſſes,
Merlonton merlontaine,
And all for to help the diſtreſſes
Of poor little Carlo Khan.

Thro' the Covent Garden rabbles,
Merlonton merlontaine;
She tucks up her gown and ſhe dabbles,
To poll for Carlo Khan.

The *vis-a-vis* waits at the alleys,
Merlonton merlontaine,
While her Grace with the oyſter-wench talleys
To vote for her Carlo Khan,

I'll bett you a bottle of clarlet,
Merlonton merlontaine,
For a kiſs the Lord Mayor of Garratt
Will vote for my Carlo Khan.

A NEW BALLAD,

To the Tune of,—*There was an Old Woman, and what do you think.*

THERE was an old F—x, and what do you think?
Why he liv'd pretty much upon victuals and drink:
'Twas his victuals and drink, to be breeding a riot,
And ſo, Sir, of courſe, he could never be quite.
Derry down, down, heigh derry down.

This F—x he could double, and wind in and out,
With the change of the wind he could tack right about:
Still by intereſt led, Sir, he follow'd it cloſe,
While his friends follow'd him, but were led by the noſe,
Derry down, down heigh derry down.

One uniform dreſs had this whimſical fellow,
'Twas a coat of plain blue, and a waiſtcoat of yellow:

Of

For he'd g—b—d among ſuch an infamous pack,
They left him no more than this coat on his back.
Derry down, down, heigh derry down.

Of principles, tho' (which don't coſt quite ſo dear)
He had changes and ſuits for each day in the year.
Thus he ſhifted his principles, ſhifted his ſpeeches,
But ne'er ſhifted his coat, nor his waiſtcoat and breeches.
Derry down, down, heigh derry down.

T'other day, Sir, he prov'd our condition ſo bad,
That a peace, bad or good, muſt be inſtantly had;
So he got a good place, Sir, as North was a blockhead,
Having ſworn that himſelf had a peace in his pocket.
Derry down, down, heigh derry down.

Now to prove how poor Geeſe, by a Fox may be trickt,
When he felt for the peace, Sir, his pocket was pickt.
But when Pitt gave us peace, Sir, he tun'd a new ſtring,
And he prov'd a good peace was a very bad thing.
Derry down, down, heigh derry down.

Lord North, he could prove, by the ſame ſort of rule,
Was once on a time, Sir, a knave and a fool:
But ſoon as he wedded the great Carlo Khan,
He could prove he was always a good ſort of man.
Derry down, down, heigh derry down.

He could prove it would break all our liberties down,
If a tenth part of India was giv'n to the Crown:
He could prove vice verſa that India was ſmall;
Nay, in hands of his friends, that 'twas nothing at all.
Derry down, down, heigh derry down.

When Duns call for payment, and Creditors greet,
Fox knew what a luxury was a receipt;
So he prov'd that, as luxuries ruin a nation,
Receipts were an object moſt fit for taxation.
Derry down, down, heigh derry down.

For in ſhort he could prove plain wrong to be right,
He could prove white was black, or plain black to be white.
Aye, and then he would prove it was clear without ſtrife,
That he never chang'd ſides, nor told fibs in his life.
Derry down, down, heigh derry down.

Since no place is too high for this choiceſt of ſpirits,
Now methinks Temple Bar is the ſtation he merits:
May his head fixt on high be a weathercock ſtill,
And there ſhift with the wind, Sir, as oft as it will.
Derry, down, down, heigh derry down.

A conciſe Deſcription of COVENT GARDEN *at the preſent* WESTMINSTER ELECTION.

A PARADISE for fools and knaves;
A hell for conſtables and ſlaves;
A booth for mountebanks and beavers;
A ſhop for marrow-bones and cleavers;
A ſtage for bulls and Iriſh Chairmen;
A Pit for Foxes, for to rear 'em:
In ſhort, ſuch are moſt glorious places
For Ducheſſes to ſhow their faces!

O D E

To the D——SS *of* D——E.

HAIL, Ducheſs! firſt of woman kind,
Far, far you leave your ſex behind,
With you none can compare;
For who but you, from ſtreet to ſtreet,
Wou'd run about a vote to get,
Thrice, thrice bewitching fair!

Each day you viſit every ſhop,
Into each houſe your head you pop,
Nor do you act the prude;
For ev'ry man ſalutes your Grace,
Some kiſs your hand, and ſome your face,
And ſome are rather rude.

The girl condemn'd to walk the ſtreets,
And pick each blackguard up ſhe meets,
And get him in her clutches;
Has loſt her trade—for they deſpiſe
Her wanton airs, her leering eyes—
Now they can kiſs a Ducheſs.

A NEW SONG.

To to the tune of—*Amo Amas.*

WE love the King.
And we will ſing
God bleſs great George for ever;
He fights our cauſe,
And keeps our laws,
God bleſs his heart for ever.

CHORUS.

Fox, with his bill, may go to Hell,
With Portland, Byng, and Surrey;
Fitzpatrick too, and Powys, who
Turn'd his vote in a hurry.

We are all for Pitt,
For he is fit
To keep his preſent ſtation;
He'll ne'er oppreſs,
But he will bleſs
This great and honeſt nation.
Fox, with his bill, &c.
Let's vote for thoſe,
Who did oppoſe
The India bill and ſlav'ry;
They've honeſt zeal
For Briton's weal,
They hate all rogues and knav'ry.
Fox, with his bill, &c.
Fox, North, and Byng,
In a rope ſhould ſwing,
For they're the curſe of the nation;
With a profligate pack,
And Burke at their back,
They've caus'd their own damnation.
Fox, with his bill, &c.

EPIGRAM.

WITH fools, of old, I play'd my part,
Quoth Britain, ſore affrighted;
But, now, behold the Fox's art,
To Charles and James, united.

REYNARD's BRUSH TRIUMPHANT *in Henrietta-Street.*

WHAT a buſtle is here renew'd every day,
What cracking of crowns for Fox and for Wray,
Jack tars, and ſtout chairmen, fall back, Sirs, I pray,
Make room for the ladies lov'd member, huzza!

His bruſh is all colours, black, brown, yellow, red,
Some hold it in hand, and ſome place it on head,
To this favourite member, all elſe muſt give way;
He pleaſes the fair ſex, and muſt have the day.

One's *Hood*-wink'd, and nothing the other can ſay,
Nor do, but in ſerving to ſtir up a fray,
But, ſilence; they're coming, fall back there, nay, huſh!
Sweet creatures! how pleas'd they all ſeem with the bruſh!

Old *Blackbeard* is ſteady, and thinks himſelf ſnug,
On the ladies relying, as bug in a rug;
Aye, let him alone, he's not given to bluſh,
But ſmiles at the fair ones, who ſhake his long bruſh.

A SONG.

To the Tune of—*I kiſs'd and I prattled with twenty fair Maids.*

I FRISK'D and I rattl'd for twenty long years,
Before that I ſteady could be;
But of all the mad pranks that ever I play'd,
Coalition was worſt for me.
The curſt India bill, too, did me much ill,
Oh! that was the ruin of me!

The India Directors, like tyrants, all roſe,
Determin'd to die, or be free;
And yet tho' their Chairman I led by the roſe,
The reſt prov'd too many for me.
'Twas the curſt India bill, &c.

I to the Electors of Weſtminſter ſaid,
That I their member would be;
Yet tho' I dar'd vamp, a receipt on a *ſtamp*,
They inſtantly gave unto me.
The curſt India bill, &c.

I rambled, I gambled, I bullied and ſwore,
But no one attended to me;
For, ſay what I can, Sir Cecil's the man,
The Man of the People I ſee.
'Twas the curſt India bill, &c.

Now where ſhall I go, or what ſhall I do,
And what will become of poor me;
From the *Weſt* I muſt vere, to the *Eaſt* I can't ſteer,
In the *North* there's a *Pitt* like the ſea;
Then I and *Sam Houſe* will go to the *South*,
As Garrat's a borough for me.

TYRIE's GHOST: *A* PARODY.

[*Hic niger eſt hunc tu Anglicane caveto.*

'TWAS at that ſilent, ſolemn hour,
When dupes from dice retreat,
In glided Tyrie's grimly ghoſt,
And ſtood at Charles's feet.

His face was black as Charles's ſhirt,
Which bore a fortnight's ſtain;
A halter dangled from his neck,
His ancles drag'd a chain.

So may each rebel face appear
Whom F— and France deceive;
Such is the form ev'n F— ſhould wear,
Might law its due receive.

" Behold

" Behold (he cried) 'tis Tyrie calls,
" Come from his gallows grave;
" Now let your fear confeſs the man
" *That* fear refus'd to ſave.

" Bethink thee, Charly, of thy guilt,
" Thy word and broken oath,
" And own at leaſt that fate unkind
" Which did not take us both.

" Why did you promiſe life and *place*,
" And feed my laſt with hope?
" Why did you ſwear to ſave my neck,
" Yet leave it to the rope?

" But hark, the ſweep has warn'd me hence!
" A long and late adieu!
" Come ſee, falſe man, how low he lies
" Who died a dupe to you!"

The milkman bawl'd, the Welkin lour'd,
And ſmoke obſcur'd the morn;
Black Charley quak'd in every limb,
And forth he rov'd forlorn.

But ere he reach'd St. James's Place,
A Bow-ſtreet gang appear'd;
Then more malignant met his brow,
And blacker look'd his beard.

And thrice he call'd on Tyrie's name,
And thrice he curſt full ſore!
Then rais'd a piſtol to his cheek,
And word ſpake never more.

C. S. F.

In the Year 1741, *the following Lines, ſaid to be written by Mr.* NUGENT, *were addreſſed to the Independent Country Gentlemen.*

OH! ever cheated, never taught;
Oh! often ſold, tho' never bought;
Condemn'd in ceaſeleſs pother,
Now to pull down, and now to raiſe,
With ſenſeleſs hate, and ſenſeleſs praiſe,
One villain, then another!

So the dull *Badger*, from his birth,
Works for the wily *Fox* on earth,
In hopes of living warmer:
Stunk out by one, again he grubs;
Another comes, with all his cubs,
More ſtinking than the former.

The

The DEGRADED WREATH.

WHO will hence the Foe drub?
What new tree, leaf, or ſhrub,
Shall diſtinguiſh the brave when they quarrel?
What bedeck this poor pate?
Fame, alas! comes too late,
When trulls, tinkers, and link-boys wear Laurel.

W. L.

A GENERAL TOAST.

Sung at a late Meeting of Mr. ——'s Friends.

HERE's to the patriot, of patriots the firſt,
Who ſtill in his principles hearty,
With qualms of damn'd conſcience has never been curſt,
But would plunder the world for his party.
Let the toaſt paſs, I proclaim him an aſs,
Who is not a friend to a viſage of braſs.

Here's to her Grace, who for ſake of the cauſe,
Condeſcends thro' each alley to roam, Sir,
While her huſband, contented, ſits nibbling his claws,
And quietly doſing at home, Sir.
Let the toaſt paſs, &c.

Here's to the patriot of every degree,
Who a friend to cheats, gamblers, and rooks is,
And thinks that no country can flouriſhing be,
'Till govern'd by Stateſmen from Brookes's.
Let the toaſt paſs, &c.

Here's to all thoſe, who our foe to annoy,
(Secret Influence's ſhameful promoter)
Are laudably bent its effects to deſtroy,
Thirty guineas to give for a voter.
Let the toaſt paſs, &c.

Here's to the noble and brave garretteers,
Who form of our party the ſtrength, Sir,
For thoſe who in ſwearing dare venture their ears,
Will for liberty go any length, Sir,
Let the toaſt paſs, &c.

Here's to our glorious *corps de reſerve*,
Men who won't about perjury ſnivel,
But when once engag'd, from their promiſe ne'er ſwerve,
And laughs at death, hell, and the devil.
Let the toaſt paſs, &c.

Here's to the chairmen, who freemen themſelves,
For *freedom* have taken ſuch pains, Sir,
As through a diſlike to ſome obſtinate elves,
Moſt juſtly to knock out their brains, Sir.
Let the toaſt paſs, &c.

So

So here's to all friends who have lent their ſupport,
Men with ſhirts to their backs, or without, Sir;
Tho' ſome may have ſhone in King *Addington's Court*,
Yet all are unbiaſs'd, no doubt, Sir.
Let the toaſt paſs, I proclaim him an aſs,
Who is not a friend to a viſage of braſs.

TROILUS.

The PARADOX *of the* TIMES.

SEE modeſt D*ch*ſſ*s, no longer nice
In Virtue's honour, haunt the ſinks of Vice;
In Freedom's cauſe the guilty bribe convey,
And perjur'd wretches piouſly betray.
See Fox alone (as G—d—n dares aſſure us)
Our laws, religion, property ſecure us;
That Fox, who faith and law alike derides,
And to ſubſiſt, the midnight ſpoil divides.
Diſpenſing prieſts explain away the laws,
To deal their Papiſt votes to G—d—n's cauſe.
G—d—n, whoſe ſavage nature ſtill the ſame,
Still marks his victims to the ſword and flame.
In vain theſe oppoſites their force combine,
In vain their monſtrous Coalition join;
A wider, warmer indignation glows,
And Pitt ſtill guards the Crown on George's brows.

Addreſſed to the ELECTORS *of* WESTMINSTER.

THE TRUE STATE OF THE CASE.

Dux fœmina facti. VIRG.

HAIL matchleſs chief! undaunted in debate,
Purſue thy blow, and ſcorn a mean retreat.
Hail chief! how well thou doſt thy taſk perform,
Beſtride the whirlwind, and direct the ſtorm.
No flaming angel ſent by heav'n in ire,
E'er urg'd the vengeance with more glowing fire:
Seduc'd by D—n, and the Paphian crew,
What cannot Venus and the Graces do?—
See! at thy feet to greet their idol god,
The ſlaves of Weſtminſter obſequious nod;
See! to the pagod youth and age both run,
Pleas'd with their ruin, proud to be undone.
Not Iſrael's ſons with more abandon'd will
Bow'd to the golden calf on Horeb's Hill.

O! fatal

O! fatal beauty, oh! bewitching ſnare,
See kingdoms fall to compliment the fair.
Old Priam thus, tho' well he ſaw the fall,
Of the devoted town, and heaven built wall,
O'ercome with Helen's captivating charms *,
Cry'd, let her ſtay, and take the chance of arms;
The hoary ſages all contented bend,
Let Helen ſtay, and arms her cauſe defend.
'Tis Beauty's mandate, Cupid's firm decree,
Tho' Britain periſh, Charles ſhall Member be.
D——n, not F—x, obtains the glorious prize,
Not public merit, but reſiſtleſs eyes:
Oh! hadſt thou liv'd in thoſe tempeſtuous times,
When Charles was murder'd for imputed crimes,
How had thy ſoul with patriot ardour glow'd,
What deluges of ſpeech from thee had flow'd?
How had thy ſoul its native worth diſplay'd,
A rebel Parliament's black ſchemes to aid?
Old Bradſhaw would have ſhook thee by the hand,
And Liſle and Ludlow ſmooth'd thy ruffl'd band:
Cromwell himſelf had ſworn, beholding thee,
Behold a worthy ſucceſſor to me,
Like mine expands his vaſt capacious ſoul,
Too big for King or kingdom to controul;
Hugh Peters would have cry'd, behold! a youth,
Mirror of Wiſdom, paragon of Truth,
By Nature form'd to make Britannia great,
And cleanſe the Augean ſtable of the State.
Bleſt, happy days, when Merit dar'd aſpire,
When every boſom glow'd with patriot fire,
When Liberty with clear unclouded rays,
Shone undiminiſh'd with a Monarch's blaze;
When free-born Conſcience ſo ſublimely ſoar'd,
And God or Devil at her will ador'd:
But know, proud man, the canting day is o'er,
The politician ſaint can charm no more,
Behind the affected patriot's borrow'd mien
A wily State Tartuffe is lurking ſeen,
Thro' the thin film of ill-diſguiſing art
Peers up the rancour of a factious heart:
What hath been, may be, faction ſeiz'd the helm;
See! proud Democracy uſurp the realm,
Both King and Conſtitution felt the blow;
What ſcenes of rapine, and what days of woe!
Rouze Britons! rouze! deſpiſe all ſplendid knaves,
Nor be to King, or patriot chiefs, tame ſlaves;
Give to the three eſtates the balance due,
And keep the point of Liberty in view.

CAUSIDICUS.

* Old Homer pays the greateſt compliment imaginable to Beauty, when he repreſents the ſages of Troy, ſeduced by the irreſiſtible charms of Beauty in diſtreſs, adviſing the detenſion of Helen againſt their better judgments, againſt the predictions of Oracles, and againſt the evidence of their ſenſes.

A full

A full and particular Account of the wonderful and ſurpriſing APPARITION *of a* GHOST, *that appeared to the Widow of a certain Peace Officer, who was killed in the Riot at Covent Garden: Giving a faithful Relation of what the Ghoſt ſaid, and how his Body would not reſt in his Grave till the Murderer ſhould be found out and puniſhed.*

SHE.

AMIDST the livid lightning's dreadful glare,
While the loud thunder rolls through troubled air,
At midnight hour, no reſt my boſom knows;
Nor could I, in calm hours, take ſweet repoſe;
For I have loſt the partner of my bed,
And dreadful thoughts rend my diſtracted head.
—Ha! what is that, that ſkims before my eyes?
Whence can this ſtrange imagination riſe?
My couch ſhakes under me!—cold ſweats invade
My trembling limbs, and miſts my eyeſight ſhade.

GHOST.

'Tis not imagination!—All is true,
The ſpirit of your huſband dead you view;
Who, in the midſt of thunders, takes his way,
To tell at night what is forbid by day.

SHE.

Oh! I was fainting! but that voice well known
Recalls my ſpirits.——Yes, 'tis he I own;
My much-lov'd huſband, whom this night I ſee,
Return'd with anxious care to viſit me:
But, gentle ſpirit, ſay, what wouldſt thou have,
What brings the hither from thy peaceful grave,
Where I with decent funeral ſaw thee laid,
And thy friends wept and mourn'd to ſoothe thy ſhade?

GHOST.

Alas! the grave on me beſtows no peace,
Though from the toils of mortal life I ceaſe;
For ſtill my ghoſt is troubled with the thought
Of crimes unpuniſh'd, which my death have wrought.
For know that murder'd man knows no repoſe,
While murd'rers live, and none their guilt diſcloſe,
'Tis this that brings me from my grave ſo ſoon,
To "viſit thus the glimpſes of the moon."

SHE.

If this be ſo, curſt is their cauſe indeed,
For ſure none yet have trac'd the bloody deed;
A bloody deed it was, and guilty ſtrife,
That coſt thee thus, alas! thy precious life.
Of politics and party much is ſaid;
Of candidates they make a great parade;—
Of State affairs and liberty they prate,
Till fatal blows ſucceed to ſtrong debate.

But can all this—which is an empty breath,
Atone for one good man's untimely death?
Or can their acts, their ſpeeches call again
The hapleſs victim in their quarrel ſlain?
Ah! no; for ever gone and loſt he lies,
And never ſhall be ſeen by mortal eyes;
Except his troubled ghoſt (as now) appears,
To fill us with perplexing doubts and fears,
" Making night hideous,"—but proceed I pray,
Tell me what farther I ſhould do or ſay.

GHOST.

I come not to upbraid thee;—for in life,
To me thou ever waſt a loving wife;
And ſince my death haſt wept with unfeign'd grief;
But 'tis not that can give my ſhade relief.

SHE.

Say then, at once, what courſe does yet remain,
Since all I hitherto have done is vain;
For be aſſur'd, without diſtruſt or fear,
I even to the end will perſevere.

GHOST.

I hope thou wilt; and therefore am I come,
Upon this meſſage, from my ſilent tomb;
'Tis not to blame what is already done,
Thy faith and truth can be ſurpaſs'd by none;
But 'tis to urge thee to proceed, nor care
For idle threats diſpers'd in empty air,
Nor yet be ſooth'd by any; but remain
As fix'd as fate, and due redreſs obtain.

SHE.

This I will do;—witneſs the conſcious night!
And thoſe dread fires which make the ſkies ſo bright:
I will not reſt till thoſe who work'd thy fall,
I to the bar of awful juſtice call.

GHOST.

'Tis all I aſk;—nor couldſt thou grant me more,
Although my death an age thou ſhouldſt deplore;
For this once done, the murder brought to light,
No more my troubled ſhade ſhall walk by night;
Thy breaſt beſides its wonted peace ſhall know,
Which now is overcharg'd with mortal woe.
—This and no more—farewel!—for dawning day,
And crowing cocks, now ſummon me away.
Trace to the laſt the author of this deed,
And, perſevering, you will ſure ſucceed.

[*Ghoſt vaniſhes.*

SHE

SHE.

My word is given !—my promiſe I will keep,
And thou, lov'd huſband, ſhalt in quiet ſleep;
Juſtice ſhall ſtop the murd'rers in their way,
And "*blood for blood*" their horrid act repay *.

The RECANTATION,

A MODERN EPISTLE.

FROM F—tz—y's bleak farm to St. James's lov'd ſquare,
With a penitent pen may a rival repair;
For dear Mrs. H——t, bright pattern to you
On act of contrition is certainly due;
Since in language moſt foul, and in colours moſt black,
Did I ſtain your full face, and abuſe your broad back;
For ſtrangely of late have we alter'd our ſtiles.
E'en Ducheſſes blend with the ſlang of St. Giles;—
But indeed 'twas a party diſtraction and riot,
A furor upon me which Spouſe could not quiet;
For Spouſe, tho' he boaſts of his order and key,
By G——d, has no order to influence me;
But the folly now paſt, if my pardon you grant,
On the word of a woman, my creed I'll recant:—
No more ſhall my coach to the Huſtings convey
Three chimney-ſweep plumpers, the pride of May-day;
Or when there's an end of the Poll, and the fun,
When the Huſtings are burnt, and the dinners are done;
When the farce of the out-*lying* voters is o'er:
In a word, when the *dead* ſhall be *living* no more;
When Carlo Khan's *chairing* and *lighting* take place,
And a ball ſhall be given his triumph to grace;
Tho' ſtrong invitation my ſteps ſhould purſue,
To join in the dance, and to mix with the *Crewe* †;
Tho' the uniform throne, blue and buff, ſhall adorn,
Where connubial plenty may lift up her horn:
Where the order of Fox o'er all order prevails,
And the union of bruſhes prevents telling tales;
I ſwear I'll deſpiſe the impertinent ſtuff;
For no F—xite, by G—d, ſhall behold me in buff.
Come then, my dear friends, let us cordially join,
Round the *Poll* that we love let our intereſts entwine;
Tho' the wags ſay, Sir Cecil can do us no good,
And hint that our beauties look beſt with a *Hood*;
In ſpite of their malice, their jeſts, and their ſatire,
The world muſt acknowledge your worth and good-nature;

* The Poet who appears here in *petticoats*, we wiſh to remind our Readers felt the Muſes inſpiration, previous to the trial of the rioters, and as the verdict of juſtice was given from the Old Bailey, and not from Parnaſſus, the return of "*blood for blood*" from the Jury does not appear on the record. Vide the Trial.

† Mrs. C—we intends to give a ball in honour of Mr. F—x's victory, where all the company are to be dreſſed in blue and buff.

For chearfulneſs ever your dwelling ſurrounds
Your table with mirth and good humour abounds;
Politeneſs and Taſte your protection implore,
And kind Hoſpitality ſits at your door.

A Gentleman in COVENT GARDEN *remarked, as Mr.* FOX *went by him, that the Appearance of the poor Fellow reminded him of Lines in* POPES *Prologue to* CATO, *which might be parodied in the following way:*

BUT when grim Carlo's diſmal figure paſs'd
The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercaſt—
The triumph ceas'd, ſcorn flaſh'd from ev'ry eye,
And Charles, dejected, paſs'd unheeded by.

I M P R O M P T U,

To the Compiler of a Liſt of the late Houſe of Commons, in which the Friends of Mr. PITT *are diſtinguiſhed by Stars, and thoſe of Mr.* FOX *by Daggers.*

WITH prices ſhewn by figures wrote,
Tradeſmen their wares expoſe;
So by apt ſigns doſt thou denote,
Who are our friends and foes.

Thy ſtars point out the ſhining few,
Who took Britannia's part;
The daggers mark the trait'rous crew,
Who would have pierc'd her heart.

QUIBUS.

HOBARD *verſus* DEVON:

Or, the true State of the Conteſt between BLUE *and* GREEN.

Addreſſed to the D—— of D———.

TRUE Blue, we are told, was ſtaunch colour of old,
It was worn by Queen Beſs, and by Harry the Bold;
In James's weak dotage, True Blue felt a ſtain,
It was tinged with yellow, the puritan grain.
In the days of his ſon, lo! True Blue was run down,
When the *blue mix:* with *yellow demoliſh'd the Crown*;
What a pother was then in the mob-ridden ſtate,
How bravely did Cromwell vault into his ſeat.
A colour ſo changing can never be true,
Old *Hudibras wore it*, and call'd it True Blue.

'Twas

'Twas the ribbon of Faction, the badge of a r——,
'Twas then as 'tis now, alas! too much in vogue.
Oh! Devon, thy judgment in colours is clear,
Then reject the falſe blue, and adopt the ſincere:
Deluded by Friendſhip, no more go aſtray,
Thy Carlo give up, and aſſiſt honeſt Wray.
With Hobard in green, like an angel appear,
'Tis the veſtment of Flora, the dreſs of the year:
'Tis the beautiful garment that clotheth the May,
'Tis the robe of the young, of the blithe, and the gay.
Let old age in yellow be decently ſeen,
It ſuits with old age, 'tis the colour of ſpleen.
But let Devon in green like the ſeaſon appear,
'Tis Nature's ſweet rayment, 'tis Beauty's compeer:
Then Devon ſhall be, what was Devon before.
All old men ſhall praiſe her, all young ones adore.
The Heavens, 'tis granted, ſometimes dreſs in blue;
What hath Devon or Hobart with Heaven to do?
Ye can both make a Heaven of Earth when ye pleaſe,
By a look, or a ſmile, or a thouſand ſoft WAYS.

CAUSIDICUS.

SONG *tranſpoſed from one in the Morning Herald, to the tune of "Let the toaſt paſs," by two Ladies.*

TO Reynard's defeat let us tune a new ſong,
Tho' much it may ſtir up his gall, Sir,
For we hope and believe that it will not be long,
Before his pride meets with a fall, Sir.

CHORUS.

Then let us all ſay, God bleſs Hood and Wray,
And may Reynard and bribery never have ſway.

To Hood, Wray, and freedom, we give our ſupport,
'Tis ſure ev'ry honeſt man's duty;
To the King and to virtue 'tis paying our court,
Tho' forc'd to declare againſt beauty.

CHORUS.

Then let us all ſay, &c.

Fair Devon, 'tis true, all hearts muſt approve,
And the Waldegrave, tho' not in this cauſe, Sir;
The Ducheſs to vie with the ſweet Queen of Love,
Should not forget modeſty's laws, Sir.

CHORUS.

Then let us all ſay, &c.

Mrs.

Mrs. Hobart's abuſe, the vulgar may ſtrike,
Tho' in our ears it ſounds very foul, Sir:
Yet no doubt ſuch fine language, each carman will like,
Of a Lady compar'd to an owl, Sir.

CHORUS.

Then let us all ſay, &c.

With envy, poor Fox, ſees how over the town,
Drawn along in a fine gilded chariot;
N———'s Duke rattles up ſtreet and down,
To canvaſs for Hood, Wray, and merit.

CHORUS.

Then let us all ſay, &c.

That N——s is gracious to all that he meets,
I will not pretend to diſpute, Sir:
But of leaving of beggars to ſtarve in the ſtreets;
I think Charley ought to be mute, Sir.

CHORUS.

Then let us all ſay, &c.

Thus of freedom and rights, Fox Electors would chouſe,
And make ſlaves and tools of the town, Sir:
But ſhould this r——e get in the Parliament Houſe,
He'll ſoon drive us out of our own, Sir.

CHORUS.

Then let us all ſay, God bleſs Hood and Wray,
And the Devil take Fox and his party away.

The late Election at Covent Garden, we doubt not the Public will readily allow, produced great Variety of Incident both Tragic *and* Comic.—*Thoſe who had Curioſity and Perſeverance enough to attend at the Huſtings during the* Forty Days Conteſt, *muſt have ſeen many Things to regret, many to approve, and many, very many, to provoke Riſibility; but our Readers will perceive the Scene of Action has not been entirely confined to Covent Garden.*—Heaven *as well as* Earth *has been moved on this celebrated Occaſion, and the Muſes teazed out of Inſpirations both curious and ſingular—Parnaſſus has not been leſs a Scene of Confuſion than "the Place of Cabbages"—The whole immortal Nine have been ſolicited for their Votes and Intereſt, and have granted* Favours *to both ſides indiſcriminately. Which ſide have been admitted to the* happieſt Intimacy, *we, as Editors, will not determine—let the Offſpring ſpeak for itſelf. What follows, is on Mr. Fox's ſide of the Queſtion; thoſe marked thus *, have not till now met the public Eye.——Critics go to work, we will not controvert your Deciſions!*

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*ODE *inſcribed to the Honourable* C. J. FOX.

SAY Fox how comes it that you claim
A freſh applauſe from Envy's ſpite,
Whoſe voice and libel gives you fame,
As *ſhades* in paint improve the *light*.

The vapour thus which ſtrives to ſhrowd,
When *broken* but *improves* the day;
Lends beauty in each ſtraggling cloud,
And gives to SOL a brighter ray!

Had the great orb along the air
Mov'd with one *clear* and *conſtant* light,
The beams he ſhed had look'd leſs fair,
The flame he pour'd had ſeem'd leſs bright.

If then Corruption wings her dart
Thy peace to wound, or honour ſtain:
Survey thy own calm guiltleſs heart,
And tell the ſhaft it flies in vain.

Already GREAT—thy glory ſhows
Each god-like gift and merit thine;
The deſp'rate *malice* of thy foes,
But makes that glory brighter ſhine.

Thus from its flame the tortur'd gold
New worth and luſtre does acquire,
Which often tried we ſtill behold
Riſing more valued from the fire.

What

What fate more envied canſt thou chuſe?
What future ſhaft or danger fear?
Since every effort to accuſe
But plants thee in each heart more dear?

If for your zeal in Britain's cauſe
The envy of her ſons you live;
Be happy in your own applauſe,
The beſt, the nobleſt, Heav'n can give.

Oft in yourſelf with ſmiles retire,
And your own breaſt with joy attend,
There Freedom nurſe, and there admire,
What forms the Stateſman and the friend.

You and the Palm depreſt are one,
Her branches ſhooting up the ſkies,
Which from the friendly weight alone,
Does wider ſpread and faſter riſe.

When lanc'd at thee, keen Envy's dart
Is like the *Pelian* jav'lin found,
Whoſe healing point reliev'd the ſmart,
Which juſt before transfix'd the wound.

Let Rage, or Folly, then deplore
Thoſe ſchemes the good and wiſe admire,
Whilſt tyrants dread thy councils more
Than *Gallia*'s ſons a *Rodney*'s fire!

Could ONE thy fate or fall ordain,
Or greatly triumph in thy doom,
Monarchial ſway would ſoon obtain,
And Britain fall as once did Rome!

If Albion's impious ſons ſhould move,
A Fox to murmur at his fate,
O place, great Charles! thy country's love
Againſt a *Faction*'s ſcorn or hate.

Tho' malice ſhould thy life defame,
And Kings yet ceaſe not to oppreſs,
With the mad few who curſe or blame,
Oh! think of thoſe who praiſe and bleſs.

To Pitt, that Child of State intrigue,
Belongs each baſer love of rule,
With tyrants has he ſign'd the league,
And lives in their corrupted ſchool.

Tho' Thurlow's darken'd forehead frown,
In aid of this apoſtate boy,
Do thou, oh Charles! ſtill watch the Crown,
Nor let it England's rights deſtroy.

Thy

Thy wiſdom we as CATO's prize,
To guard the freedom of the ſtate;
And ſhould *another* Cæſar riſe,
With FOX will reſt his countrys fate!

Oh! then be *firm* in Britain's cauſe,
The peoples rights ſtill keep in view,
In *Magna Charta* ſee our laws,
To this *Palladium* e'er be true!

Here drink at FREEDOM's choiceſt ſpring,
Here bid thy ſoul its powers expand!
Then make a wondering Senate ring,
With periods fram'd to ſave the land.

See to their midnight cells thy foes,
Trembling to view the light repair;
Whilſt thou a noon-day ſun haſt choſe,
To ſhow each action ſtill more fair.

There dire remorſe and conſcious ſhame,
With every wretched terror near;
Each boſom *frets*—whilſt CHARLES's name
Adds to thoſe pangs they feel or fear.

What wreath ſhall Britain then provide,
The patriot brow of *FOX* to grace.
Cloſe by what great deliverer's ſide,
The trophy raiſe, or ſtatue place?

Yet the carv'd ſtone, to *others* kind,
Shall *ne'er* expreſs, tho' touch'd with art,
The firmneſs of *thy* noble mind,
Or goodneſs of thy *gen'rous* heart.

One bliſs, howe'er, you muſt diſclaim,
Which your own virtue does deſtroy;
To hope from heav'n a future fame,
More fair than that you now enjoy.

Beyond the reach of fortune's power,
A *FOX's* peace is wiſely caſt;
Pleas'd with himſelf, his *preſent* hour,
Can *ſteal a gladneſs* from the *laſt*.

That peace is *thine*! whoſe thought can view,
Completed in thy *patriot* breaſt;
Thoſe ſchemes, thy *love* and *wiſdom* drew,
To make thy country *fear'd* and *bleſt*.

J. H.

An ELEGY, *written in St.* STEPHENS's. A PARODY.

GAZETTES now toll the melancholy knell,
Of Stateſmen fallen from their high degree;
Whitehead diſdains to ring their paſſing bell,
And leaves the taſk to Printers and to me.
Now fades Ambition's landſcape on the ſight,
Mock-patriot faces marks of ſadneſs hold,
Dire Diſappointment hides his head in night,
But Faction wakes to pen Addreſſes bold.

In yonder ſtately rook'ry (Brookes's fane)
Nothing is heard but rout and wild uproar;
Th' affrighted rooks forſake their wonted reign,
Tables are turn'd, and *hazard* is no more.

Beneath this dome, where dwells St. Stephen's ſhade,
And benches riſe in many a verdant bed,
No ſeats are occupied, no motions made,
The quondam Treas'ry Members all are fled.

The early call of incenſe-breathing tools,
The Council's ſummons thund'ring at their door;
The Levee's courtly pomp (the pride of fools)
Shall rouze them from their privacy no more.

For them no more ſhall Council dinners ſmoke,
Or City feaſts diſplay their ſumptuous fare;
No needy hangers-on retail each joke,
No paraſites the flatt'ring ſmile prepare.

Some time they reap'd the harveſt of the ſeats,
Full many an act they plann'd, debated well;
Their chariots rattled thro' Auguſta's ſtreets,
And loud they laugh'd, whilſt public credit fell.

Yet let not future Stateſmen mock their toil,
Their ſtrange connection, and their means obſcure;
Nor grandeur look with a diſdainful ſmile,
Becauſe, beſide their faults, theſe men were poor.

Not all the wealth that either India brings,
Not all thoſe arts which fell Corruption tries,
Can buy the beſt prerogative of Kings,
To liſten to an injur'd people's cries.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to theſe the blame,
That mem'ry, o'er their fall, no trophies raiſe;
Thoſe men had better die without a name,
Who merit infamy inſtead of praiſe.

Perhaps, amidſt this band, have ſunk in night,
Some hearts once pregnant with celeſtial fire,
Hands that might well have done their country right,
Or wak'd to extacy the Muſe's lyre.

But Science, tho' ſhe led their early youth,
Beheld her power to politics give way;
Accurſt Self-intereſt hid the face of truth,
And party zeal aſſum'd unrivall'd ſway.

Perhaps ſome Calvin, in whoſe reſtleſs brain
Things call'd Reform Bills lurk'd, (a ſpecious brood)
Perhaps ſome Catiline might head their train,
Some Cromwell yet unſtain'd with legal blood.

The votes of venal Senates to command,
To break the Conſtitution's ſtrongeſt ties;
To ſeize the ſacred charters of the land,
And on the ruins of her commerce riſe:

Their lot forbade, nor circumſcrib'd alone
Their views tow'rd India, but their plots unplann'd,
Forbad to chain their Sovereign on his throne,
And ride triumphant o'er th' inſulted land.

Far from their Monarch's ſight, the Senate's ſtrife,
Theſe madd'ning Patriots now ſhall learn to ſtay
Along the cool ſequeſter'd vale of life,
Unplac'd, unpenſion'd, unlamented, ſtray.

ADDRESS *to the free uninfluenced and independent* ELECTORS *of* WESTMINSTER.

WHILE worthleſs bards—their private foes, or friends,
Commend, or ſatirize for private ends;
And proſtitute the Muſe with ſervile rhimes,
To flatter villains at theſe worſt of times:
When from the Court fair patriot Virtue's fled,
And foul Corruption rears her hydra-head;
When youthful folly graſps the Britiſh helm,
And wounded Freedom ſlowly quits the realm;
When from the Throne a dark o'erwhelming tide
Of ſecret influence ſpreads deſtruction wide:
When venal freemen ſell their votes for gold,
And in return themſelves are bought and ſold;
When ſenators their country's rights betray,
And reverend paſtors ſell their flocks for pay;
When, ſhame to tell! unmov'd, in open light,
A licens'd ſpoiler * proves that force is right;
When thread-bare merit's forc'd to ſhun the day,
And ſlighted genius † falls to want, a prey.
What voice, what bard inflamed with gen'rous fire,
Or ſwells the ſtrain, or ſtrikes the ſacred lyre,
To warn his country, point the hour of fate,
And ſhow the means to ſave the ſinking ſtate.
All! all are mute!—deſerted Britain mourns;
I raiſe my voice; my throbbing boſom burns.

* Vide, A late Attorney-General's ſpeech in Ireland.
† Vide, Account of the death of T. Chatterton, Author of Rowley's Poems.

O blind to reaſon, dead to ſenſe of ſhame,
Ye ſelf-deſtroyers, loſt to virtuous fame!
Who urg'd by fear, by gold, or folly led,
With votes adverſe your country's cauſe have fled,
To raiſe a *Judas*, who his friend betray'd,
And public good with private ills repay'd;
Think ye, that man (I wrong him with the name,
To human feelings dead, of man the ſhame)
Falſe to his friend, can prove to ye more juſt,
And ſacred hold his delegated truſt?
Think ye, that hard deceitful heart can feel
A love of honour, or his conntry's weal?

The hoary warrior worn by ſcars and time,
Who ſpent for ye his blood and youthful prime;
Who dauntleſs ruſh'd to meet his country's foes,
In life's late eve may claim a ſoft repoſe—
His country grants it—takes him to her breaſt,
And Chelſea bade to riſe to yield him reſt.
Yet this muſt fall, to ſooth the man ye raiſe,
The veterans ſtarve—his ſavage ſoul to pleaſe,
To want and cold the aged ſires be driven,
With feeble ſteps, and eyes imploring Heaven.
To wander friendleſs o'er their native land,
Their country's ſhame, a ſad complaining band.
For this their wives and offspring lowly bend,
To curſe his days with an untimely end;
For this the good, the wiſe, the fair deteſt
The heart unfeeling and the faithleſs breaſt.

Yet (here ſuppoſe) he holds his country dear;
How can the tool of power, the ſlave of fear,
Hold forth a lawleſs ſtateſman's ends to gain,
Support his will, or Britain's rights maintain?
His voice muſt yield, compell'd by royal ſway,
To wreſt your rights and liberties away.
Then late! too late! your fatal choice ye'll mourn,
And fierce reſentment in your boſoms burn.
Ye happier men whoſe votes untold remain,
To ye I call, nor be my call in vain;
Ere yet fair freedom quits her native iſle,
While on theſe ſhores ſhe ling'ring deigns to ſmile,
Arouſe in time, with ſpeed arreſt her flight;
Once gone!—Corruption pours eternal night.
Even now oppreſſion ſtalking o'er the land,
Clanks her fell chains, and rears her iron hand!
While deſolation views each lofty dome,
And grimly ſmiling points her future home.
Defeat her hopes; Oh fly in time to ſave
Yourſelves! your all! your country from the grave!
Lo! where with love of ſacred freedom fired
Devonia moves, by gazing throngs admired!

Around they preſs; her words conviction move,
And teach at once the way to truth and love;
From her fair breaſt all leſſer thoughts are flown,
Her country's cares diſturb her, not her own;
With me ſhe calls, and graceful leads the way;
Fair Freedom joins—"*haſte, haſte! no longer ſtay*;"
Your country's champion nobly aids the cauſe,
Fly then to crown him with your juſt applauſe;
Friends! Freemen! Britons! all your ſtrength be tried
To quell Oppreſſion, ſtem Corruption's tide;
Let ſhouting plaudits fill reſounding air,
And Fox and Virtue ſit in Freedom's chair.

W. P. CAREY.

The following BALLAD *was lately handed about in Manuſcript at the Weſt End of the Town.*

The WESTMINSTER MEETING; *or, The* BACK STAIRS SCOUR'D.

An EXCELLENT NEW SONG.

To the Tune of—*Mrs. Arne, Mrs. Arne,* it gives me *conſarn.*

SIR Cecil, Sir Cecil,
You've manag'd all this ill,
To be driv'n with diſgrace from the chair;
Though your friends, it is true,
Would have ſtole it for you—
Which proceeding was not very fair.
Sir Cecil,
Which proceeding was not very fair.

Lord Mahon, Lord Mahon,
Though you came very ſoon,
And acted much like an old ſtager;
If Pitt had been there,
He'd have ſeen in deſpair
The defeat of his doughty Drum-major.
Lord Mahon,
The defeat of his doughty Drum-major.

Mountmorres, Mountmorres,
Whom nobody for is,
And for whom we none of us care;
From Dublin you came,
—It had been much the ſame
If your Lordſhip had ſtay'd where you were.
Lord Mountmorres,
If your Lordſhip had ſtay'd where you were.

Joe Mawbey, Joe Mawbey,
Your throat ſure muſt raw be,
In ſtriving to make yourſelf heard,

But

But it pleas'd not the *pigs*,
Or the Weſtminſter Whigs,
That your Knighthood ſhould utter a word,
Joe Mawbey,
That your Knighthood ſhould utter a word.

Doctor Jebb, Doctor Jebb,
You are at a low ebb,
When to arts ſuch as theſe you deſcend,
Your coachman to pay,
For to make away
With *Charley*, who once was your friend.
Doctor Jebb,
With *Charley*, who once was your friend.

Brand Hollis, Brand Hollis,
Why join in theſe follies,
The cauſe of the people why quit?
To give your ſupport
To the tools of the Court,
To Jenkinſon, Temple, aud Pitt!
Brand Hollis,
To Jenkinſon, Temple, and Pitt!

Jack Churchill, Jack Churchill,
The town ſure you ſearch ill!
Your mob has diſgrac'd all your brags;
When next you draw out
Your hoſpital rout,
Do prithee afford them clean rags.
Jack Churchill,
Do prithee afford them clean rags.

Mr. Froſt, Mr. Froſt,
We thought you'd been loſt!
What a *loſs* 'twould have been to the nation!
If like Shelburne diſguſted,
Or by nobody truſted,
You'd mimic'd that Peer's *private ſtation*.
Mr. Froſt,
You'd mimic'd that Peer's *private ſtation*.

Captain Keith, Captain Keith,
Keep your tongue 'twixt your teeth,
Leſt bed-chamber tricks you betray;
And if teeth you want more,
Why my bold Commodore,
You may borrow of Lord Galloway.
Captain Keith,
You may borrow of Lord Galloway.

Lord Ongley, Lord Ongley,
You ſpoke mighty ſtrongly,
What you *are* though all people admire!

But

But I'll let you depart,
For I believe in my heart,
You had rather they wouldn't enquire,
Lord Ongley,
You had rather they wouldn't enquire.

Mr. Flood, Mr. Flood,—
O *tunder* and blood!
And was the great orator there?
Indeed and he was,
And to help *the Duke's cauſe*,
No doubt he came by the *back ſtair*.
Mr. Flood,
No doubt he came by the *back ſtair*.

Johnny Wilkes, Johnny Wilkes,
Thou boldeſt of bilks,
What a different ſong you now ſing!
For your dear *forty-five*,
'Tis *prerogative!*
And your blaſphemy—*God ſave the King!*
Johnny Wilkes,
And your blaſphemy—*God ſave the King!*

Sir Cecil, Sir Cecil,
Now don't take all this ill,
But when next in the Hall you're before us,
Let this ballad be ſung,
By Lord Lungs to the throng,
And do you and your gang bear the chorus,
Sir Cecil,
And do you and your gang bear the chorus.

The APPARITION; *or*, CHATHAM's GHOST.

WHEN all was wrapt in dark midnight,
And all were faſt aſleep,
In glided *Chatham*'s grimly ghoſt,
And ſtood at *William*'s feet.

His face was like a wint'ry morn,
Clad in a ſnowy cloud,
His body thin, on crutches borne,
Dreſs'd in a ſable ſhroud.

His piercing eyes, which ſtill retain'd
The fire they here poſſeſs'd,
With indignation ſeem'd to glow,
And all he felt expreſs'd.

Amaz'd his ſon the ghoſt beheld,
His frame convuls'd with fear;
With ſtedfaſt look, and accent ſtern,
When thus began the Peer:——

" My

" My ſon, I come from the ſtill tomb,
" To tell you what I feel,
" At ſeeing that your deeds of late
" Deſtroy your country's weal.

" The leſſons which in early youth
" I taught your opening mind,
" Were ſurely all forgot, when once
" With *Jenkinſon* you join'd,

" His patron train'd in cunning low,
" Taught in the Scottiſh ſchool,
" Perſuaded me to take a part,
" When he bore all the rule.

" But when I found I had been dup'd,
" Which to my ſhame was true,
" I inſtantly reſign'd my place,
" And from the Court withdrew.

" You too are dup'd, my *Billy* dear,
" You have been made the tool
" Of Secret Influence, tho' none
" E'er thought you ſuch a fool.

" You ſaid you lov'd the Commons' rights,
" Why then thoſe rights deſtroy?
" Or wanton with them, as they were
" Fit playthings for a boy?

" Bethink thee, *William*, of thy fault,
" The Conſtitution hurt;
" By thee the Commons ſet at nought,
" Their privilege, thy ſport.

" To give my reſtleſs ſpirit eaſe,
" One way is left alone,
" Reſign your place, forſake the clan,
" Then ſhall I ceaſe to moan.

" But hark! the cock has warn'd me hence,
" A long and laſt adieu!
" Think how exalted was our name,
" Till now diſgrac'd by you.

The morn appear'd, the ſun was up
And ſhow'd his *glittering* head,
Pale *William* ſhook in every limb,
And raving left his bed.

He hy'd him to the Royal Houſe,
And up the Back Stairs went,
Reſolv'd to prove how much he was
On *Chatham*'s words intent.

And thrice he call'd his Sov'reign's name,
And thrice the K—— replied—
" Leave me not *Pitt*,"—but he was firm,
Reſign'd his place, and—cried.

SONG.

S O N G.

" 'Twas when the ſeas were roaring,"

'TWAS when the land was roaring,
With feuds of every kind,
Young Billy lay deploring,
On Sh—lb—ne's breaſt reclin'd.

Wide o'er the courtly manſions
He caſt a wiſhful look:
His head was full of penſions,
And poſts in the Red Book.

How could they ſay all prudence
And cunning muſt be vain,
While ſuch a ſecret influence
Does yet at Court remain?

No eye that influence reaches,
Which lurks in Jenky's mind;
To cheat th' unwary wretches,
Who think their Maſter kind.

Nine months ago my Earl-y
The Seals to Court did bring,
How could'ſt thou, vent'rous Charley,
How could'ſt thou truſt the ——?

Ceaſe, ceaſe, thou cruel Jenky,
To be my foe profeſs'd;
Ah! what's thy meanneſs, think ye,
To that within my breaſt?

Should G——ge that coaſt be bent on,
Where gold and diamonds grow;
If F—x the job was ſent on.
He would not ſerve him ſo.

All melancholy lying,
Thus wail'd young P—t the great;
His boſom ach'd with ſighing,
His pulſe in tumult beat,

When from behind the curtain,
Pale Jenky's form appears;
And cry'd, thy riſe is certain,
By me, up the Back Stairs.

E P I G R A M.

PRAY how did *Charley* ſpeak laſt night?
Was he all burning, ſtrong, and bright,
As Tully or the Greek?
The next time, friend, you would aſk this,
Know that the ſhorter method is,
To aſk—Did Charley *ſpeak?*

PANEGYRICAL EPIGRAMS

Upon Sir CECIL WRAY's *candid Account of Mr.* Fox's *ill Reception from his* Electors.

IF Fox was ill heard the more is the pity!
But tell me when this happen'd pray?
Why, when he propoſed to Weſtminſter city,
—That they ſhould chuſe *Sir Cecil Wray**.

ANOTHER, on the ſame, by the Electors of Weſtminſter.

TO Fox, Sir Cecil ſays, ſmall praiſe is due,
By G—d, Sir Cecil, what you ſay is true;
—For 'tis to *him* that we're oblig'd for YOU.

ANOTHER, on the ſame.

GOOD Lord, how kind you are to me,
Quoth Cecil to the firm and free,
At the Alehouſe Committee they held in December;
A *grateful heart* is all I boaſt,
I beg a bumper to my toaſt,
—'*Confuſion to him who made me your Member.*'

ANOTHER.

WHEN ſimple Fox, in an unwary hour,
Made Wray his colleague, all confeſs'd he blunder'd;
Yet bear no malice, Fox! but when in power,
Nobly promote him to the *Chiltern Hundred.*

ANOTHER.

THAT Fox is an impoſtor, thus,
Sir Cecil, you may prove is true,
He groſsly has impos'd on us,
By having ſpoken well of you.

ANOTHER.

You fain would make the world conjecture,
That Fox aſpires to be Protector;
But here the world will doubt ye;
O! were it but as little true,
That he had e'er *protected* you!
We now had been without ye.

ANOTHER.

IF Fox was voted to the chair,
It was becauſe his friends were there;
As ſoon as ever they were gone,
Sir Cecil had it ten to one.
'Tis true that Fox's friends were ſtrongeſt,
But then Sir Cecil's *ſtaid* the longeſt;
From whence it doth moſt clearly follow,
That *he* (Sir Cecil) *had it hollow.*

* When Mr. Fox propoſed Sir Cecil Wray in the Court of Requeſts for his colleague, againſt the opinion of Mr. Churchill, Dr. Jebb, Mr. Hollis, and others, *(now acting with the Court)* there was great diſapprobation ſhewn by the Meeting.

ANOTHER,

ANOTHER, on Sir Cecil Wray's ſaying, that Mr. Fox ran away.

SIR Cecil's boaſt all law of nature mocks,
Who will believe, a *Gooſe* could drive a *Fox?*

ANOTHER.

WE *Courtiers* have the *Blackguards* now!
Exclaim the Miniſters with pride.
I ſee no proof of it, I vow—
Except the *Writers* on their ſide.

ANOTHER, occaſioned by ſome late Reſolutions reſpecting Parliamentary Reform.

"WHAT diſeaſes (cries Jebb) in the Commons prevail?
"They're the vitals of England; and if they ſhould fail,
"Let the foul *Primæ Vitæ* be ſcour"d; circulation
"Will then go on to the health of the nation."
But, if we may judge from ſome late reſolutions,
As you treat your poor patients of bad conſtitutions,
When you vomit and bleed, bolus, potion, and pill 'em,
Undertaking to *cure* 'em, dear Doctor, you'll *kill* 'em.

An Excellent NEW SONG,

To the Tune of,—*The Children in the Wood.*

YE Britons all come mourn with me,
Your boaſted freedom gone;
Ah! ſee your darling liberty
Stabb'd by a Chatham's ſon!

Long time his noble father ſtrove
To bid our glory live;
He valued more a people's love,
Than all a Court could give.

Our rights and laws great Chatham made
The firſt of public cares;
No *Secret Influence* he obey'd,
He mounted no *Back Stairs*.

No arts could win him to conſpire
The Commons to deſtroy;
O! had the ſpirit of the Sire
Deſcended to the Boy!

Nor let his virtues lull to ſleep
Suſpicion, 'till the time
When ſlaves, the dire miſtake you weep,
That thought *his youth no crime*.

Ye Britons, rouze, at Freedom's call
Your delegates defend,
Nor ſilent ſee the people fall
With Fox, the people's friend.

The ſhackles of *Prerogative*
In Freedom's cauſe defy,
Rather than bear like *dogs* to live,
Like *LIONS* let us die.

The LAY VICAR; or, BILLY's CREED.

IN good old George's golden days,
When Liberty no harm meant,
A furious Whig my father was,
And ſo he gain'd preferment;
Unto the world he daily told,
That Freedom was our Charter,
The name of PITT ſhould ne'er be ſold,
He ſwore, our rights to barter.

CHORUS.

This was the law he did maintain
Unto his dying day, Sir,
But little knew he of his ſon,
When all this he did ſay Sir.

'Tis true at firſt 'gainſt Bute I talk'd,
And ſwore he'd make us low lie;
In Fox's footſteps then I walk'd,
But found he walk'd too ſlowly.
I ſoon perceiv'd a ſhorter road,
To place which he deſpiſed,
And up the Back Stairs nimbly trod,
By J————n adviſed.

CHORUS.

And this is law I will declare.
Unto my dying day, Sir,
Of all the roads a good Back Stair,
To *place*, is the beſt way, Sir.

When Rockingham did rule the roaſt,
Our Country's pride and glory,
A Whiggiſh Creed I then did boaſt,
And ſcorn'd the name of Troy.
—D——s a tool of Pow'r I call'd,
And T—— the King's ſlave, Sir;
At Secret Influence I bawl'd,
A Whig moſt big and brave, Sir.

CHORUS.

This was the law I then maintain'd,
And thus I oft would pray, Sir.
From ſuch bad men, kind heav'n defend
My country, night and day, Sir.

But

But now the times are alter'd quite,
So human matters change will,
For T——w now is WASHED WHITE,
And J———n's an Angel.
No miracle in this you'll find,
When once the cauſe is known, Sir;
—A heav'nly light came o'er my mind,
From a *dark lantern* thrown, Sir.

CHORUS.

And this is law, I e'er will ſing,
Unto my dying day, Sir,
A *lantern* is a uſeful thing,
To Court to *light* the way, Sir.

Next Shelburne now came into place,
And treachery was faſhion;
But even him I did ſurpaſs,
In neat diſſimulation.
All principles I found would fit
Full well my diſpoſitiou;
So I became a Jeſuit,
To beat the Coalition.

CHORUS.

And this is law I will maintain
Unto my dying day, Sir;
It matters not what is the plan,
By which in place you ſtay, Sir.

Yet, ſpite of all that we could do,
The Whigs again ſucceeded;
And I with them had joined too,
As change I never heeded.
But T—— *whiſper'd* in my ear,
What did my choice determine;
And R——n did ſtoutly ſwear,
He'd anſwer for the *vermin*.

CHORUS.

And this is law, I ever ſhall
Declare to dying day, Sir;
A *Rat*'s an uſeful animal,
To *nibble* rights away, Sir.

And now once more the day's our own,
And we're more ſafe than ever;
A league we've formed with the Crown,
Which Whigs can ne'er diſſever.
The Commons being now no more,
No cauſe is left of plague, Sir,
And if the Fox ſhould tire us ſore,
For him we've got a BAG, Sir.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

And this is law, each Doctor knows,
Tho' I do nothing ſay, Sir,
That *Capſicum*'s an uſeful doſe,
To take the breath away, Sir.

But ſhould I mention all the arts
Of miniſterial trick, Sir,
'Twould much ſurprize your honeſt hearts,
And make JOHN BULL quite ſick, Sir.
So now I have my hiſt'ry told,
And eke my creed beloved;
'Tis ſimply this—" my place to hold,
" Unleſs by force removed."

CHORUS.

This is the law of W—— P—,
Unto his dying day, Sir,
His office he will never quit,
So long as he can ſtay, Sir,

SONG.

Sung at the Weſtminſter Meeting.

YE *Britons* who wiſh ſtill in *freedom* to live,
And to old *Magna Charta* your ſanction will give,
Your birthright with firmneſs *reſolve* to maintain,
Nor yield to thoſe ſlaves call'd " *prerogative men.*"

The Throne ſtill ſupport as your *anceſtors* did,
But beware of the wretch that behind it lies hid;
Be harmleſs—yet cautious—watch cloſely the *Crown*,
Preſerve it from evil, and *Back Stairs* pull down.

Like *Fox*, your great leader, *Corruption* deſpiſe;
Let the wiſdom of *North* ſtill enlighten your eyes,
To *Portland* be conſtant, the *Commons* uphold,
Nor ſell your dear country for *titles* or *gold*.

Should *Robinſon* tempt you, or *Temple* perſuade,
(Theſe ſmugglers of State who ſtill work in the ſhade)
To *Jack* cry out *Rat*—and to *Temple* cry *ſnake*;
They'll flinch at your ſatire, and curſe their miſtake.

On Pitt's ſly evaſions, who calmly can look?
Still holding in office, by hook or by crook,
Determin'd, as *Miniſter Royal*, to ſtay,
Whilſt the rights of the people he'd take quite away.

Then *Engliſhmen* rouze, and as *Patriots* unite:
Your Senate ſupport in its conteſt for *right*;
As *Britons* be loyal, and ruſh on the *foe*;
Cruſh the *ſnake* in the *graſs*, and *ſalvation beſtow*.

J. H.

The

The NOSTRUM.

TO Kings who aſpire to an abſolute reign,
If ſuch can be found in France, England, or Spain,
This ballad a noſtrum preſcribes for their cares,
'Tis nothing but building a pair of Back Stairs.

Tho' fears and objections around them they ſee,
Tho' the people are ſtout, and the Commons are free,
Tho' Camden refuſes, and Shelburne deſpairs,
Yet ſtill there's a way—*and 'tis up the Back Stairs.*

In youth we obſerve, and all boys are the ſame,
The greater the pleaſure, the flyer the game;
And the maxim is certain, for Humour declares,
Pitt rode on the banniſters *up the Back Stairs.*

Whilſt this Council ſo ſecret is form'd to ſurprize,
All as able as Dorſet, as Cheſterfield wiſe;
Lord Brudenell approves, and Lord Saliſbury ſwears,
That great is the honour *to mount the Back Stairs.*

Thus not on a monarch, his meaſures, or friends,
The government now on the *builder* depends;
And the architect only the nation impairs,
By cunningly placing *a pair of Back Stairs.*

Not nice in materials, to him all are good,
Or of ſtone, or of ſtucco, or marble, or wood;
But wide enough only's the chief of his cares,
For Lord Temple to ſqueeze himſelf *up the Back Stairs.*

To Mr. PITT, *on his continuing in Office for the* GOOD *of the Nation.*

YOU always are boaſting of honour and candour,
Yet falſe is your ſpeech, and deceitful your looks;
To apply the old proverb to *you* is no ſlander,
"'Tis Heaven ſends meat, but the Devil ſends cooks."

AIRS *in the* BEGGARS OPERA.

THUS when little *Billy* ſees a *Rat*,
With a place or a penſion taken,
Da Capo.

With pleaſure his heart goes pit a pat,
And he thinks he may ſave his *bacon*:
Lack-a day! what pity that the *brat*
Should be ſo much miſtaken!
Da Capo.

BILLY

BILLY *to* JACK *the* RATCATCHER.

" DEAR Jacky, your ſervant, my good Satan, adieu!
Remember our maxim,—to do, and undo;
Keep Diſcord alive, and pray ſtir up Contention;
'Mong the deareſt of friends ſow the ſeeds of Diſſention;
Keep the populace blinded with ſhadows and forms;
Sink the ſtocks, raiſe the debt, and make daily alarms!
Let the ſpirit of Cain univerſally ſpread!
And Darkneſs turn *ſexton*, to bury the dead!"

On Mr. PITT's *Diſpoſition of the Place of* CLERK OF THE PELLS.

THE gallant, generous Pitt, of late,
(Thus we're in triumph told)
Preſented to th' exhauſted State,
Although himſelf lack'd gold,
Three thouſand pounds a year.
Oh, ho,
Say you ſo?
I vow to God that's *queer*.

Pity a tale ſo very fine
Should prove in fact untrue;
Duty impell'd the youth divine
To give it, where moſt due:
He gave it to his bounteous KING.
Oh, ho,
Did he ſo?
That's quite another *thing*.

A NEW SONG.

By Lord M—NTM——S *on Mr.* P——'s *Election at* Cambridge.

To the Tune of—*Sweet Willy-O.*

THE pride of all Cambridge was ſweet Willy-O!
The firſt on the poll,
He the Dons did cajole,
None ever was like to the ſweet Willy-O!

He talk'd it ſo rarely, did ſweet Willy-O!
Convincing each *Rat*,
With arguments pat,
No Member e'er talk'd like the ſweet Willy-O!

St.

St. Stephen's obey'd him, the ſweet Willy-O!
Men of war, men of wood,
Sir Cecil, Lord Hood,
Whenever he ſpoke follow'd ſweet Willy-O!
He would be a Grocer, the ſweet Willy-O!
When arm'd for the table
With *Mahon* and his rabble,
What cuſtards were eat by the ſweet Willy-O!
He charm'd them while dining, the ſweet Willy-O!
And when he had din'd,
The Grocers repin'd,
To part with their all in their ſweet Willy-O!

Favourite SONGS *out of different Operas, ſung by people of the firſt rank on the late Change of Miniſtry.*

The K——G.

THOUGH they think me ſuch a ninny,
Thus to let them rule the roaſt,
I'll bet any one a guinea,
They have ſcor'd without their hoſt,
For if I don't ſhow them in lieu of it,
A trick that is fairly worth two of it,
Why then let me paſs—for a *fool* and an *aſs*.
[*Maid of the Mill.*

P—— of W——S.

Be by your friends adviſed,
Too harſh too haſty dad;
Maugre your bolts and *wife* head,
The world will think you *mad*. [*Midas.*

Lord B—TE, Mr. J—N—N, &c. &c.

When mortals lull their cares to ſleep,
And demons howl below,
Our S—r—gn calls us from the deep;
Ariſe, ye ſons of *woe*;
Ever *buſy*, ever killing—all our *horrid taſks* fulfilling,
Which draw from mortal breaſts the groan,
And make *their* torments like *our own*. [*Cymon.*

Lord T——PLE.

Hope and *fear* alternate riſing,
Strive for empire o'er my heart;
Every peril now deſpiſing,
Now at every breath I ſtart. [*Lionel and Clariſſa.*

Lord N——TH, Mr. F—X.

We ſhould rejoice when *good Kings bleed.* [*Macbeth.*

Mr. P—TT.

Get away raw head and *bloody* bones,
Here is a *child* that don't fear ye,
For *I* am up, up, up; but *you* are down, down, down.
[*Swift.*

Lord S—DN—Y to the Marquis of C——N.

Sweeteſt of pretty feet, for *dancing intended,*
Accept of a *place* that was always *commended.*
[*Summers Amuſement.*

Mr. FL——D.

I left my country and my friends
To play upon my guitar,
Which goes *twang.* [*Critic.*

The BENCH of B——.

Four-and-twenty Parſons—all of a row;
And there was "Lord have mercy upon us all,"
And, d—n ye, knock 'em up againſt the wall.
[*Four-and-twenty Fidlers.*

PEPPER ARDEN.

My *paſſion* in vain I attempt to diſſemble. [*Maid of the Mill.*

Sir JOSEPH M—W—Y.

Johnny Pringle had a little *pig.* [*Weſton's Song.*

EAST INDIA PROPRIETORS.

When you cenſure the age,
Be cautious and ſage.
Leſt the *Courtiers* offended ſhould be;
If you mention vice or bribe,
'Tis ſo pat to all the tribe,
Each cries that is levelled at *me.* [*Beggar's Opera.*

DUET by the INNS and OUTS.

Ins. This is a day of Jubilee,
Outs. Cajolery;
Ins. A day we never ſaw before ſo full of mirth,
Outs. And drollery.
Ins. This is a day, their Majeſties may boaſt of it:
Outs. But ſince it never can come o'er,
'Tis fit they make the *moſt* of it.

A MAXIM.

A MAXIM.

OLD Adage ſays, " the man who digs a *Pit*
" For others, ſhall himſelf fall into it."
Pſhaw! cries a modern wit, thoſe muſty rules,
Inſtill'd by Grannams, and enforc'd by ſchools,
Have nought to do with theſe more poliſh'd times,
When moral virtue's deem'd the worſt of crimes.
Oh, no! 'tis *vice verſa* in theſe days,
For, inſtead of *digging*, lo! a *Pit* we'll raiſe.
Aye! aye! cry'd Mentor, who was ſtanding by,
He's rais'd, 'tis true, and rais'd by far too high;
But let not the *youth* deſpiſe the maxim juſt,
That " none in Kings or Princes put their truſt;"
Let him remember Phaeton's fate of old,
Nor ſtrive to *guide* thoſe reins he cannot hold,
Leſt, by ambition fir'd, too high he ſoar,
Receive a *cruſh*, and fall to *riſe no more*;
For Britiſh hearts, like Phœbus' courſers ſtrong,
Will ne'er ſubmit to him who governs wrong,
But *champ* and *foam* until they break their reins,
And *hurl* him *headlong* from his high domains.

CLEMENTINA.

EPIGRAM

On Sir CECIL WRAY's *propoſing a Tax upon Maid Servants, after having married his own.*

WHEN Cecil firſt the plan laid down,
Poor SERVANTS GIRLS to curſe,
—He look'd at home, and took his own,
For better and for worſe.

Q.

EPIGRAM

On the objection to the Age of the Right Hon. WILL P—TT, *Eſq.*

AS G——GE is ſagacious, determined, and cool,
What matters the age of his *Primo State t——l*;
His choice ſhows his wiſdom, his prudence his ſkill,
And he long has been wiſhing to have his own WILL!

'TIS pity we're ſo *Pitt*-iſied.
Bereft of common-ſenſe—
A Colt, not *broke in*, to beſtride,
O'er-leaping bound and fence.
An Election Squibber,
At your ſervice.

The GROCER's DELIGHT; *or, a* SUGAR PLUMB *for Maſter* BILLY.

To the Tune of—The ROAST BEEF *of* OLD ENGLAND.

WHEN good George the Second did ſit on the throne,
A Pitt we could boaſt, and a Pitt of our own,
A true Whig was he to the very back-bone.
Oh, the true Whigs of Old England,
And Oh, the old Engliſh true Whigs.

He went to the City to dine with the Mayor,
The King and the Queen, and the courtiers were there,
The people huzza'd him, which made the King ſtare.
Oh, the true Whigs, &c.

The feaſt of the Grocers is not the ſame thing,
His ſon, Maſter Billy, is all for the King,
And therefore a different ſong we muſt ſing.
Oh, the back-ſtairs of St. James's,
And Oh, the St. James's back-ſtairs.

Billy bluſter'd and vapour'd, and gave himſelf airs,
He ſpoke for the people, and ſwore he was theirs,
Till Jenkinſon uſher'd him up the back ſtairs.
Oh, the back-ſtairs, &c.

Dundas is his counſel, and *Thurlow* his guide,
The lords of the bed-chamber with him divide,
The biſhops, God mend 'em, are all of his ſide.
Oh, the back-ſtairs, &c.

He holds his head high, and he talks very big,
For the Commons of England he don't care a fig;
But the Houſe of Lords ſwear he's an excellent Whig.
Oh, the poor Whigs of Old England!
And Oh, the poor Old Engliſh Whigs!

Since the fortunate days of King William the Third,
When Naſſau to Stuart was wiſely prefer'd,
Such doctrines as theſe are, ſure never were heard,
By the ſtaunch Whigs of Old England,
By the Old Engliſh ſtaunch Whigs.

Then as Billy ſtands up for Prerogative ſtrong,
If the Father was right, ſure the Son muſt be wrong,
So let every Engliſhman join in my ſong,
Succeſs to the Whigs of Old England!
Succeſs to the Old Engliſh Whigs!

S O N G.

To the Tune of—*Ballynamona Oro.*

TO *Th—l—w* and *G—w—r* many praiſes belong,
But *William*'s the burthen and theme of my ſong;

Great

Great *William* the *Fourth*, who moſt ſurely is come,
To deliver us all from our boaſted freedom.
Sing Ballynamona Oro,
Such an able reformer is he.

O, Miracle *Billy*, you're rightly call'd *Will!*
For your will's all the law that is left to us ſtill:
But when *reſignation* is part of the plot,
Then ſuddenly *Will*, he is chang'd to *will not*.
Ballyn. &c.
For Treaſurer he muſt be.

When he ſpeaks from the Throne, in our gracious K—'s name,
I'll defy all the world to tell what is his aim;
And when the good Commons attend his reply.
If to promiſe he ſeems, he'll be ſure to deny.
Ballyn. &c.
Such an Oracle he can be.

Should a very good tax raiſe a popular cry,
Then he'll ſhuffle, aſſent, and yet ſeem to deny;
And while honeſt *Ca'ndiſh* and *Fox* lend their name,
In ſilence he'll vote, and let them bear the blame.
Ballyn. &c.
Who ſo upright or downright as he?

Let *M—rt—n* the ſtarling now chatter no more,
For the true *Coalition*'s Starvation and *Gow—r*;
With prerogative *Billy*, and *S—dn—y* ſo ſtout,
With the rats and the trimmers, a d—mn—ble rout.
Ballyn. &c.
What a Government we ſhall ſee!

When *D——n* and *H——n*, and ſuch aſſes as theſe,
Speak for peerages, penſions, or what elſe you pleaſe;
Then he'll cry, my good friends, pri'thee never repine,
For I am your Prieſt, and your conſcience is mine.
Ballyn. &c.
And your Father Confeſſor I'll be.

Of *Herc'les* the infant, ſo ſtout and ſo bold,
How he ſtrangled two ſnakes in his cradle we're told;
But juſt out of your cradle, more proweſs you'd ſhew,
Could you *F—x* and *N—th*, thoſe fell Hydras, ſubdue.
Ballyn. &c.
O! what a fine child would you be.

But your hellebore powder from hell ſure was ſent,
For none but *Old Nick* ſuch a ſnuff could invent;
Yet beware what you do, and take warning by times,
Or the nation will ſurely take huff at ſuch crimes.
Ballyn. &c.
Then no more ſuch devices let's ſee.

Now,

Now, God bleſs our good King, on whom all muſt depend,
For our laws and our rights, which he's bound to defend;
Or elſe, Maſter *Billy*, too plainly you've ſhown,
As you've bully'd the Commons, you'll laugh at the Crown.
Ballyn. &c.
And our Sovereign you will be.

An Excellent NEW SONG, *called*

The OLD SERJEANTS LAMENTATION; *or, The* GROANS *of a* WOODEN LEG.

NOW ponder well, *Sir Cecil Wray*,
Oh! be not too ſevere;
Nor take an OLD MAN's bread away,
To ſave One Pound per year.

While we've fought much, with fire and ſword,
At length to gain a wall,
Your Honour, with a ſingle word,
Can make our caſtle fall.

But tho' you never were in fight,
Sure that's no reaſon why
You ſhould, with all your pow'r and might,
Poor crippled ſouls decry.

Remember that a ſoldier brave,
As you're confeſs'd to be,
May, ere you die, occaſion have
Some battle for to ſee.

And you, good Sir, do likewiſe know
The cauſe of our diſtreſs;
As you indeed are in our woe
A ſharer more or leſs.

For if you are not doom'd to trudge
On leg of TIMBER made,
Yet of ſuch hardſhips you may judge,
Who have a WOODEN HEAD.

And tho' no hand or arm you ſcant,
Which is our piteous caſe,
Yet ſure he muſt SOME member want,
Who'd tax a SERVANT LASS!

If we are driven from theſe walls,
And from the Commons you,
The ſelf-ſame lot us both befals,
—A diſmal jail to view!

But 'tis not in our griefs alone,
That you a portion bear,
In *courage* alſo you are known
To have an equal ſhare.

'Tis

'Tis true, we've often met with glee,
The *foes* of Old England;
Yet you are brave as any He,
Againſt her *friends* to ſtand.

And if, to ſerve the man we love,
We'd loſe our dear hearts blood,
Yet you an equal ſpirit prove,
'Gainſt *thoſe that do you good.*

Since thus you all the ſtate do know
Of maimed ſouls and poor,
Look with compaſſion on our woe,
Nor turn us out of door.

Our aged hearts ſhake with alarms,
Tho' ſome reſiſtance preach—
But what is all our pow'r of arms,
To your great pow'rs of ſpeech?

Oh! think not that poor ſoldiers dare
'Gainſt you in conteſt riſe;
For well we know, great Sir, you are
As *brave* as you are *wiſe.*

We know our noble KING's your friend—
The LORDS are on your ſide—
The COMMONS being at an end,
YOU muſt our lot decide.

Then ſhorten not the feeble days
Of thoſe who've few to live;
—Let him complain, the coſt who pays,
Not you—who nothing give.

COME HASTE *to ths* HUSTINGS.

A NEW SONG.

To the tune of—*Rural Felicity.*

COME haſte to the Huſtings all honeſt Electors,
No menace, no brib'ry ſhall keep us away:
Of FREEDOM and FOX be for every protectors,
We ſcorn to deſert them like Sir Cecil Wray.
The true Engliſh ſoul
No arts can controul;
Falſe friends we deſpiſe, tho' they're ſmil'd on at Court:
Come, vote boldly for liberty!
FREEDOM and FOX we'll for ever ſupport.

CHORUS.

The true Engliſh ſoul, &c.

Sir

Sir Cecil's the foe of all true Engliſh ſpirit,
He'd ſtarve the old ſoldier, and tax the young maid;
For he hates that true honour ſhould now be thought merit,
And ſwears all our debts on our girls ſhould be laid.
Since thus then he's trimming
Old men and young women,
Let no honeſt heart to his ſtandard reſort:
Come, vote boldly for liberty!
FREEDOM and FOX we'll for ever ſupport.

CHORUS.

Since thus then he's trimming, &c.

'Tis rumour'd this Knight to be ſure is but ſilly,
And ſo theſe oppreſſions himſelf might deviſe;
But who could inſtruct him ſo well as boy Billy,
Young girls to diſtreſs, and old men to deſpiſe?
Like maſter like man,
Believe me, their plan
Is to injure the brave, and to mar the true ſport.
Come, then, vote for our liberty!
FREEDOM and FOX we'll for ever ſupport.

CHORUS.

Like maſter like man, &c.

Then haſte to the Huſtings, all honeſt Electors,
The votes of true Whigs ſhall the Tories diſmay;
Of our girls and our ſoldiers be ever protectors,
In ſpite of the Devil, young Pitt, and old Wray.
Come, nobly defend
The people's try'd friend,
The champion that guards them to *Liberty Fort*.
Come, vote boldly for liberty!
FREEDOM and FOX we'll for ever ſupport.

CHORUS.

Come, nobly defend, &c.

FOX WITH A PLUMPER.

A NEW SONG.

To the Tune of—*The Maid of the Mill for me.*

TWO Members for Weſtminſter, boys, we muſt chuſe,
And to chuſe we have Candidates three;
There's Hood and there's Wray, whom we well could excuſe,
And Fox, who's the man for me.
Aye Fox is the man, Charles Fox is the man,
Charles Fox with a *plumper* for me.

Lord

Lord Hood is a gallant commander. What then?
We've commanders as gallant as he,
To ſpeak, not to fight, we want Parliament men;
And Fox is the man for me.
Aye Fox, &c.

Sir Cecil is true to his King, we are told,
Firſt true to his friend let him be;
For Fox and Sir Cecil we then might have poll'd,
Now Fox is the man for me.
Aye Fox, &c. &c.

If Fox, after being in office, is poor,
That he'll not rob his country I ſee;
But, *in* place and *out*, we may truſt him I'm ſure,
Then Fox is the man for me.
Aye, Fox, &c. &c.

He's bold, but he's open, he's honeſt, as wiſe,
And again will make Engliſhmen free;
Then huzza! while Old England and freedom I prize,
Charles Fox, is the man for me.
Aye Fox is the man, Charles Fox is the man,
Charles Fox with a plumper for me.

The OLD CHELSEA PENSIONER *to Sir* CECIL WRAY.

A New Song.

AND will you turn us out of doors,
In age, to want, a prey;
When cold winds blow, and tempeſt roars,
O! hard Sir Cecil Wray?

This houſe our haven is and port,
After a ſtormy ſea;
Then ſhall it be caſt down in ſport,
By hard Sir Cecil Wray?

We've fought our country's battles well,
And now our locks are grey,
'Tis hard we mayn't our dangers tell
Here, ſafe from Cecil Wray.

'Twill break our hearts theſe ſcenes to leave,
But ſoldiers muſt obey,
Yet in my conſcience I believe
You're mad, Sir Cecil Wray.

For who will ſee us poor and lame,
Expos'd on the highway,
And not with curſes load the name
Of thee, Sir Cecil Wray?

You ought to try to be belov'd
On the Election day;
But you aſide will far be ſhov'd,
O! fooliſh Cecil Wray.

This bench on which I ſit and write,
Theſe trees thro' which I ſtray,
Are all old friends, and dear to ſight;
O! part us not, Sir Wray.

Theſe walls can talk of Minden's plain,
Of England's proudeſt day;
I think I hear theſe walls complain
Of thee, Sir Cecil Wray.

If thou art bent the poor to harm,
Attack the young and gay
Girls both in health and beauty warm;
But we are old, Sir Wray.

Tho' thoſe with mops and diſh-clouts dare
To pelt thee on thy way,
Yet P— ſhall praiſe, who hates the fair,
Thy tax, Sir Cecil Wray.

The Ducheſs of DEVONSHIRE *in Blue*—VERSUS *Mrs.* HOBART *in Green.*

A NEW BALLAD.

SINCE England was England, I never yet knew
A colour ſo laſting, ſo truſty as Blue;
Court Ladies wear Green, but the popular voice
Is in favour of Blue, the Devonſhire choice.

When a Lady her Garter firſt dropt in a ring,
The lovely bright Blue won the heart of a King:
He gave it his Knights, and he bade them all wear
A Garter the ſame as had fall'n from his Fair.

All Green is a changeable colour, we know;
Ev'n the courſe of the ſeaſons this clearly muſt ſhow.
Thus the Daughter of *Freedom* diſdains to be ſeen
In a colour ſo tranſient, ſo fading as Green.

Then put off that verdure, dear Hobart, 'tis clear
It looks not on you like the Spring of the year;
The Earth a green livery wears, it is true,
But the Heavens are clad, with our Devonſhire, BLUE.

F.

Tune,

SONG.

Tune.—*Sweet Willy O!*

THE firſt of all Stateſmen is ſweet Charly O!
The firſt of all Stateſmen is ſweet Charly O!
With a true honeſt heart
He will act the juſt part,
No ſhuffling you'll find in my ſweet Charly O!

A brave gallant lad is my ſweet Charly O!
A brave gallant lad is my ſweet Charly O!
Not a wench in the place
But admires his black face,
For a ſharp roguiſh eye has my ſweet Charly O!

The firmeſt of friends is my ſweet Charly O!
The firmeſt of friends is my ſweet Charly O!
With his girl and his friend,
The laſt guinea he'll ſpend,
No churl, or back-ſtairs man, is ſweeet Charly O!

The Man of the People is ſweet Charly O!
The Man of the People is ſweet Charly O!
With heart and with voice
Freely make him your choice,
For the trueſt of patriots is ſweet Charly O!

The rights of the Commons is ſweet Charly O!
The rights of the Commons is ſweet Charly O!
No maid to perplex.
Or old penſioners vex,
But guard and protect them will ſweet Charly O!

The FAVOURITE *of* LIBERTY.

WHAT a noiſe and a buſtle prevails through the town,
That Ladies of rank ſhould *canvaſs* for voices;
But their merit and beauty each railer muſt own,
While FREEDOM the heart of a *Briton* rejoices.
Fill a bumper my hoſt, I'll give you a toaſt,
The Favourite of Liberty every one knows;
Fill it up to the top, and drink every drop,
Here's, *Devon*'s fair *Ducheſs* wherever ſhe goes.

Your high-ſounding titles, that Kings can create,
Derive all their luſtre and weight from the donor,
But her Grace can deſpiſe all this mock'ry of ſtate,
And ſtoops, void of pride, each Elector to honour.
She dignifies life with the rank of a wife,
Unmov'd by the ſlander of *Printers* and *Beaux*;
A foe to deceit, with good-nature replete:
Here's, *Devon*'s fair *Ducheſs* wherever ſhe goes.

Though the beauties of *Britain*, in *Henr'etta-ſtreet*,
In honour of *Fox* each day hold their levee,
How faint is their ſplendor, but ſoon how complete,
When the Ducheſs arrives, and adds charms to the bevy:
Her affable ſmiles, each ſpectator beguiles,
At her preſence each boſom with *Liberty* glows;
Nothing nature can boaſt, can rival the toaſt,
Of, *Devon*'s fair *Ducheſs* wherever ſhe goes.

Venus, lately, the Loves and the Graces conven'd
To chuſe a directreſs, their cuſtom and duty;
But not one could be found, like her Grace ſo eſteem'd,
For good ſenſe, condeſcenſion, wit, virtue, and beauty:
This mortal ſo rare then was plac'd in the chair,
Her, with pleaſure, the charming aſſembly encloſe,
And the goddeſs in glee, this toaſt gave with three,
Here's, *Devon*'s fair *Ducheſs* wherever ſhe goes.

Both *Germans* and *Ruſſians* to glory lay claim,
And each a Sov'reign renowned make moſt of;
Since to them it's ſuch honour, to us it's the ſame
To have, in her *Grace*, a protectreſs to boaſt of.
Then away, O ye fair! and, like *Devonſhire*, dare
The invaders of Freedom, with ardour, oppoſe:
An example ſo bright, all the world muſt deem right,
Here's, her *Grace*, in a bumper, wherever ſhe goes.

W. A. S.

EPIGRAM *on the Ducheſs of* DEVONSHIRE.

Written in conſequence of her Grace's Canvas in ſupport of Mr. FOX.

ARRAY'D in matchleſs beauty, Devon's fair?
In Fox's favour takes a zealous part?
But, Oh! where'er the pilferer comes—beware!
She ſupplicates a vote, and ſteals a heart.

PARLIAMENTARY REFORM. *Queſtion and Anſwer.*

Q. REFORM the Parliament! pray tell me how?
A. Make men a-new: No other way I know.

DIALOGUE *between* NED *and* NELL.

"FOR *Pitt* ſo young," cries Ned, "juſt twenty-five,"
"Why don't the women make a fuſs?"
"A fuſs for him!" quoth Nell; "why, man alive,
"He never ſure *ſtands up* for us."

Sir

Sir CECIL's DELIGHT: *Or, The* DOWNFAL *of* CHELSEA.

To the tune of—*Derry down.*

WHEN Sir Cecil thought fit for the good of the nation,
With his ſixpenny ſavings to plan reformation,
That a *Fox* founded Chelſea, no ſooner he read,
But down it ſhould go, the bold Baronet ſaid.
Pull it down, down, down, pull it down.

He ſaid and he ſwore 'twas a ſcandalous thing,
Such an idle expence on the country to bring;
Forty Pounds at the moſt, a *whole* Heſſian would coſt,
Here's fifty a year, if a *limb* be but loſt.
Pull it down, down, down, pull it down.

Beſide (cries Sir Cecil) I pity not thoſe,
Who run in the way of hard knocks and dry blows,
The fools, from all danger of ſuffering free,
Might ſerve all their lives were they ſoldiers *like me.*
Pull it down, down, down, pull it down.

By tenderneſs too for the weakneſs of age,
In this *tender* work I am mov'd to engage,
The rooms are too lofty, too ſpacious and cold:
A ſnug birth in a workhouſe were beſt for the old.
Pull it down, down, down, pull it down.

But may *he*, who ſuch pitiful ſavings to make,
From the vet'rans poor pittance a portion would take;
Learn from *you*, on our Huſtings if ſtill he appears,
He has pull'd an old houſe, boys, *about his own ears.*
Pull him down, down, down, pull him down.

And may *he*, may our *Fox*, whoſe good anceſtor gave
His wealth and his lands in reward of the brave,
Like the Hoſpital ſtand, and from you find ſupport,
While *Sir Cecil*, in vain, cries with *Pitt* and the *Court*,
Pull 'em down, down, down, pull 'em down.

The WESTMINSTER RE-ELECTION: *Or, The* FRIEND *we can* TRUST.

A NEW SONG.

IF Freedom's a jewel of value immenſe,
Who'd ſell it that has but a ſcruple of ſenſe?
Don't we ſee how the Monarch of France domineers,
And treats all like ſlaves, both his Commons and Peers?
'Tis our duty as Britons our rights to defend:
And let Fox be our champion, for he's a try'd friend.

If

If ſycophant Lords would, to flatter the King,
Wiſh to make him a tyrant, they ought ſure to ſwing;
But what pow'r have they to transfer to the Throne,
The rights of the Commons, if they do their own?
'Tis our duty as Britons our rights to defend,
And let Fox be our champion, for he's a try'd friend.

If patriot virtue ſhould now not ſucceed,
Nor receive its reward in the hour of need,
Britannia no longer her Freedom will boaſt;
When once it is gone, it for ever is loſt.
'Tis our duty as Britons our rights to defend,
And let Fox be our champion, for he's a try'd friend.

As what here is chaunted is meant for your good,
Beware, ye Electors, of Wray and of Hood:
May the King long enjoy his prerogative royal!
But we'll have the privilege e'er to be loyal.
'Tis our duty as Britons our rights to defend,
And let Fox be our member, for he's a try'd friend.

SCENE——*The Small Beer Cellar.*

Sir See Silly *W——y ſolus.*

ALL other men ſeek light and chearful day,
But darkneſs I, to chace my grief away.
To thee, great Satan, for *ſucceſs* I cry,
Oh! grant your *favourite*'s wiſh, or elſe I die.
(Belzebub riſes from beneath the earth.)
Ariſe! behold! ſent from the ſhades below,
I from the D——l come, a friend you know;
Infernals never heard, he bade me ſay,
Such zeal as for his ſervice you diſplay;
His *Highneſs* too joins his applauſe among
The pleas'd, aſtoniſh'd, and admiring throng;
And to reward ſuch admirable merit,
Declares a *feat* in Hell you ſhall inherit:
His royal word, once paſs'd, you may depend
Will never alter—*only* when you *mend*.
Ingratitude has yet untaſted pleaſures,
Go on, be firm, ſucceſs ſhall crown your meaſures.

W. A. S.

A NEW SONG.

To the Tune of—*Green Sleeves.*

SINCE women of faſhion govern the State,
And you, *Mrs. Hobart*, have ſure the moſt weight,
I wonder you've no better candidate,
Than Sir Cecil Wray.

For

For tho' he oppoſes the ſtamping of notes,
'Tis in order to tax all your petticoats,
Then how can *a woman* ſolicit our votes
For Sir Cecil Wray?

Indeed, Mrs. Hobart, 'twould coſt you ſome tears,
If all the Electors ſhould give themſelves airs,
And to girls, ſuch as *you*, prefer the Back Stairs,
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It only befits the friends of the Court,
Lord *Sackville* and *Pitt*, and Lord *Camelfort*,
And men of their taſte to give their ſupport
To Sir Cecil Wray.

What! though from the Garden he's taken a wife,
And endures the worſt evils of family ſtrife,
'Tis only to cover the reſt of the life
Of Sir Cecil Wray.

But had he to women been ever a friend,
Nor by taxing them try'd our old taxes to mend,
Yet ſo *ſtingy* he is, that none can contend
For Sir Cecil Wray.

The gallant Lord Hood to his country is dear,
His voters, like Charly's, make excellent cheer,
But who has been able to taſte *the ſmall beer*
Of Sir Cecil Wray.

Then come ev'ry free, ev'ry generous ſoul,
That loves a fine girl and a full flowing bowl,
Come here in a body, and all of you poll
'Gainſt Sir Cecil Wray.

In vain all the arts of the Court are let looſe,
The Electors of Weſtminſter never will chooſe
To run down a Fox, and ſet up a *Gooſe*,
Like Sir Cecil Wray.

A NEW SONG.

To the tune of—*Ye Warwickſhire Lads and ye Laſſes.*

YE Weſtminſter lads and ye laſſes,
Come ſee at our Huſtings what paſſes;
Ye lads bring your laſſes, and revel away,
Eat and drink what you will, you have nothing to pay;
Nothing to pay!
Then be gay!
Eat and drink what you will, you have nothing to pay.

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Ye lads bring your laſſes, and revel away,
Eat and drink what you will, you have nothing to pay;
Nothing to pay!
Then be gay!
Eat and drink what you will, you have nothing to pay.

But ſee our three Candidates coming,
Hear ſilly Sir Cecil hum-drumming;
Our burthens to eaſe, and grant Government aids,
He'll tax our young girls, and he'll ſtarve our old blades,
Starve our old blades!
Tax our maids!
He'll tax our young girls, and he'll ſtarve our old blades.

And if this from our load ſhould not eaſe us;
He'll promiſe yet further to pleaſe us,
For, unleſs his wiſe project by Fox is withſtood,
Down Greenwich may go, with conſent of Lord Hood!
Gallant Lord Hood,
Oh, how good!
Down Greenwich may go, with conſent of Lord Hood!

His ſilence Lord Hood would be breaking,
But his talent, he knows, is not ſpeaking;
Yet he hopes that our Weſtminſter boys he may hum,
To give their ſupport to an *Orator Mum!*
Orator Mum!
All muſt come,
To give their ſupport to an *Orator Mum!*

His principles Fox need not tell us,
In our cauſe he has ever been zealous;
Then your zeal in the cauſe at our Huſtings diſplay;
FOX AND FREEDOM FOR EVER, with plumpers, huzza!
Plumpers, huzza!
Vote away,
FOX AND FREEDOM FOR EVER, with plumpers, huzza!

The COURT CANVASS *of* MADAM BLUBBER.

To the tune of—*The firſt Time at the Looking Glaſs.*

A CERTAIN Lady, I won't name,
Muſt take an active part, Sir,
To ſhow that DEVON's beauteous dame,
Should not engage each heart, Sir;
She canvas'd all, both great and ſmall,
And thunder'd at each door, Sir,
She rumag'd every ſhop and ſtall,
The Ducheſs was ſtill before, Sir.

Sam Marrow-bones had ſhut up ſhop,
And juſt had light his pipe, Sir,
When in the lady needs muſt pop,
Exceeding plump and ripe, Sir;
God zounds, ſays he, how late you be,
For votes you come to bore me,
But let us feel, are you beef or veal,
The Ducheſs has been before ye.

A Fiſh-

A Fiſhmonger ſhe next addreſs'd,
With many a ſoothing tale, Sir,
And for his vote moſt warmly preſs'd,
But all would not prevail, Sir
The fineſt cod's-head ſure in town,
Of oyſters ſend two ſcore too
Extremely, Madam, like your own,
The Ducheſs was here before you.

A Grocer next, to make amends,
The dame with ſmiles accoſted,
You Grocers all to Pitt are friends,
Of her connexion boaſted;
For plums and raiſins, Ma'am, ſaid he,
I'm willing for to ſcore you,
In politics we ſha'n't agree,
The Ducheſs was here before you.

Sly Obediah was at prayers,
With many pious folk, Sir,
His pretty maid on the *Back Stairs*,
She found, and thus beſpoke her:
"This ribband take, all intereſt make,
"Your maſter will adore you,
"For Hood and Wray, preſs kiſs and pray,"
Now Dutcheſs I'm once before you.

A ſtable keeper to engage,
She then her talents try'd, Sir,
He fell into a monſtrous rage,
And all her ſmiles defy'd, Sir;
Are you a moon, or Court balloon?
Get out you female Tory,
Tho' Courts prevail, I'll not turn tail,
The Ducheſs was here before you.

However Courtiers take offence,
And Cits and Prudes may join Sir,
Beauty will ever influence,
The free and generous mind, Sir,
Fair DEVON, like the riſing ſun,
Proceeds in her full glory,
Whilſt Madam's duller orb muſt own,
The Ducheſs moves ſtill before her.

A NEW SONG.

In praiſe of Sir Chelſea Tax Girl, Knight of the Key, and Lord High Keeper of the Small Beer Cellar.

COME Electors, pray come quickly,
To the Huſtings now draw near,
When for Cecil you have voted,
You ſhall taſte of his ſmall beer.

CHORUS.

Oh! the glorious ſmall beer Knight,
None more careful ſure than he,
Girls perſuade the men to vote,
That well taxed you may be.

Tho' Sir Cecil can't make ſpeeches,
Pleaſing to a critic's ear,
Sure that man will guard your rights,
Who ſo well does guard ſmall beer.

CHORUS.

Oh! the glorious ſmall beer Knight, &c.

View him at his poſt ſo noble
Centry o'er the cellar ſtand,
Key ſecur'd ſafe in his pocket,
Who does then appear more grand.

CHORUS.

Oh! the glorious ſmall beer Knight, &c.

Chelſea he ſhall ſurely pull down,
Where lame ſoldiers now do dwell,
For nought they do but eat and guzzle,
That Sir Cecil will you tell.

CHORUS.

Oh! the glorious ſmall beer Knight, &c.

Girls by hard work dreſt ſo gayly,
Heels ſo ſmart and light as air,
From their wages ſhall a tax pay,
Wooden ſhoes they then muſt wear.

CHORUS.

Oh! the glorious ſmall beer Knight, &c.

Dr. *Churchill* is our Chairman,
His great parts are not a riddle,
None more clever in his ſtation,
At poking gliſters up bum-fiddle.

CHORUS.

Oh! the ſmall beer Knight and Doctor,
A choicer pair you'll ſeldom ſee,
Girls perſuade the men to vote,
And well *gliſter'd* you ſhall be.

Jackſon is our beaſt of burthen,
Head of lead, and face of braſs,
Fit to carry ſmall beer barrels,
So we'll ſtile him *Cecil's aſs.*

CHORUS.

Oh! the glorious ſmall beer Knight, &c.

IMPROMPTU

IMPROMPTU *on her Grace of* DEVONSHIRE.

WHILST Devonſhire's Ducheſs for *Fox* takes a part;
Whilſt ſhe aſks for your *vote*, ſhe engages your *heart*;
Can beauty alone ſuch influence ſway?
Can the faireſt of fair make all mortals obey?—
Oh, no! for her empire is over the mind,
And *beauty* with *reaſon* in her is combin'd.

On ſeeing the Ducheſs of DEVONSHIRE, *Lady* DUNCANNON, &c. *canvaſſing for Mr.* FOX.

SURE Heav'n approves of Fox's cauſe,
(Tho' ſlaves at Court abhor him)
To vote for Fox, then, who can pauſe,
Since *Angels* canvaſs for him!

EPIGRAM.

On ſeeing Lady BEAUCHAMP, *Lady* CARLISLE, *and Lady* DERBY, *in their Carriages, on Mr.* FOX's *Side of the Huſtings.*

THE gentle Beauchamp, and the fair Carliſle,
Around their favour'd FOX expecting wait;
And Derby's lip ſuſpends the ready ſmile,
To aſk "the Poll?" and "what is Charles's fate?"

But ſay ye *belles*, whoſe beauty all admit,
Do you in politics diſpute the prize;
Or do ye near the Huſtings proudly ſit,
To take the *ſuffrage* of admiring eyes?

EXTEMPORE,

On paſſing from the Weſtminſter Election on Wedneſday.

TRUE Sons of LIBERTY! and Daughters too,
Wou'd ye the Champions of your Goddeſs view,
To Covent Garden tread your ſteps, and *there*,
Behold them both—in FOX and DEVON's FAIR:

While *Fox*, with eloquence, ſupports her cauſe,
Devon's bright charms command moſt loud applauſe;
But ah! chaſte *Liberty!* too much *I* fear,
Thy drooping head foretels thy exit *near*.

Nor *his* vaſt eloquence, that's reach'd the Poll,
Nor *her* bright eye, that penetrates the ſoul,
Can, to *ſad* Albion's weal, thy health retrieve,
While waves yon *baleful* flag, PREROGATIVE.

W. S.

Canvaſſing all the TON, *a New* SONG.

WHILST grave Politicians diſpute *pro* and *con*,
Now to *canvas* we ſee is become quite the *ton:*
When each *fair* craves a *plumper* with lilly white hand,
What man can refuſe by ſuch *angels* to *ſtand*.
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

'Tis true, *Hoodwinked*—*No alls* object to the ſcheme,
And cry out, *O lack!* what a monſtrous ſhame,
That *Ladies of rank* ſhould their perſons diſgrace,
What?—To *crave* the *aſſiſtance* of men face to face.
Derry down, &c.

But theſe long headed *aſſes* who rail at the *fair*,
Forget what they owe to their wiſdom and care,
For the happieſt days that e'er *Engliſhmen* ſaw,
Were the days of *Queen Beſs* and her *petticoat law*.
Derry down, &c.

Then away with your ſcoffing poor hireling crew,
Go eraſe *Chelſea's walls*, that's a *job* fit for you;
And take with you this *leſſon*, deny it who can,
The wretch who *hates maidens* cannot be a *man*.
Derry down, &c.

Back the man that's ſupported by *Beauty* and *Senſe*,
Nor elect *Judas Cecil*, on any pretence;
Forbid it, ye Gods, 'twould the *nation diſgrace*,
To put a *mere gooſe* in the *great Fox's* place.
Derry down, &c.

But ſhould you the chamion of *Freedom* refuſe,
And run your necks head-long in *Slavery's nooze*.
Mark my words, you'll *repent* it, alas!—when too *late*,
And be left in the *lurch*, for to curſe your hard fate,
Derry down, &c.

But *Reaſon* now triumphs, *Court minions* diſcard,
And *Fox* with fair *Freedom*, ſhall be your reward;
Then ſtand forth in his *cauſe* and for lucre ne'er flinch,
But like *Britons* be *firm*, now its come to the pinch,
Derry down, &c.

S O N G.

To the tune of—*Come now, all ye ſocial powers.*

SONS of *Freedom*, who would ſhine,
Bright in future ſtory,
Haſten to the work divine,
To guard your *country's glory*.

Come

Come each independent ſoul,
Come aſſert your *freedom*;
Poll for *Fox*, for *Freedom* poll;
Court Minions! never heed 'em.

We'll not, like *Sir Cecil Wray*,
Deſert our friend in danger;
We'll not *Liberty* betray
Nor for *Court favour* change her.
Come each, &c.

What! tho' *Hood*, too, takes their part,
And forms a baſe alliance?—
We to each ſubtle ſecret art
Will boldly bid defiance.
Come each, &c.

Let then *Hood*, colleagu'd with *Wray*,
Uſe ev'ry ſly endeavour:
We will not our friend betray
But ſtand by *Fox* for ever.
Come each independent ſoul,
Come aſſert your *freedom*;
Poll for *Fox*, for *Freedom* poll,
Court Minions! never heed 'em.

A NEW SONG.

To the Tune of—*Mrs. Arne, Mrs. Arne.*

MY Lord Hood, my Lord Hood,
Your ſervice was good,
When you conquer'd the French *Ville de Paris*;
But now you're in view,
Ville de Weſtminſter too,
May each broadſide you fire miſcarry.
Lord Hood,
May each broadſide your fire miſcarry.

Oh, Judas! Oh, Judas!
Were you but as good as
Your fam'd predeceſſor of yore:
You would rue ill got pelf,
And like him hang yourſelf,
And we of your crimes hear no more.
Oh, Judas!
And we, &c.

O,

O, ye maids, haſte away,
To view *Judas Wray*,
The man who would tax e'en your *bruſh!*
Ye Chelſea men too
O come to the view,
Of him who'd ſtarve you and not bluſh.
O, ye maids!
Who'd tax you, ſtarve them, and not bluſh!

Lord North and *Charles Fox*,
Coalition us ſhocks;
And yet 'tis no ſingular thing;
For ſtrange are of late,
Coalitions of ſtate——
What think you of *Wilkes* and the *King?*
Lord North,
What think you of *Wilkes* and the *King?*

Newcaſtle! Newcaſtle!
'Twou'd ſurely be as well,
Would you not with us interfere,
No ſcoundrel, or *Jackſon*,
Shall e'er lay a tax on
Maids' bruſhes, and lock up *ſmall-beer!*
Newcaſtle.
Maids' bruſhes, &c.

Mr. *Pitt*, Mr. *Pitt*,
You'll be damnably bit,
In the Crown and the popular ſtrife!
Since the fair you deſpiſe,
You appear in their eyes,
Like *Joſeph* with *Potiphar*'s wife.
Mr. Pitt,
Like *Joſeph* with *Potiphar*'s wife.

Then let us all join
In a cauſe ſo divine;
For FREEDOM and FOX are the ſame!
And the DUCHESS of DEVON,
A Saint be in Heaven!
Who on earth gives his CAUSE and HIM fame!

PLUMPERS *to* CHARLY.

A NEW SONG.

Tune—*Over the Water to Charly.*

COME, all who think Liberty well worth your care,
And mean to live honeſt and fairly;
Come, haſten, in crouds to the Huſtings repair,
And there give your plumpers to *Charly*.

Let *Courtiers* and *ſycophants* do all they can,
'Mongſt them we find *honeſty* rarely;
But *Fox*, upon trial, we've found a *true* man,
So let's give our plumpers to *Charly*.
Though *Hood* and Sir *Cecil* againſt him combine,
To them we give credit but ſparely;
If we judge men by actions, we ſure muſt incline
To give all our plumpers to *Charly*.

He's able, he's honeſt, he's bold, and he's free,
He ever acts open and fairly;
To the *cauſe* of *his country* devoted is he,
So we'll give our plumpers to *Charly*.

To *Back Stairs Prerogative* he'll never bend,
Not for *King* or for *Lords* act unfairly,
But the *rights of the people* with firmneſs defend;
Who, then, deſerves Plumpers, but *Charly?*

Let's cheerfully, then, to the Huſtings repair,
In face of the nation, and fairly
Proclaim that the *guardian of freedom*'s our care,
And give all our plumpers to *Charly*.

LIBERTY-HALL.

WHEN Britons, triumphant, commanded the waves.
Victorious, undaunted, they ſcorn'd to be ſlaves;
But ſtaunch to fair Freedom, they roſe at her call,
And flew to her ſtandard in *Liberty-Hall*.
Fol de rol, &c.

Of old our forefathers corruption withſtood;
The Charter of Freedom they bought with their blood;
Shall we, their deſcendants, degenerate fall?
He that does may he die—out of *Liberty-Hall!*

Long life to the King, he's aſſur'd of our aid,
If—*Honour* and *Wiſdom* his Councils pervade;
Nor frowns nor neglect can true patriots appall,
For they're the main pillars of *Liberty-Hall*.

Conſiſtent in office, determined as fate,
Unbiaſs'd to guide the affairs of the State;
No Secret Influence their minds can enthral,
Nor alter their ſyſtem in *Liberty-Hall*.

Our great Conſtitution in wiſdom was fram'd,
The *King*, *Lords*, and COMMONS, its guardians were nam'd;
May each keep the *line*, or exiſt not at all,
Nor back-ſtairs adviſers taint *Liberty-Hall*.

The cauſe we'll maintain, the great fabric ſupport,
In ſpite of the ſchemes and intrigues of the Court;

Thea

Then firmly united we'll ſtand one and all,
By the *Man of the People* in *Liberty-Hall.*
Rouze! rouze! ſons of Freedom, nor let it be ſaid,
That we by prerogative tools ſhall be led;
In *Liberty-Hall,* boys, we'll give them hard knocks,
Then turn out Sir Cecil, and chair the ſtaunch FOX.
Fol de rol, &c.

STANZAS *in* SEASON.

LET others tell of *Billy Pitt,*
Or ſing the victories of *Wray*;
Such themes ſuch geniuſes may fit;
'Tis *Beauty*'s cauſe inſpires my lay.

When *Temple* mounted the Back Stairs,
And youth ſupply'd the place of knowledge,
When Lord *Mahon* aſſum'd ſtrange airs,
And *Billy* went once more to college;

With plumbs the *Grocers* fed the cauſe,
And *Wilkes* cry'd out for our undoing:
Who then for freedom and the laws,
Who then could ſave us from our ruin?

Fox pour'd the flood of eloquence,
And *Ca'ndiſh* lent his ſpotleſs name;
There too was *Powys'* manly ſenſe,
And there was *Erſkine*'s genuine flame.

It would not do! *Black Thurlow*'s frown,
And *Billy*'s prudence gain'd the prize:
'Twas *Beauty* muſt redeem the crown,
And *Fox* muſt reign thro' *Devon*'s eyes.

She ſaw, ſhe conquer'd: *Wray* ſhrunk back;
Court mandates we no more obey;
Majorities no more they pack,
And *Fox* and *Freedom* win the day!

Who can deny when beauty ſues?
And where's the tongue can blame her Grace;
Not timid ſlavery can refuſe:
Her life's as ſpotleſs as her face.

Let *Pitt* and *Wray* diſlike the fair,
Decry our *Devon*'s matchleſs merit;
A braver, kinder ſoul we wear,
And love her *beauty,* love her *ſpirit.*

Let diſtant times and ages know,
When *Temple* would have made us ſlaves,
'Tis thus we ward the fatal blow,
'Tis *Fox* that beats—'tis *Devon* ſaves!

An O D E.

DOCTOR Hurd, Doctor Hurd,
'Tis a ſhame, on my word,
At *this time* there ſhould be ſuch a riot!
Let the *pious King* know
He had much better go
To Windſor and hunt, or be quiet.

Religion is gone,
And the Lord knows where flown;
Yet who can the Biſhops upbraid?
Though no one at all
Now attends at St. Paul,
Yet the Dean's daily worſhip is *paid*.

At this time, Cecil Wray,
Judas kiſs'd to betray,
And you his example now follow:
Believe me, this part,
Will win your King's heart,
And you'll ſoon be his magnus Apollo!

My *Billy!*—my *Billy!*
Though now you're ſo ſilly,
To think you've the ſenſe of the nation,
Yet take care leſt ye bring
Ruin e'en on your King,
When the people demand reparation.

Ye *Miniſtry!* know, Sirs,
Balſhazzar had *Grocers*,
And Princes at his famous dinner!
And in ſpite of your canting,
You're WEIGH'D, *and found* WANTING,
And ſoon will be puniſh'd each ſinner!

All hail, my *Lord Somers!*
Among the new-comers,
From darkneſs to regions of light!
'Tis true you're a Lord!
But for once take my word,
A *Black Moor* can ne'er be waſh'd white.

O, my King!—if a man
Should adviſe ſuch a plan,
As the ruin and fall of *Charles Fox*,
No ghoſt from his hell,
Have you need of to tell,
That you'll ſplit on *Prerogative Rocks!*

Then, Oh! take in time,
Advice couch'd in rhyme;
(For my rhyme does not flow without reaſon)
Since till ſuch meaſures end,
To be a King's friend,
Is almoſt to be guilty of *treaſon!*

A NEW SONG.

Tune—*The hounds are all out.*

COME all ye *Electors*, reſolv'd to be free,
In ſpite of a Pitt or a Wray,
Exert all your force and for *Liberty* be,
To *Freedom* and *Fox* give the day,
My brave boys,
To *Freedom*, &c.

Let *Temple*, or *Jack* the old *rat-catcher*, work,
In hopes all our rights to deſtroy;
In vain do they bribe and ſet traps in the dark,
If *Fox* we but keep as *ally*,
My brave boys,
If *Fox*, &c.

This *Man of the People*, their patriot and friend,
In place uncorrupted and true,
Who ever for *Freedom* did boldly contend,
And *Liberty* choſe him for you,
My brave boys,
And *Liberty*, &c.

For you, ye Electors, ye *Weſtminſter men*,
The goddeſs ſaw clear it was good,
That a *Fox* in the *ſenate* ſhould ſit to maintain,
Thoſe rights you have bought with your blood,
My brave boys,
Thoſe rights, &c.

In aid of his country, he dar'd to oppoſe
Prerogative's arrogant ſtride;
And bold in the cabinet, frown'd upon thoſe
Who *Tyranny* took on their ſide,
My brave boys,
Who *Tyranny*, &c.

For this *fell Oppreſſion* in damnable rage,
To ſeek his *Deſtruction* did fly;
And this to accompliſh the fiend did engage;
A *Temple* to ſting and deſtroy,
My brave boys,
A *Temple*, &c.

This *ſnake in the graſs* as the devil in ſpite,
To *Majeſty ſtole* in the dark;
There in hour accurs'd—as an angel of light,
He ſpoke and completed the work,
My brave boys,
He ſpoke, &c.

Now

Now ye who as *freemen* inherit the land,
And feel what your liberties are,
Will ye tamely ſubmit to theſe ſlaves at command,
Theſe Lords who ſneak up a *Back Stair?*
My brave boys,
Theſe Lords, &c.

Let *Pitt* and *Sir Cecil* ſuch meaſures ſupport,
With them well the doctrine will ſuit;
Stars, *Garters*, and *Sticks*, are fine things at a Court,
And for theſe ſome will cringe to a *Bute*,
My brave boys,
And for theſe, &c.

But *Fox* a bright *ſun* is above ſuch mean things,
He ſhines with a *luſtre* his own;
In *Liberty's car* he gives light e'en to Kings,
And *Tyranny* flies at his frown,
My brave boys,
And *Tyranny*, &c.

Then fill up a *bumper*, let's drink to his cauſe,
And to it *libations* we'll give:
May *Fox* repreſent us and ſtill guard our laws,
For *Weſtminſter* ſtill may HE live,
My brave boys,
For *Weſtminſter*, &c.

VICTORY! FREEDOM! *and* FOX!

To the tune of—*God ſave the King.*

BRITONS, let's all unite
In defence of our *right*
And *liberty:*
From us we'll diſtant drive
Scare crow Prerogative,
Nor ever, whilſt alive,
Ceaſe to be free.

Time-ſervers, wond'ring, ſhall
View us determin'd all,
Spite of the *Court*;
Spite of their wily tricks,
And *Back Stair politics*,
Fox is the man we fix
On to ſupport.

We, like Sir *Judas Wray*,
Will not our friend betray,
But, orthodox
In aid of *liberty*,
Let the whole nation ſee,
True and ſtaunch we will be
Ever to *Fox*.

Void of all treachery,
To guard our *liberty*,
Foremoſt ſtands *Fox:*
Let, then, be this our cry—
Conquer, or let us die,
Huzza! boys, VICTORY!
FREEDOM! and FOX!

A NEW SONG.

IN ſeventeen hundred and eighty and four,
The ſecret cabal of the Crown, Sir,
Reſolv'd upon meaſures unheard of before,
The fence of our rights to break down, Sir;
Then *Pitt* was the man, that *Bute* and his clan,
Selected for private inſtruction,
'Tho' ſupple, tho' fair, of his cunning beware,
Like *Sir Cecil* he's fit for his function.

Full fraught with hypocriſy, up the Back Stairs
He nimbly tript on the toe, Sir,
Inſtructed, then bellow'd on India affairs,
To freedom a manifeſt foe, Sir;
With *Temple* and *Thurlow*, that impudent fellow
And ſilly *Mahon* his relation,
He vow'd he'd ſupport the ſchemes of the Court,
And fairly * *Sir Cecil* the nation.

Our free conſtitution, for ages admir'd,
He boldly attack'd, front and rear, Sir;
The ſtripling, with baleful ambition inſpir'd,
The Commons oppos'd without fear, Sir.
Sir Cecil, our Candidate, join'd in the league,
Our liberties to overthrow, Sir;
Ingratitude fits him for *Back Stairs intrigue*,
To the depth of deception he'll go, Sir.

But no more ſhall ſuch craft or well-manag'd diſguiſe,
How ſpecious ſo e'er the pretence, Sir;
Our judgments enſnare or dazzle our eyes,
Nor humbug us out of our ſenſe, Sir.
United and join'd, in freedom combin'd,
We'll parry their thruſts ſo clever,
And all with one voice make a hearty free choice,
Of LIBERTY'S CHAMPION for ever!

Huzza! then, bold Britons, and ne'er be afraid,
That LIBERTY lacks her ſupporters,
The Whigs of Old England, with *Fox* at their head,
Shall baffle the ſchemes of the courtiers,
Sir Cecil ſhall then ſculk home to his den,
Deſpis'd by all claſſes whatever.
Then thus we agree, our votes ſhall be free,
For LIBERTY'S CHAMPION for ever!

* Alluding to his treachery to Mr. Fox and the Friends of Liberty, who brought him in as Repreſentative for this city.

N.

No COURT CANDIDATES! *No* PANDERS!

COME, haſte to the Huſtings, each honeſt Elector,
No longer be Hood-wink'd by Sir Cecil Wray;
But give your free ſuffrage to Fox, a protector,
Who ne'er did the ſtandard of Freedom betray
Though foes he has many,
He ne'er was the zany,
To give up his country, you all muſt agree:
Then ſee,
Future felicity,
The bloſſoms appearing on Liberty Tree.

Though P—— and his junto his virtues explore,
Yet aim at, in ſecret, his downfall, is plain;
Their reaſon is this:—they fear him in pow'r,
And heartily wiſh he may ne'er riſe again:
But, Electors, be ſtout,
Let not Wray keep him out,
For the champion of freedom he conſtant will be:
Still ſee,
Future felicity,
The bloſſoms appearing on Liberty Tree.

Then haſte to the Huſtings, each candid Elector,
Nor heed what their infamous party can ſay;
'Twill redound to your honour, to be the protector
Of patriots who ſcorn the deceits of a Wray:
Though promiſe he make you,
He'll ſurely forſake you,
Like vile Judas of old, for a trifling fee:
Yet ſee,
Future felicity,
The bloſſoms appearing on Liberty Tree.

A NEW SONG.

To the Tune of—*How happy the Soldier.*

HOW happy's the man who's the ladies delight,
They all trudge to ſerve him by day and by night;
So freely they part with their kiſſes and gold,
And they freely will ſpend to ſee him well poll'd,
To his Rou-de dou.

He cares not a marmedea how the world goes,
He has numbers of friends but very few foes;
He laughs at all folly, and thinks it is droll,
When he ſees them all flocking away to the poll,
To their Rou-de-dou.

The

The people's his glory, his joy, and delight,
He neglects all his pleaſure to ſee them put right;
And Ladies and Ducheſſes, both young and old,
They tuck up their tatters to ſee him well poll'd,
To their Rou-de-dou.

There's honeſt *Sam Houſe*, looks ſo ſmirkin and gay,
To think that his friend will ſure gain the day;
He brings many Electors, and is, on the whole,
A ſtaunch friend to the cauſe of *Charles Fox* and the poll,
To his Rou-de-dou.

There's *Devonſhire's Ducheſs*, all beauty and grace,
Each morning ſo early ſhe ſhews her ſweet face;
Tho' ever ſo envious you muſt her extoll,
Then rouze up your ſpirits, and come to the poll,
With your Rou-de dou.

Sir Cecil, they ſay, is a man of renown,
But the maids he would tax, and aſylums pull down;
The maids ſhall be free, ſo fill up the bowl,
And drink good ſucceſs to *Charles Fox* and his poll.
To his Rou-de-dou.

The FEMALE PATRIOT: *Or*, *The* DEVONSHIRE DUCHESS.

Tune—*Roaſt beef of Old England.*

THE Ducheſs exemplar' of all that is fair,
Who Tyranny hates, and to oppoſe it does dare,
Proclaim to the Ladies, *be freedom your care*;
Oh! the brave girls of Old England,
And Oh! the Old Engliſh brave girls.

As Courtiers fain now would Old England enſlave,
Step forth ye fair maidens your country to ſave,
Smile, ſmile but on *Fox*, and the men will be brave.
Oh! the brave girls of Old England,
And Oh! the Old Engliſh brave girls.

Hiſtorians and Poets, and Patriots of old,
High deeds and atchievements of glory have told,
By Sydney and Hampden, and by Ladies as bold.
Oh! the brave girls of Old England,
And Oh! the Old Engliſh brave girls.

Yet had the ſweet girls in thoſe days been inclin'd,
T' have ſeal'd with ſoft kiſſes, the bonds of mankind,
Fair Freedom had periſh'd with Virtue conjoin'd.
Oh! the brave girls of Old England,
And Oh! the Old Engliſh brave girls.

Go forth then ye ladies, and freemen inſpire,
Let breaſt knots of azure call up Britiſh fire,
Her Grace's example who does not admire.
Oh! the brave girls of Old England,
And Oh! the Old Engliſh brave girls.

FREEDOM's ADDRESS

To the Independent ELECTORS *of* WESTMINSTER.

YE Electors ſo true to your honour attend,
And vote now for Fox, he's to freedom a friend,
Your rights he'll protect, and he'll guard as his own,
And ne'er to corruption be brib'd by the throne.

CHORUS.

So let Fox be your choice,
He's fair liberty's friend,
He always was ready,
True boys, and ſteady,
To vote England's good,
And her rights to defend.

At Corruption he tries for to lay the broad axe,
To lighten our burthens, prevent a new tax;
Much good we had reap'd by his labour and cares,
Had not curſed Corruption crept up the Back Stairs.

CHORUS.

So let Fox be your choice, &c.

He ne'er will in bribes England's wealth throw away;
He ne'er for curs'd gold will his country betray;
Tho' not burthen'd with wealth, like the motly Court tribe,
The more to be prais'd for refuſing a bribe.

CHORUS.

So let Fox be your choice, &c.

Wou'd he have conſented your rights to betray,
A Miniſter ſtill he had been till this day;
For poor England's good was his labour and cares,
So his place he did loſe by a pair of Back Stairs!

CHORUS.

So let Fox be your choice, &c.

Sir Cecil a plan he has got in his head,
To ſtarve the old ſoldiers, deprive them of bread,
They muſt beg in the ſtreets, to the workhouſe muſt go,
Fox ne'er did contrive for brave fellows ſuch woe.

CHORUS.

So let Fox be your choice, &c.

Each

Each pretty young girl that works hard for her bread,
Sir Cecil would tax, lay a fine on her head;
The old he wou'd ſtarve, the young turn out of doors,
Then our ſoldiers muſt beg, and our daughters be whores.

CHORUS.

So let Fox be your choice, &c.

See Devonſhire's Ducheſs ſo beauteous appear,
Aſſertreſs of freedom, her ſons for to cheer,
To ſupport your juſt rights to the Huſtings repair,
And Liberty's Son ſhall be plac'd in the chair.

CHORUS.

So let Fox be your choice, &c.

The CHAMPION *of* FREEDOM.

Tune—*The Foes of Old England, France, Holland, and Spain.*

THE *Foes of Old England*, contriving of late,
And ſecretly plotting to ruin the State,
Prerogative's banner, inſidious, unfurl'd,
And at *Freedom*, fair *Freedom*, their vengeance they hurl'd:
Britannia then roſe from her white rocky throne,
In a bright azure robe ſhe magnificent ſhone;
She call'd her attendants, and bade them repair
With ſpeed to the Senate, her *Champion* was there.
" He's loyal, he's noble, he's choſen by me,
" My *rights* to protect, and my ſons to keep free."

Arouz'd at the meſſage, brave *Fox* rear'd his head,
" Yes! I'll be the *Champion of Freedom*," he ſaid;
" The *Cauſe of the People* I'll ever maintain;
" Devoted to that, I will breathe ev'ry vein;
" Like *Hampden*, like *Sydney*, with firmneſs oppoſe
" Each art and contrivance of *Liberty*'s foes."
Th' attendants reported the words that he ſaid,
And great were the plaudits *Britannia* then paid.
" He's loyal, he's noble, he's choſen by me,
" My *rights* to protect, and my ſons to keep free."

The *ſecret conſpirators*, feeling his rage,
No longer with openneſs dare to engage,
But, dreading his talents much more than a ſword,
Shrink back in diſmay from his powerful word.
Integrity ſways him; nor *favour* nor *place*
Can e'er make him change or his country diſgrace;
But, firm and determin'd in *Liberty*'s cauſe,
With courage he guards all our *rights* and our *laws*.
" He's loyal, he's noble, he's choſen to be
" The *Champion of Britain*, whilſt *Britain* is free."

Though

Though *Envy*, *Detraction*, and *Jealouſy* rage,
Still *Fox* ſhines the *glory* and *pride* of his age:
Succeſs and fair *Fame* all his counſels attend;
His *Prince*'s beſt *ſubject*, his *country*'s beſt *friend*.
Then let us, unanimous, join to ſupport
The man who is honeſt, in ſpite of the *Court*;
And, as *freemen* deſerving in *freedom* to live,
Our hearts, hands, and voices, to *Fox* let us give.
" He's loyal, he's noble, he's choſen to be
" The *Champion of Britain*, whilſt *Britain* is free."

The attempts of ribaldry againſt the Ducheſs of Devonſhire are ſo truly wretched, that one cannot help mixing a degree of pity with the indignation we naturally feel againſt the writers.—The following Apoſtrophe, from ſome lines addreſſed to her Grace about four years ſince, are at this ſeaſon very applicable:—

" O! BOW, ye tranſgreſſors, in penitence bend;
" Againſt ſuch perfection, what ſin to offend!
" Yet ſee—in the brightneſs which darts from her eyes,
" With beauty's mild luſtre her clemency flies!
" That ſmile, juſt diſplay'd, to the ſoul has expreſt
" The happy compoſure that reigns in her breaſt!"

SONNET.

By T. WARWICK, LL.B.

TO paint the morn diffus'd on yonder cheek,
And catch the noon-beam iſſuing from that eye,
Or with that form to make the marble vie,
Such let a Reynolds or a Wilton ſeek:
Powerleſs, whate'er ſhe feel, their force to ſpeak,
The wond'ring Muſe ſhall wait in ſilence by,
Till either art, with a deſponding ſigh,
Reſign the ſteel, and own the pencil weak.
But ſhould Heaven will ſome forming hand divine
To bid one finiſh'd piece at length outſhine
The worſhip'd ſtar of Medicean fame,
Still may the poet with reflected pride,
By beauty leſs than virtue dignify'd,
In ſocial ſtrains a CAVENDISH proclaim.

STANZAS *to a* LADY.

WITH A PRESENT OF A FOX'S BRUSH.

RIBBANDS, till now, have e'er prevail'd,
To ſhow each female's free Election,
The *bruſh*, on front of hat reveal'd,
Evinces now the heart's direction.

Farewell the loom, this *plume* employ,
Which nature's finer hand has wove;
And may the emblematic toy
Succeſsful as your wiſhes prove.

To her Grace of D———.

WITH beauteous twins, ſweet looks inſpiring love,
And charms, which might the hearts of Cyclops move:
When great Latona, good and fair like you,
Her thirſt to quench, to the clear waters drew.
A ruſtic band, not fit on earth to dwell,
With ſavage rage the goddeſs did repel;
But Jove, incens'd, prone to avenge the wrong,
In fens to croak, quick doom'd the impious throng.
So when of late, to ſerve an injur'd friend,
From your bright ſphere you vouchſaf'd to deſcend,
Nor bluſh'd to aſk a boon with that ſweet voice,
Which ever makes the ſuppliant rejoice,
Monſters, 'tis ſaid, ſurely the moſt abject,
Did offer inſult, where they ow'd reſpect!
How comes it, then, the gods their ire ſuppreſs'd,
Why from *man's form* ſuch miſcreants not diveſt?
The reaſon's plain, ſince 'tis an obvious truth,
Each guilty wretch is far below the brute.

T****X.

A LYRIC LOVE EPISTLE,

(*Found in a* CONVENT *at* PARIS.)

Tune—*Oh! my kitten, my kitten.*

OH! my P——y, my P——y,
And oh! my P——y, my dear-a,
Such a fine huſband as I
You can't find far or near-a.
Though the taxes go up, up, up,
And the funds all go down, down, down-a,
And the rats they run backward and forward,
And my head it runs round, round, round-a.

Tho'

Tho' Sir Cecil begins to look queer,
And once more thinks of turning his coat,
Since he's got no more guards in his rear,
And his ſailors, alas! cannot vote.
And tho' taxes, &c.

Yet ſoon on my foes I ſhall thunder—
The Whigs ſhall all ſhrink from my rage,
And the people ſhall view us with wonder,
When our Cabinets all come of age.
Tho' the taxes, &c.

I can talk of my candour and truth,
With Jack W——s and D——s at my heels;
'Twas the leaſt of the tricks of my youth,
To make T—— purloin his own ſeals.
Tho' the taxes, &c.

For the B——ps I've canting and pray'rs
For the people I've nonſenſe and beer;
Oh! when I climb'd up the *Back Stairs*,
I took the right ſow by the ear.
Tho' the taxes, &c.

Then haſte to become a fine bride,
From the gloom of a Convent emerging;
In me you may ſafely confide,
For I, like yourſelf, am a virgin!
Now the taxes, &c.

I M P R O M P T U,

By one of the new L—DS *of the* T——Y, *being his firſt attempt at poetry.*

Tune,—*Little Jack Horner.*

WHILE little W—ll P—tt,
Sat picking a bit,
The Grocers ſtood ſtaring by;
He put in his thumb,
And pull'd out a plumb,
Oh! what a good boy was I!

A S O N G.

Tune—*Get ye gone raw head and bloody bones*

OH Sir *Cecil*, Sir *Cecil*,
And oh Sir *Cecil*, my deary,
What a ſad thing it is,
That *Charly* will not fear ye;

Tho' ſupported by *Pitt*,
And all from *Buckingham-houſe*;
Yet *Pitt* and *Jack Churchill* together,
Is nothing to *honeſt Sam Houſe*.
Fal, de ral, &c.

You ſtarted with *Hood*, the Bombaſter,
That man of ſelf-reputation,
Determin'd at once to pull down
Charles Fox the ſupport of the nation.
With a mob of ſailors from *Wapping*,
With *Jackſon*, the ſcrub of the Duke,
But *Paddy* ſoon ſent them a packing
With cudgels of *Liberty Oak*.
Fal, de ral, &c.

You poll'd both horſe-guards and foot;
The ſcullions and pimps of the Court;
Every ſtall from the mews ſent a vote;
Oh! was not this very fine ſport:
E'en *Jack Wilkes*, that wicked blaſphemer,
And Juſtice their benches forſook,
All running with *Bond* at their head,
By command of *Northumberland*'s Duke,
Fal, de ral, &c.

While *Devon*'s bright Ducheſs ſupports us,
The *Waldegraves* and all the fair tribe;
We have nothing to fear from Dame *H——t*,
For faith ſhe has nothing to bribe,
Her cheeks are blown up like a Bacchus,
Encruſted with plaiſter and paint,
Her breath is high ſcented with garlick;
Oh! ye Gods, how her ſtinks make me faint.
Fal, de ral, &c.

Here's a health to the fair *Britiſh* dames,
Who ſo nobly *Charles Fox* have ſupported.
He is now at the head of the poll,
And Sir *Cecil* is fairly outvoted;
Let *Portland* the Miniſter be,
And ſo all the Tories be bit,
Huzza! for the MAN of the PEOPLE,
And down with prerogative *Pitt*.
Fal, de ral, &c.

The TRIUMPH *of* FREEDOM.

To the Tune of—*Ceaſe, rude Boreas, bluſt'ring Railer.*

HARK! the joyful news is come, boys,
Now the day is all our own:
Sound the trumpet, beat the drum, boys!
Spread the tidings through the town,

Wray

Wray ſubmits to Freedom's thunder,
Secret Influence gives way;
Let it ſtrike the world with wonder!
Fox, my lads, now wins the day.

Then let Fox's name reſound, boys,
Loud his victory proclaim:
Freedom's Sons all England round, boys,
All revere his honour'd name.

All ſubmit to Freedom's thunder,
Freedom's Sons will ne'er give way,
Till the Courtiers all knock under,
And to freedom yield the day.

Fill the Glaſs; I'll give the toaſt, boys!
Hang the wretch, whoſe ſecret views
Point againſt our country's boaſt, boys,
Fox, the man that freemen chooſe.

All ſhall yield to Freedom's thunder;
Traitors, like Sir *Judas Wray*,
Ever forc'd to truckle under,
Shall to freedom yield the day.

To the PATRIOTIC CHURCHILL!!!!

THE Committee's ſo *grip'd* at a certain *Hotel*,
That 'tis thought there will ſoon be no *Jalap* to ſell:
And if they don't quickly decamp from that ſtation,
'Tis judg'd it will end in a *mortification!*

Then good Maſter *Churchill*, come down from your *chair*,
For your infamy ſwells by continuing there!
Your *raving* and *ranting*, will never prevail;
You are too far behind, to catch Fox by the *tail*.

Your triumph was *ſhort*, and your *laurels are faded*,
Your forces are ſpent, and your *tarriers jaded:*
Reynard he is too old, and too wiſe to be caught,
By *prerogative* hounds which a *junto* has bought.

Our *Weſtminſter*, *London*, and *Norwich ſucceſſes*,
Are a glorious *comment* on your boaſted *Addreſſes*;
The returns of theſe cities muſt dreadfully ſting,
A *young Pitt*, an *old* Bute, and an *obſtinate* K——.

PADDY's

PADDY's FAREWELL *to Sir* CECIL.

A NEW SONG.

To the Tune of—*Shelin a Gary.*

SIR Cecil be aiſy, I won't be unſhivil,
Now the Man of the Paple is choſe in your ſtead;
From ſwate Covent Garden you're flung to the Divil,
By Jaſus, Sir Cecil, you've bodder'd your head.
Fa ra lal, &c.

To be ſure much avail to you all your fine ſpaiches,
'Tis nought but palaver, my honey, my dear,
While all Charly's voters ſtick to him like laiches,
A friend to our liberties and our *ſmall beer*.
Fa ra lal, &c.

Lord Pompey Mountmorres! what brought you from Dublin?
Your arrand at Wiſtmiſter no crater knows!
Sure you try'd once before here the town to make troubl'in,
Ah now! make no diſturbance—but pace and repoſe!
Fa ra lal, &c.

The Ladies ſo ſwate and ſo pritty in London,
Bedizen'd with ribbands like any fine Jay,
They'll conſent (will they ſo?) that the town ſhall be undone,
By chooſing a Mimbir like Sir Cecil Wray.
Fa ra lal, &c.

They ſays Moder Hobart ſhe loves a ſhelelagh,
An Iriſh ſhelelagh that's fit for the fair;
Oh! tunder aud ouns! what the Divil could ail her,
To vote for a baiſt that creaps up the *Back Stair?*
Fa ra lal, &c.

'Tis ſtrange that ſo ould ſhe would be ſo miſtaken,
Her years ſhould have learnt her more cunning than that,
Helliſh like, when the pretty *young maids* he's forſaken,
He'll put up at laſt with a fuſty ould cat.
Fa ra lal, &c.

Ah now! pray let no jontleman priſſent take this ill,
By my truth, Pat ſhall niver uſe unſhivil wards;
But my varſe ſure muſt plaiſe, which the name of Sir Cecil
Hands down to oblivion's lateſt recards.
Fa ra lal, &c.

If myſhelf with the tongue of a Prophet is gifted,
Oh! I ſees in a twinkling the Knight's latter ind!
Tow'rds the varge of his life dev'liſh high he'll be lifted
And after his death, never fear, he'll deſcind.
Fa ra lal, &c.

SONG.

SONG.

Tune—*Come then all ye ſocial powers.*

COME each free-born *Briton*, come
Exerciſe your *Charter*;
Strike each *lordly* tyrant dumb,
Who would your *freedoms* barter.

CHORUS.

To FOX our votes we'll freely give,
True friends he'll ever find us;
Whilſt *Wray*, who lives but to *deceive*,
We'll kick and caſt behind us.

See the *Judas*, how he droops!
Tho' *Kings* and *Lords* befriend him
Home let him go to ſup his ſoups,
And may *Starvation* end him!

CHORUS.

To FOX our votes we'll freely give
True friends he'll ever find us
Whilſt *Wray*, who lives but to *deceive*,
We'll kick and caſt behind us.

To *Hood* we nothing do object,
He fought to ſave the nation;
And ſtill we wiſh him to protect
His well-earn'd reputation.

CHORUS.

But this his Lordſhip cannot keep,
Unleſs he quits his *crony*;
For thoſe who herd with ſcabbed ſheep,
Muſt catch *infection*-ee.

See *Northumbria*'s crambling Lord,
Go ſneaking to the Court, Sir,
Where he to *Cæſar* gives his word,
That *Wray* he will ſupport, Sir.

CHORUS.

But, O my Duke, you're ſadly out,
In all your expectations;
Much you've put yourſelf about,
For nought but keen vexations.

Since notwithſtanding all your weight,
Your *Bailiff* and his men, Sir.
Great FOX we nobly reinſtate,
We vote him in again, Sir.

CHORUS.

To him our ſuffrages we'll give,
'Tis FOX again we'll *chair*, Sir;
Your Grace ſhall ne'er make us deceive
The man who acts ſo fair, Sir.

Aſtoniſhed *Newcaſtle* ſtares,
To find his plans miſcarry;
At *Jackſon* now he ſtamps and ſwears,
And *damns* him to *Old Harry*.

CHORUS.

But who the devil cares, good *Duke*,
For you or for your *Peerage*;
Britons will their *Kings* rebuke,
If *Butes* ſit in the *ſteerage*.

Poor *Churchill* now on drugs may dine,
They'll keep him from the vapours;
The thief is ſick as any ſwine
Of his *Election capers*.

CHORUS.

Let *Wray* and him on *ſpiders* live,
With *beer* that's *ſmall* and *flat*, Sir;
Ought elſe *Sir Cecil* ne'er will give
To make his ſervants fat, Sir.

Then ſing to FOX, that *jolly dog*,
Who ever will be giving
Beef and pudding, ale and grog,
Or ſome ſuch *damn'd good living*.

CHORUS.

In bumpers full come drink his health,
'Tis *noble* to ſupport him;
He's *honeſt* tho' he *has not wealth*,
And thus I do report him.

Fair DEVONSHIRE be next our toaſt,
That *beſt* of human creatures,
Of ENGLAND'S FAIR, the pride and boaſt!
For *virtue*, *form*, and *features*.

CHORUS.

To her the ſong exalted raiſe!
Be it like her divine Sirs!
Each BRITON join to ſing her praiſe!
'Twill *ſanctify* our *wine* Sirs!

'Tho' *ſlander*, *malice*, *envy* ſtrive,
To wound this boaſt of nature;
Her *innocence* ſhall e'er ſurvive,
And *virtue* e'er await her.

CHORUS.

Th' envenom'd ſhaft in vain ſhall fly,
Fair *virtue* will protect her;
The *ſhield* of TRUTH ſhall blunt each *lie*,
And foil each baſe *detractor*.

J. H.

A NEW

A NEW SONG.

Tune—*See the conquering Hero comes.*

SEE your *fav'rite Hero* comes,
Sound your fifes and beat your drums,
Slaves may make deſpotic ſtrides,
But manly worth triumphant rides.

In this great and glorious fight,
Juſtice ſoon ſhall ſet us right,
Venal ſouls and *treacherous* hearts,
Soon ſhall meet their juſt deſerts.

To redreſs an injured land
By your *Champion* firmly ſtand,
Truth will in the end decree,
" *Fox* is crown'd with *victory*."

View yon hireling miſcreant throng,
Led by a *Coachman's ſilver* thong,
But *Freedom*'s Sons will *Fox* ſupport,
Againſt a *ſilly tool of Court*.

Huzza! Fox and LIBERTY!
No JUDAS! No JACKSON!

A NEW SONG *on the* WESTMINSTER ELECTION, *in praiſe of* SAM HOUSE'S *aſſiduous Canvaſs*, &c.

To the Tune of—*Hark the Sound of the Drum.*

SEE the friends of brave Fox, to the Huſtings now flocks,
Noble hearts thus united ſo clever;
'Tis with joy now we ſay, it's all over with Wray,
Fox and Liberty, now boys, for ever, for ever, for ever!
Fox and Liberty, now boys, for ever!

See the brave Sammy Houſe, he's as ſtill as a mouſe,
And does canvaſs with prudence ſo clever;
See what ſhoals with him flocks, to poll for brave Fox,
Give thanks to Sam Houſe, boys, for ever, for ever, for ever!
Give thanks to Sam Houſe, boys, for ever!

Brave bald-headed Sam, all muſt own is the man,
Who does canvaſs for brave Fox ſo clever;
His averſion, I ſay, is to *ſmall beer and Wray!*
May his bald head be honour'd for ever, for ever, for ever!
May his bald head be honour'd for ever!

Like Cæſar ſo bold, he will not be controul'd,
Fox will ſurely eſteem him for ever;
Which is due of courſe unto brave Sammy Houſe,
For his head ſhall be crown'd like a Cæſar, a Cæſar, a Cæſar.
For his head ſhall be crown'd like a Cæſar.

Sam's goodneſs is known all over the town,
Tho' an oddity, ſtill he is clever;
It's for his honeſt heart, where dreſs has no part,
Fox will thank Sam, and love him for ever, for ever, for ever!
Fox will thank Sam, and love him for ever!

The Editors of this Work return moſt grateful thanks to the Gentleman who tranſmitted to them the following pointed compoſition. We perfectly agree with our obliging correſpondent in his opinion, reſpecting the Authorſhip: It carries with it in every line indubitable marks of its legitimacy. None but the witty writer of the celebrated BABY and NURSE SONG *could have compoſed the one we here preſent to the public, as a correct and undoubted original. The only copy ever given out of the Author's hand, is at preſent in our poſſeſſion.*

SONG.

*BILLY's TOO YOUNG TO DRIVE US.

IF life's a rough journey as moraliſts tell,
Engliſhmen ſure made the beſt on't:
On this ſpot of the earth, they bade liberty dwell,
While ſlavery holds all the reſt on't;
They thought the beſt ſolace for labour and care,
Was a ſtate independent and free, Sir;
And, this thought, tho' a curſe that no tyrant can bear,
Is the *bleſſing* of you and of me, Sir.
Then while through this whirlabout journey we reel,
We'll keep unabus'd the beſt bleſſing we feel,
And watch ev'ry turn of the politic wheel—
Billy's too young to drive us.

The car of Britannia we all muſt allow,
Is ready to crack with its load, Sir;
And wanting the hand of experience, will now
Moſt ſurely break down on the road, Sir;
Then muſt we poor paſſengers quietly wait,
To be cruſh'd by this miſchievous ſpark, Sir;
Who drives *a damn'd job* in the carriage of ſtate,
And got up like a thief in the dark, Sir.
Then while through this whirlabout, &c. &c.

They ſay that his judgment is mellow and pure,
And his principles virtue's own type, Sir,
I believe, from my ſoul, he's a ſon of a w——e,
And his judgment more rotten than ripe, Sir.
For, all that he boaſts of, what is it in truth?
But that mad with ambition and pride, Sir,
He 's the vices of age, for the follies of youth,
And a damn'd deal of cunning beſide, Sir.
Then while through this whirlabout, &c. &c.

The

The ſquires, whoſe reaſon ne'er reaches a ſpan,
Are all with this prodigy ſtruck, Sir;
And cry, "it's a crime not to vote for a man,
"Who's as chaſte as a baby at ſuck, Sir;"
But pray let me aſk, had his virtue prevail'd,
What ſoul wou'd to heaven come near, Sir?
Not one—for the whole generation had fail'd,
And God's creatures had never been here, Sir.
Then while through this whirlabout, &c. &c.

It's true, he 's a pretty good gift of the gab,
And was taught by his dad on a ſtool, Sir;
But tho' at a ſpeech he's a bit of a dab,
In the ſtate he's a bit of a tool, Sir;
For Billy's pure love for his country was ſuch,
He agreed to become the cat's paw, Sir;
And ſits at the helm, while its turn'd by the touch
Of a reprobate fiend of the law, Sir.
Then while through this whirlabout, &c. &c.

Tho' reaſon united a North and a Fox,
The world of this junction complain, Sir;
But what's that to *his* who join'd with a pox,
To the cabinet pimp of the thane, Sir;
Who ſold to a highflying Jacobite gang,
The credit of Chatham's great name, Sir;
That, pleas'd, we might hear a young puppet harangue,
While J—nk-nſ-n plays the old game, Sir.
Then while through this whirlabout, &c. &c.

They ſay his fine parts are a mighty good prop
To puſh up Britannia's affairs, Sir;
But we all of us know, tho' he *ſtands* at her top,
Her bottom will die in deſpair, Sir;
Then with freemen who on a fair bottom would tread,
Here's a toaſt that I'm ſure will prevail, Sir;
BRITANNIA! and *may he ne'er ſtand at her head,*
Who never can ſtand at her tail, Sir!
Then while through this whirlabout, &c. &c.

A NEW SONG.

Tune—*Rule, Britannia.*

HARK! I hear a well known voice,
Say, Britain ſhall be great and free,
Her fame ſhall riſe, her ſons rejoice,
And preſent times recorded be.
Hail! fair goddeſs, 'tis Britons ſing of thee,
Thou guardian of our Liberty

Deign to accept the homage due,
For interference in a cauſe,
When ſinking low we look to you,
To ſend us one to guard our laws.
Hail! &c.

Thy gracious favours we receive,
Thy choice of Fox we will hold dear;
For Liberty he'll never leave,
For thine's the cauſe he does hold dear.
Hail! fav'rite, hail! for ever may'ſt thou be
Protector of our Liberty.

Let Faction reign and Diſcord rule,
Thou ſtill ſhalt riſe and bloſſom fair,
While every ſervile courtly tool,
Is wither'd with thy rip'ning air.
Hail! choice of Freedom, for ever may'ſt thou be
The champion of, &c.

Britons, aſſiſt the glorious cauſe,
Exert and ſhew you ſtill are brave;
'Tis Freedom's call protects your laws
And ſhews the world you are not ſlaves.
Hail! choice of Freedom, &c.

A NEW SONG.

Tune—*Hearts of Oak.*

COME chear up, my lads, 'tis to Freedom we ſteer;
No tyrant dictators ſhall manage us here;
No more ſhall they ſend vile dependents on Court,
The birth-right of Britons they ne'er will ſupport:
United by *Freedom*, in *freedom* remain;
See! *Fox* ſtill is ready,
To our cauſe ever ſteady;
Huzza! we'll elect him again, and again.

Since firſt we adopted THE FOX as our choice,
To injure the nation he ne'er lent his voice:
His unſhaken heart, ſtout, manly, and bold,
Could ne'er be corrupted our cauſe to have ſold:
United by *Freedom*, &c.

Nor ſtruggling, nor anxious for power, or place;
Nor penſion, nor promiſe, his ſoul can diſgrace;
By firmneſs and principle, form'd to withſtand
The monſter Corruption, that threatens the land:
United by *Freedom*, &c.

Our

Our laws he'll defend, and our rights he'll protect,
Nor vote as a *Back Stairs* Cabal ſhall direct;
The *Commons* once more ſhall their honour regain,
And *Liberty's triumph* efface ev'ry ſtain.
United by *Freedom*, &c.

Let the tall lanky knight now ſkulk home to his den,
Deſpis'd by all orders and claſſes of men;
I'd prefer the bold villain that takes the highway,
To the ſlave who his friend, or his truſt, would betray.
Such wretches are foes to fair *Freedom* and *Fame*,
But *Fox* ſtill is ready,
To our cauſe ever ſteady;
Huzza! we'll elect him again, and again!

A NEW SONG,

Tune,—*Let the Toaſt paſs, &c.*

TO Sir Cecil's defeat let us tune a new ſong,
Tho' much it may ſtir up his gall, Sir,
For it plainly appears that it cannot be long,
Before his pride meets with a fall, Sir.
Then may each of us ſay,
May the devil take Wray,
And Charly and Liberty carry the day.

Into every ſtall and in every cell,
Sir Cecil keeps thruſting his noſe, Sir,
But the Weſtminſter folks ſay the devil in hell,
Is as welcome wherever he goes, Sir.
Then let, &c.

To FOX and to Freedom we give our ſupport,
Every Engliſhman feels it his duty,
When their cauſe is attack'd by the pow'r of the Court,
And defended by Virtue and Beauty.
Then let, &c.

Fair *Devon*' all good Engliſh hearts muſt approve,
And the *Waldegraves* (God bleſs their ſweet faces)
The Ducheſs ſhe looks like the ſweet queen of love,
And they like the three ſiſter graces.
Then let, &c.

But behold Mrs. Ho—t with *mouth* like a dike,
And bloated cheeks daub'd very foul, Sir,
To one of the fair ſex in truth ſhe's as like,
As Venus is like to an owl, Sir.
Then let, &c.

Such a maſs of fat blubber to canvaſs our votes,
'Tis indeed a moſt impudent freak, Sir,
Why her fleſh hangs as looſe as our ragged great coats,
And her face it is like a beef ſteak, Sir,
Then let, &c.

Much rather than come in the ſame pair of ſheets,
With ſuch a coarſe huge piece of lumber,
By G—d I'd conſent to lie in the ſtreets,
All night in the month of December.
Then let, &c.

But who is that Doctor kicks up ſuch a duſt,
And for HOOD and WRAY roars like a Stentor?
Sure the *great* Lord Mahon has not lungs more robuſt,
And can hardly be much eloquenter.
Then let, &c.

Would you think it, my boys, it's C—h—ll the Quack,
The chymiſt and apothecary,
Who now, like Sir Cecil, on FOX turns his back,
And becomes his avow'd adverſary.
Then let, &c.

The ſtone that to gold turns all things at will,
It is well known that chymiſts will crave, Sir,
But gold it is plain can with eaſier ſkill,
The chymiſt turn into a knave, Sir.
Then let, &c.

But ſee how ſuperbly all over the town,
Drawn along in a fine gilded chariot,
N————'s Duke rattles up ſtreet and down,
A bribing for Judas Iſcariot.
Then let, &c.

Old Hugh is moſt gracious to all that he meets,
And tips ev'ry lodger a wink, Sir,
Tho' he leaves fifty beggars to ſtarve in the ſtreets,
A bad vote gets a guinea to drink, Sir.
Then let, &c.

To the will of the Court we are told to conſent,
And never to do as we pleaſe, Sir,
If we vote againſt FOX we're forgiven our rent,
Or elſe we muſt forfeit our leaſe, Sir,
Then let, &c.

Thus of freedom and rights poor Electors they chouſe,
Such ſlaves and ſuch fools we are grown, Sir,
We muſt vote a Rogue into the Parliament Houſe,
Or elſe be turn'd out of our own, Sir.
Then let, &c.

LIBERTY ELECTED; *or*, FOX *in* TRIUMPH.

NOW Liberty's Champion in triumph he comes,
Exalted, applauded, what ſhouts of the throng;
Huzza! huzza! to brave Fox now huzza!
It enlivens the heart of each true Britiſh ſoul,
So chair him all day, and at night quaff a bowl,
And toaſt Freedom and Fox in a bumper,
A bumper to Charly, huzza!

Such a ſtrong oppoſition there never was known,
A hungry cur, always will ſnarle for the bone;
Huzza! huzza! &c.
To ſcrutinize now they are begging, I hear,
To ſupport the poor Knight that locks up the ſmall beer.
So Freedom and Fox in a bumper,
A bumper to Charly, huzza!

Charm'd with Fox's merit, then Vict'ry flew down,
Our hero, the fav'rite of freedom, to crown.
Huzza! huzza! &c.
Surrounded with laurel, with ſeat ever green,
And wreaths of fine flowers, our champion is ſeen.
So Freedom and Fox in a bumper,
A bumper to Charly, huzza!

Thus the victor in triumph he haſtens along,
Each window is crowded, and multitudes throng.
Huzza! huzza! &c.
You'd think that the air it would rend with applauſe,
Since Charly with honour has got through the cauſe.
Then Freedom and Fox in a bumper,
A bumper to Charly, huzza!

Not one in the Senate ſo able to ſit,
As that man who has eloquence, honour, and wit.
Huzza! huzza! &c.
Fox he is the man, and we'll on him depend,
He'll not ſtarve an old ſoldier to ſerve his own end;
Then Freedom and Fox in a bumper,
A bumper to Charly, huzza!

To Mr. C. J. F O X.—By a FRENCHMAN.

OH puiſſe tu, le Ciceron de l'Angleterre,
Par Weſtminſter etre elu de nouveau:
Vu ton patriotiſme et ſi noble et ſi fier,
Le vray Anglois attend d'eux ce cadeau.

The DUCHESS ACQUITTED: *Or, The* TRUE CAUSE *of the* MAJORITY *on the* WESTMINSTER ELECTION.

SOME ſtrive to wound the virtuous name
Of De—n——re's, Dun——n's fame,
Thoſe beauteous, peerleſs pair;
And all the toiling earneſt throng,
Let's celebrate in tuneful ſong,
The brunette and the fair.

When charms conſpire, and join their aid,
What mortal man is not afraid?
Who can unmov'd remain?
What heart is ſafe, whoſe vote ſecure,
When urg'd by the reſiſtleſs pow'r
Of Venus and her train?

Let Slander, with her haggard eye,
No more blaſpheme with hideous cry
Th' indefatigable dame.
'Twas Venus in diſguiſe, 'tis ſaid,
Theſe efforts thro' the town diſplay'd,
And her's alone the blame.

Than beauty's force and mighty pow'r,
Than charms exerted ev'ry hour,
What greater cauſe of fear?
Firm reſolution melts away,
At beauty's ſo ſuperior ſway,
And Falſehood ſeems as fair.

The heart that ſtill retain'd love's fire,
Unchill'd by age, warm with deſire,
Could not reſiſt their ſway;
'Twas this rais'd Fox's numbers higher,
This did the tardy votes inſpire—
Ah! poor Sir Cecil Wray!

Some ſay falſe arts and baſe chicane;
Some Spitalfields accuſe in vain;
Who could have ſuch withſtood?
Ev'n Wray himſelf, if ſo careſs'd,
The mighty influence had confeſs'd,
It own'd had been by Hood.

Let no one dare, with lips profane,
Fair De—n——re or others ſtain;
The influence is divine.
The fault, if any, let them place
To Venus, her ſeductive grace,
And her redoubted ſhrine.

F O X *and* L I B E R T Y.

Tune—*Come, ye lads who wiſh to ſhine.*

COME, ye ſons of Freedom, come,
Repair unto the banner,
Where Liberty erects her head,
And points the path of Honour.
"*Chuſe my fav'rite FOX,*" ſhe cries,
"*The Champion of Old Albion:*
"*He always will protect our rights,*
"*Againſt the Court's intruſion.*"

Boldly puſh, the cauſe maintain,
Nor heed the threats of power,
For ſpirits firm and hearts of oak,
Will dare each adverſe hour.
Then for FOX, my lads, huzza! &c.

What tho' new Peers like muſhrooms riſe,
T' attend Corruption's ſummons,
And *Wilkes* ſupports Prerogative,
To trample on the *Commons.*
Yet, ſteady, we'll for FOX huzza! &c.

Shall *Judas,* who betrays his friend,
E'er tax the fair to ruin?
Or gain his midnight back-ſtairs end,
Our freedom's fame undoing?
No—ſtill for FOX we will huzza! &c.

Then Britons come, intrepid ſouls,
Succeſs crowns our endeavour,
For FOX, and LOVE and LIBERTY,
Shall be our theme for ever.
Huzza for FOX, my lads, huzza!
The Champion of Old Albion:
He always will protect our rights,
Againſt the Courts intruſion.

Te veniente diæ, te decente canebat.

WERE I to write, no man ſhould grace the page,
But her's—the jewel of the preſent age;
In every ſentence, and in every line,
The virtues of a Devonſhire ſhould ſhine;
That noble heroine, in prime of life,
The tender'ſt parent, and th' endearing wife!
With dignity as far as rank requires,
In mercy lib'ral, chaſte in her deſires;
Her eye ne'er ſwells with precedence of place,
Nor ſpurns at ſeeing others in diſgrace;

Free and familiar to all worthy friends,
Still complaiſant, without ſiniſter ends:
No way affected, or elate by youth,
Decent when gay, and modeſt ev'n in truth;
Such conduct renders her acquaintance bleſt;
While her lov'd Lord reigns ſovereign in her breaſt,
With all that's pure to captivate the heart,
Beauty itſelf ſhares not the loweſt part.

Though birth and riches in conjunction ſtrove,
In vain, to inſpire or increaſe his love;
Prudence and conſtancy together join'd,
To fix its root ſtill deeper in his mind,
No fancy'd rival with contempt he meets,
In Chatſworth gardens, or in London ſtreets;
With perfect ſatisfaction ever bleſt,
Joyful he riſes, or lies down to reſt.

By this example, Ladies, learn to live,
And taſte that bliſs that you were deign'd to give;
Females, no more arraign Eve's fatal fall,
Daughters, wives, mothers, may be happy all.
This am I bound in conſcience to declare,
I have no intereſt to ſoothe the fair:
When eighty years announce approaching death,
'Tis time ſincerity ſhould cloſe my breath. *

The humble Petition of Sir CECIL WRAY,

SHEWETH,

THAT your Petitioner, on mature reflection,
Moſt humbly conceives he ſhall loſe his Election,
And the expence being greater than he's able to bear,
He fervently prays that you'll all pay a ſhare
To Bankers, their names in the papers you'll find,
Who the ſmalleſt donations to receive are inclin'd.
He wou'd not ſolicit ſo much for your aid,
But ſupplies muſt be had when a ſcrutiny's made;
Tho' his hopes are but ſlight to get ſuch ſcrutineers,
And ſet aſide numbers ſo great as appears,
Yet the money ſubſcrib'd of great uſe will be found,
And your Petitioner will pray, as in duty he's bound.

* We have inſerted the above ſtanzas merely for their well-meaning, and believe the writer, at the age of 80, ſeems to have ſpoke from his heart. They are certainly inelegant, but a kind of patriarchal honeſty and affection runs through the whole of the compoſition, and ſeems to ſay with the Pſalmiſt, "Old and young, praiſe "ye the virtues of a DEVONSHIRE!"

The following curious Specimens of Proſe verſified *(for we cannot give the productions the name of* Poetry*) are ſaid to have been wrote by Sir Cecil Wray. Impartiality however, obliges us to declare, We do not think ſuch peurile compoſition could ever have been wrote by that Gentleman; his education having been liberal, and his knowledge of language univerſally admitted.—With this apology we ſhall give them to our readers as copied verbatim from the Newſpapers.*

To CELIA, (*now Lady* WRAY) *on powdering her hair. Extempore.*

THY locks, I trow, fair maid,
Don't never want this aid:
Wherefore thy powder ſpare,
And only *comb* thy hair.

To Sir JOSEPH MAWBEY, *propoſing a party to go a fiſhing for White Bait*

Worthy Sir *Joe*, we all are wiſhing,
You'd come with us a White Bait fiſhing.

On ſeeing a Lady Bird fly off CELIA's *neck, after having perched on it for many minutes.*

—I thought (God bleſs my ſoul!)
Yon lady bird her mole—
I thought—but devil take the thing,
It prov'd my error—took to wing—

A thought on NEW MILK.

Oh! how charming is new milk!
Sweet as ſugar—ſmooth as ſilk!

Familiar Verſes, addreſſed to two Young Gentlemen at the Hounſlow Academy.

Take notice, roguelings, I prohibit,
Your walking underneath yon gibbet:
Have you not heard, my little ones,
Of *Raw Head and Bloody Bones?*
How do you know, but that there fellow,
May ſtep down quick, and you up ſwallow?

Verſes on my own Horſe, juſt after hunting in the manner of Jeb's Horſe.

WITH aged fire, and youthful vigour ſtrung,
My horſe's nerves have made his ſinews ſtrong;
The ſweat has oil'd his limbs—he's ſwift of courſe;
Oh! my brave, my fleet, my hunting horſe.

On CELIA *killing a Flea.*

Thou great epitome of little death, all hail!
How bleſt thy fate beneath my Celia's lovely nail.
No more thou'lt ſkip from ſheet to ſheet alive and well,
The fair one's nail and finger toll'd thy paſſing bell.

N. B. The alluſion here to the noiſe made by the animal's ſudden death, is beautifully deſcriptive of a paſſing bell. Sir Cecil's knowledge of ancient hiſtory appears from the following:—

LOVE.

Cybele loved Atys, Attes, or Attine,
He was a boy, and took the name of Pine;
Chaſte was his heart—inviolate as mine.

In her Temple, whoever touch'd garlic ne'er enter'd,
But Bacchus's rites in that Temple were center'd.
Atys forgot his vow, and ſuch his fatal fate,
That by himſelf he made himſelf *emaſculate*.
So thus the Goddeſs, with a love like mine,
In pity turned the ſaid Atys to a Pine.

N. B. It is a known fact, that the Temple of Cybele was never profaned, that it was opened not by hands, but prayers, and that none were permitted to enter who had taſted garlic. A knowledge of the Heathen Gods gives a Poet command over the moſt beautiful paſſages in Profane Hiſtory.

The following claims the reader's attention. It poſſeſſes great merit.

ON POLITICS.

Pitt, thou champion in thy country's virtuous cauſe,
Thou brave defender of her rights, her freedom, laws;
See how the crowd in thee begin to recollect thy fire,
As Ovid boldly tells us with his fine poetic fire.

——"*ſed enim cognoſcit amatas*
" *Amnis aquas; poſſitoque viri, quod ſumpſerat, ore,*
" *Vertitus in proprias, ut ſe illi miſceat, undas.*"

The River his beloved waters knew,
And, putting off the aſſumed ſhape of man,
Reſumes his own, and in a current ran.

On a BLACK SOW *with a Litter of* THIRTEEN PIGS.

TO the head of that ſow, what a back, chine *(a)*, and tail *(b)*,
Here, John, bring to Porkey *(c)* ſome milk and ſome meal;
Deſire your miſtreſs, and Patty *(d)* my couſin,
To come look at the mother and her baker's *(e)* dozen.
How ſweet is the ſmell of the ſtraw in her ſtye *(f)*!
It is a mixture of oaten, of wheaten, and rye.

NOTES.

(a) The chine is always conſidered the niceſt part of the pork, either roaſted or boiled, and is monſtrous fine eating when the Norfolk turkies are in ſeaſon.

(b) The tail of a little roaſted pig is a nice morſel.

(c) Porkey was the ſow's name.

(d) Patty is an abbreviation of the Chriſtian name Martha. Patty contains but five letters, and Martha has ſix.

(e) A baker's dozen is thirteen.

(f) Stye is the name of a place where hogs, pigs, and ſows are uſually kept. I differed with my friend Sir Joſeph, who always kept his hogs without any ſtraw, and they lay on the bare pavement.

Call

Call out my Lord Lungs *(g)* and his half-brother Billy
And the Lady in blue that came down in the dilly;
And aſk the two men, with the grey powder'd wigs,
To come out and behold my fine litter of pigs.
What an eye has this fat little creature indeed!
But no wonder at that, 'tis the true Chineſe *(h)* breed.
This black one I'll ſend to Northumberland's *(i)* Duke,
The white one's beſpoke by my dear couſin Suke *(k)*;
Another muſt go to Churchill *(l)*, that's ſettled,
Or Churchill will be moſt damnably nettled.
Number four, five and ſix, and ſeven and eight,
Muſt be ſent up to Wood's *(m)*, for the Committee Fete;
And the man that is killed *(n)* ſhould certainly dine,
If he had not been killed, on the pig number nine.
Eleven and twelve to Chelſea *(o)* I'll ſend,
I think to the chaplain, and he'll be my friend.
Thirteen my dear wife has told me ſhe means
To dreſs here at home, with ſage *(p)* chopp'd in the brains;
And the belly *(q)*, ſhe ſays, ſhall be ſtuffed with ſweet things,
With pruins and currants—a diſh fit for Kings;
And egg *(r)* ſauce we will have, and potatoes *(s)* and butter,
And we'll eat till neither one word more can we utter.

IMPROMPTU *on* CLORA's SINGING.

[*Written ſoon after the Author had been admitted to the honorary Degree of* A. M.]

(t) WHO's that—that ſets my heart a bobbing,
With note more ſweet than *Red-breaſt Robin!*
If *Clora!*—ah, how mighty cruel,
To feed *(u)* Love's flame with *vocal fuel!*

PHILOMEL.

NOTES.

(g) My Lord Lungs, ſo called from the great noiſe he always makes in the Houſe of Commons. He was once bit by a mad dog called Bullion, at the Mint, and has never been properly in his ſenſes ſince that time. I love him very much, or I ſhould not have ſent him a pig.

(h) China is a great place in the Eaſtern world, where I have never been in. But I have cups and ſaucers, and tea, and a mandarin, and two fire-ſkreens that were actually made there.

(i) Northumberland's Duke, is the Duke of Northumberland. His wife was a very good ſort of woman, and wore a fine diamond ſtomacher at the Caſtle of Dublin, when the Duke was Lord Lieutenant there.

(k) Couſin Suke is the daughter of my father's ſiſter's brother.

(l) Churchill, once a vender of medicines, now a manufacturer of votes.

(m) Wood's, a place where broth is made of meat and bones; a charnel houſe alſo for dead conſtables.

(n) Killed. The term for a body out of which the life has been taken.

(o) Chelſea, a place near Ranelagh, a great burthen to the kingdom, which I mean to have pulled down towards leſſening the national debt. By putting down this place, a parcel of uſeleſs men will die, and conſequently a great ſaving follow.

(p) Sage chopped in the brains is very common, and if the little tongue is put among them, it makes the diſh better.

(q) Belly is the place which contained the entrails, and, when ſtuffed with ſweet things, is delicious.

(r) Egg ſauce is common in Ireland with pigs.

(s) Potatoes, a vegetable ſhaped ſomething like a turnip, but more like an apple. They are ſold in Covent Garden, and the Iriſh are very fond of them.

(t) The *Eroteſis*, and *Oxymoron*, are in the firſt couplet moſt happily blended; how energetic the interrogation! how illuſtrative the ſimple articuliſed participle—*a bobbing!* The ingenious author, it is ſaid, has often lamented that the meaſure would not admit of the repetition—*a bobbing, a bobbing*—the effect of which would certainly have been prodigious!

(u) —"*Feed love's flame* with *vocal fuel!* What can be more *appoſitely oppoſite*, than the finely conceived conflagrating particles of a true lover's heart being blown into a blaze by the irreſiſtible ventilations of an harmonious pipe?

BAGA-

BAGATELLE.

On a fair LADY's *ſlipping her Foot into a Garden Canal in the vicinity of* ISLINGTON SPA.

SEE *Delia* but one falſe ſtep make,
And pop her foot in yon *(x)* ſtill lake,
Around her *(y)* toes, in *(z)* pretty pride,
The gold and ſilver fiſhes glide;
So *Venus*, dipping in the main,
Drew *(a)* ſhell and ſalt fiſh in her train!

DAMON.

Impromptu on the MURDER *of a* CONSTABLE.

GRIM viſag'd Butcher, why kill this Man of Staff?
Alas! thy death I weep indeed, indeed I do not laugh.

Another on the ſame.

THY ſkull to thy brains is now no longer a turret;
Naturam expellas furca tamen uſque recurret.

On the Ducheſs of DEVONSHIRE.

O beauteous woman, ornamental laſs,
I love thee much, but I hate thy canvaſs.

TAX *on* WOMEN SERVANTS.

Ye maidens, rejoice; believe me, on you there's no tax.
Gloria in altiſſimis Deo, in Terra Pax.

On the CIRCULATION *of the* BLOOD.

In days of old, as Scripture fairly ſhows,
We knew that through the veins red blood flows.

Nota Bene. It appears, from the following texts, that the circulation of the blood was known in the earlieſt days: "And deſire ſhall fail; becauſe man goeth to his long "home, and the mourners go about the ſtreets; or ever the ſilver cord be looſed, or "the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel "broken at the ciſtern." Eccleſ. cap. xii. 5th, 6th, and 7th verſes.

(x) Still lake.—The pſeudo *critics* of the day objected to this *Synecdoche*, as rather too extenſively decorative for a *cit*'s garden; but *Dionyſius Halicarnaſſus*, we truſt, would have allowed our poet to have introduced the *Pacific Ocean* itſelf, if he had thought proper, as the more lively *hypotypoſis* to dignify his ſubject.

(y) "*Toes.*"—Here, in true ſimplicity, the Engliſh Baronet evidently exce ls the moſt dignified of the ancients: *Briareus*, for example, painted by the latter with a *numerical ſhow of hands* like the *Livery of London* in Common Hall aſſembled—leaves nothing for the playfulneſs of fancy to work upon. Not ſo our bard;—when he delicately ſpeaks of *Delia*'s *toes*, he does not intruſively tell you whether ſhe had *three*, *four*, or *five* on the immerged foot; but leaves the anatomical diſpoſition of the *lovely toes* to the reader's own imagination.

(z) "*Pretty pride!*"—The aliterative beauty of *pretty pride* muſt ſtrike the moſt careleſs peruſer.

(a) "*Shell and ſalt fiſh.*"—This diſcrimination is deſervedly admired by the naturaliſts, as diſplaying a *piſcatory* knowledge equal to the firſt-rate broker in *Billingſgate Market!*—In ſhort, it were needleſs to particularize the poetical beauties of our illuſtrious author, who is an ornament to the *Britiſh Belles Lettres*, and whoſe works, when more generally read, cannot fail to be generally admired!!!

A RIDDLE.

A RIDDLE.

What is it that hath a mouth, no hands nor feet,
And yet can go, and is moſt ſwiftly fleet?
What is it that bears the name like virgin good,
And lives not in the fields, nor in the wood?
It is a fiſh, but what kind of fiſh, I ſay?
It is a MAID, and bears my very name, a WRAY.

Written at SIXTEEN *on the River* THAMES.

Let the river Iſis do what it can,
The river Tame will run as it ran.

It muſt be remarked, the *Tame* and the *Iſis* joined, produce the appellation of *Tameiſis*, now *Thames*.

On the bloody TENTH *of* MAY.

This is a day to riot dear,
This is the day for my ſmall beer,
When Conſtables attack C. Fox,
And Conſtables meet fatal knocks.

* *To* CŒLIA, *requiring a* categorical *Anſwer*.

CŒLIA, cauſe of *Nolens* woe,
Tell thy *Volens aye* or *no*,
If thou e'er wilt kinder grow.

Muſt he ever lonely *creep*?
Muſt he never ſoundly ſleep?
Muſt he ever ever weep?

Ever ever muſt he ſigh!
Never never muſt he *die!*
Ever ever wilt thou flie!

Sad, oh ſad, is *Nolens* caſe,
Much more ſad his doleful face,
Saddeſt of the human race!

Should it be his loſt election,
That has caus'd this ſtrange defection
In thy love—Oh curs'd detection!

Of thy baſeneſs! folly! pride!
Of your having thus denied
To be ruined *Volens* bride.

But, perhaps his thoughts are wrong,
You may tell him ſo e'er long,
And his days in joy prolong.

Or, alas! his tuneful breath,
Will be ſtopt by vengefull death.

* EPIGRAMATIC

*EPIGRAMATIC THOUGHTS.

WHAT is virtue? what is fame?
Fond ideas, empty air;
Friendſhip what? a ſilly name,
Gold ſhall only be my care.

C. W.

Extempore to a PORTER.

PORTER ſitting on thy ſack,
Late thy ſack has ſate on thee;
Lift it once more on thy back,
That thy ſtrength the world may ſee.

Extempore to a PIG *walking under a* RUIN.

FOOLISH pig! no longer ſtay,
O'er thee ruin hangs on high;
Quickly take thy ſelf away,
Or thy ſudden fate is nigh.

*To CŒLIA, *in excuſe for a certain Accident which happened the Author in her Company.*

CŒLIA do not ſay, O fie!
In that *wind* my love has ſpoke,
Truſt me 'twas an erring *ſigh*,
Thro' a *nether paſſage* broke.

*To the PRINTER *of the* MORNING POST.

SIR,

STEPPING, a few days ſince, into a temple of Cloacina (to whom, ſince this damned Election commenced, I pay my devotions hourly!) not many miles from the Huſtings, I ſeated myſelf upon the goddeſs's altar, reclining my head forward in a penſive mood, to think on the inſtability of human greatneſs, the *folly* of *friendſhip*, the happineſs of a penſion, the deceitful promiſes of a Miniſter, and the loſs of the little ſhare of popularity I enjoyed, (little enough, God knows, at all times, and now loſt when moſt wanted!) I thought on the diſgraceful groans, hiſſes, and curſes I ſuffered each day of my penance on the huſting'd ſtage, and was ſtung to the ſoul by the mortifying reflection. Still, however, I comforted myſelf in the hope, that, although I might be deteſted by mankind while living, yet poetic fame, eternal bays, and laurel'd *incenſe*, ſhould adorn my deathleſs name. But, immortal Phœbus, what was my ſurprize and indignation, when, taking up a paper that lay at the foot of the altar, I diſcovered the following ſeraphic Ode diſhonoured, defaced, and trampled on, by the feet of ignorant ſtupidity, and, to complete my phrenzy, imbrowned with ———!!! O! O! O! horrible! deteſtable! filthy! filthy villains!——By the ſoul of the immortal Pindar!—the lute of the love-deſponding Sapho!—the lyre of the wanton and convivial Horace!—the amorous ſhades of Ovid, Tibullus, Catullus, Gallus, Propertius, and (to deſcend to later times) the forlorn ſpectres of the ſelf-deſtroying Hammond,

mond, and Werter!—In ſhort, by all the oaths and execrations of enraged genius, I ſwear there never was,

* " Since chaos, conquer'd, ceas'd to rule the globe,"

ſuch an inſult, debaſement, or degrading affront, offered to the virgin, all-inſpiring, tuneful, and *vaſt* reſounding Nine!—by whoſe propitious inſpiration fired, beneath a gibbet, where my imaged likeneſs ſwung †, by ſullen winds ſlow wafted to and fro, while the pale moon ſhone hideous to my ſight, diſſolved in tears, I ſadly ſung this never-dying ſtrain; while ghaſtly Mars, *relentleſs*, *dropp'd* a tear, and Time, *indignant*, heard the mournful lays. The rage I felt from this affront was ſuch, that I diſſolv'd, melted, and thawed, like a fat Alderman lab'ring up hill in the torrid, canine ray—or virgin melting in the arms of vig'rous youth. In ſhort, I was ſeized with a *looſeneſs of grief!* and the retention of urine, I ſo long labour'd under, gave way inſtantaneouſly!——An inward rumbling preſag'd approaching pangs!——The floodgates burſt open, and ſuch a copious torrent iſſued from before and behind, that the vacuum of the altar was filled!——I fear'd for my life! my reaſon fled! and I bellow'd like a bull ſinking under the all-deſtroying ſtroke of the butcher. Juſt then Providence interpoſed for my reſcue.——Rejoice! ye friends of genius as ye read. My friend, my bully-back, my right hand and left—my Æſculapian, leather-lung'd, Stentorian Orator, Churchill, arrived, arm'd with apparatus ordinary and extraordinary, ſad to the eye! and painful to the touch! At his voice, Death, terrify'd, fled. With ſtyptic pills he clos'd the fountains up, and led me forth once more to mount the Huſtings. To conclude, Mr. Printer, I now honour the world (through the medium of your paper) with a peruſal of this ſublime, melting, and wonderful compoſition, *partaking at once*, and uniting in *itſelf*, the various natures of the ode, epic poem, tragedy, comedy, farce, and paſtoral. A piece, Mr. Printer, at the ſame time ſaphic and terrific! doric and olympic! lyric, comic, and tragic!—A piece tranſcending all that has appeared before, or will appear after it!——I muſt conclude with aſſuring you,

I am your's *egregiouſly*, *metaphorically*, and *allegorically*,

SIR CECIL *BALDERDASH.*

ODE *to* CELIA.

MY *Sir*-name is Wray,
And alas! alack of day,
For thee I die away.
Therefore Cœlia,
Don't fail ye
To give me your hand:
See muttering,
And ſtuttering,
And blubbering,
And ſlobbering,
Before thee I ſtand:
Day and night,
Fear and fright,
From my ſight,

* All my own, Mr. Printer! All original, by G—d!
† Hung in effigy by the populace! Think of that, Sir! Think of that!

Steal my ſleep,
Love's victim falling;
On thy name calling,
Roaring and bawling,
Sad vigils I keep.
Here and there wand'ring,
By *kennels* meand'ring,
Death in my ears thund'ring
His laſt fatal knell!
Solemn knell! fatal knell! laſt paſſing bell!
And now,
I vow,
I bow
To his ſtroke,
Alas! alas!
That e'er it came to paſs;
But my heart is like glaſs,
By your cruelty broke. NOLENS VOLENS.

In addition to the Poetical Pieces of Sir Cecil, which ſeveral correſpondents have been at the trouble of collecting from different Magazines, another correſpondent now lays before the curious a few Originals *of his—their claim to originality no one will deny. They are ſelected from an infinity of ſimilar ones which have been handed about in manuſcript among the circle of his acquaintance. Theſe, however, are not his greateſt works. The writer of this article has now in his poſſeſſion ſome* "Verſes on a Roll and Treacle," *after the manner of* Anacreon;—*a very pathetic* "Elegy on a Cat who dropped her Kitten "into a Copper of hot Water, and who, in attempting to ſave it, fell in, and was "likewiſe boiled;"—"An Epitaph on a Lockſmith," *an intimate friend of the author's, and* "A Political and Metaphyſical Enquiry into the immortality of a Boot Jack," *dedicated without permiſſion to a* MAN *of Cambridge.*

EXTEMPORE *to* DELIA.

On ſeeing TWO CATS *playing together.*

SEE *Dely*, *Dely*, charming fair,
How *Puſſeys* play upon that chair.
Then, *Dely*, change thy name to *Wray*,
And thou and I will likewiſe play.

A DIALOGUE *concerning a* BLADE BONE.

SAYS I one day unto my wife,
I never ſaw in all my life
Such a *blade bone*. Why ſo, my dear?
Says ſhe. The matter's very clear,
Says I, for on it there's no meat
For any body for to eat.
Indeed, my dear, ſays ſhe, 'tis true,
But wonder not, for you know, you
Can't eat your cake, and have it too!

A COM-

A COMPARISON.

SURELY a *woman* to a *mackrel* may
With juſtice be compar'd, for they
Are hard to find, and dear when good and ſweet,
When bad, they're cheap, and found in ev'ry ſtreet,

On new Seating a Pair of SCARLET PLUSH BREECHES.

THRICE three years, and ſomething more
Have I theſe pluſh breeches wore;
Now forc'd, e'er yet the tenth compleated,
Thro' too much ſitting, to be ſeated!

A THOUGHT *on an* ELASTIC HAT BAND.

WHENEVER a band like this I ſee,
I ſtraight do make a ſimile:
An halter, that elaſtic ſtring,
It to my mind does always bring.
And critics ſure will this permit,
One every head, one every neck will fit!

An IDEA *on a* PECK *of* COALS.

I BUY my *coals* by *pecks* that we
May have 'em *freſh* and *freſh*, d' ye ſee!

A SONG,

Addreſſed to Sir CECIL WRAY.

ALL ye Philomaths, who are brave, honeſt, and true,
And delight to ſpeak truth, and ſtand by it;
Beware the dull fools, ſycophantical ſouls!
For they tell you a tale and deny it!

See how England does ſneer, and unmannerly jeer,
Such rhyming before ne'er was known;
Her muſe is a jade, and unſkill'd in her trade,
And deſerves to be whipt out of town.

What a comical jeſt ſtands a poet confeſt,
When his verſes are all out of joint;
How you, my dear creature, have diſh'd up your ſatire,
But forgot it, to put in the point.

By a hobbling trot, to Parnaſſus you've got,
And audaciouſly wait on Apollo;
Who perceives you a dunce, and corrects you at once,
All the porters cry, Halló, boys! halló!

The bards with their ſheers, would have cut off your ears,
For wanting both judgment and wit;
But Apollo declar'd, you for once ſhould be ſpar'd
As a boon which his Grace does permit.

But if me he'll believe, and I would not deceive,
Should you venture to rhyme any more;
By all that is good, by the ſcourge of a rod,
You'll be tickled and ſmarted all o'er.

---

*JUDAS ISCARIOT's *favourite Scrutineering* BALLAD.

OF all the *various Mendicants*,
State beggars are the beſt;
Well hous'd each night with *belly full*,
Seeure we go to reſt.
And a begging we will go, will go, will go,
And a begging we will go.

With *George's picture* in our purſe
'Tis *we* who *flaſh the bit*,
And when we want to raiſe *ſupplies*,
We'ave *plenty* in a *Pitt*.
And a begging, &c.

Bedeck'd with *lace*, and not with *rags*,
Thus will we drink and ſing,
" *Succeſs* to Maſter Billy's ſchemes!"
" *God ſave great George our King!*"
And a begging, &c.

With *Fox* and *North*, or *Liberty*,
Pray *what* have *we* to do?
Thoſe rogues to gain *ſuch friends as ours*,
Would ſell their freedom too.
And a begging, &c.

Though now the kingdom's *greatly* drain'd,
And *lacks* the ſhining ore;
E'en *pious Georgy* ſtill will *beg*
His hundred thouſands more.
And a begging, &c.

If you would ſit in Parliament
To *aid* your country's cauſe,
Beg Pitt to pay *Election bills*,
Who on the *Treas'ry* draws.
And a begging, &c.

Then if he *franks* you to the Houſe,
Moſt grateful ever be,
And when a vote is *beg'd* of you,
Be ſure to give it he *.
And a begging, &c.

But if a *patriot* ſhould oppoſe
Your int'reſt and *ſucceed*;
A *ſcrutiny* you then muſt *beg*,
For 'tis in time of *need*.
And a begging, &c.

† Should taxes *not* productive prove—
Friends *leave* us in the lurch;
Why then we *beg from houſe to houſe* ‡,
And have a *brief at church*.
And a begging, &c.

When *wilful* errors they are made,
To ſerve our *private* ends;
The moment they're *detected*, we
Beg pardon of our friends.
And a begging, &c.

So when the people *us* reject,
And at at our *proffers* frown;
We treat them with *ſupreme* contempt,
And *beg* our way to town,
And a begging, &c.

If *bad* ſucceſs attend our ſchemes,
The matter we *report*,
And, *ſureſt road* to ſeek amends,
We *beg* a place *at Court*.
And a begging, &c.

Thus *beggars* often *better* live,
Than fair and *honeſt* men;
So let us *beg in ſpite of Fox*,
While *Churchill* ſays *Amen*.
And a begging, &c.

W. A. S.

In Conſequence of the Ducheſs of DEVONSHIRE *having, in Compliment to Mr.* FOX *appeared with a* LAUREL *Trophy in her Hair, it has received a Sort of Conſecration. The following impromptu was written upon a Branch her Grace wore:*

SINCE on the lovely Devon's brow,
This laurel branch has been diſplay'd,
The myrtle ſhall entwine the bough,
And Love, with thanks, receive the braid!

* This line after the manner of Sir Cecil.
† Alluding to the ſcarcity of caſh in the Treaſury at that time.
‡ The Court Candidates, with moſt pitiful faces, went from houſe to houſe begging for money to carry on a ſcrutiny.

To

To VIRTUE.

HAIL, noble Devon, matchleſs Dame,
Thy Virtues are thy ſhield;
Thy foes attempt to brand thy name,
Such foes muſt quit the field.

But thou, with fortitude and truth,
Will Virtue's ſceptre ſway;
In ſight of all ſuch wretched foes,
Who ſhun the face of day.

Coquets may envy, Prudes deſpiſe,
They cannot ſtain thy merits;
Thy noble ſoul without diſguiſe,
Superior joys inherits.

Hail, mighty Dame—though folly ſneer,
Purſue the ſprightly chace;
While innocence in thy career,
Shall every action grace.

A. Z.

The Fallacy of Addreſſing refuted, or FOX *the Repreſentative of Kirkwall, in Orkney, in direct contradiction of Mr.* H—— D——'s *ſmuggled Addreſs from that County.*

STARVATION prowling in the North,
To ſons of want, and famine came;
Call'd falſhood, and detraction forth;
The weak to praiſe; the wiſe to blame:

But truth and independence brave,
With Fox's name return'd the lie;
The Advocates addreſs can't ſave,
Thy name, D——s, from infamy.

Old Orkneys' ſons, renown'd in ſtory,
Whoſe Sires obeyed no tyrants voice;
Reject with ſcorn the abject Tory,
Fox and freedom ſtill their choice.

A CHEILD OF GRACE.

EXTEMPORE.

On the late Riots at COVENT GARDEN.

WHAT ſtrange report it this I hear?
Sure wonders ne'er will ceaſe,
Since *Conſtables* now *war declare*,
And *Soldiers* keep the *peace!*

*A NEW

*A NEW SONG.

OUR Sovereign rode the Prerogative Horſe,
Galloping dreary dun,
To trample on Freedom,—What could he do worſe?
With his haily, gaily, gamboraily,
Galloping dreary dun.

But, ſtarting too haſty, his horſe ſtumbled lame;
Galloping dreary dun,
On Fox and the Commons, he threw all the blame.
With his haily, gaily, gamboraily,
Galloping dreary dun.

The *Pittite* drew near with a ſimper and grin;
Galloping dreary dun,
To reſiſt ſuch a ruler (he cried) is a ſin!
With his haily, gaily, gamboraily,
Galloping dreary dun.

To pleaſe the proud ruler, the way he had found,
Galloping dreary dun,
He cring'd, and he flatter'd, and bow'd to the ground.
Sing haily, gaily, gamboraily,
Galloping dreary dun.

Foregad I have hit it!—Their courage we'll cool,
Galloping dreary dun,
Diſſolve both the houſes, then abſolute ruſe.
With my haily, gaily, gamboraily,
Galloping dreary dun.

Then Fox at encroachments may grumble and ſpit,
Galloping dreary dun,
In a new Houſe of Commons he never ſhall ſit.
By my haily, gaily, gamboraily,
Galloping dreary dun.

Sir Cecil will aid us, and think it no ſin;
Galloping dreary dun,
Then Fox ſhall be ouſted, and Cecil come in.
With his haily, gaily, gamboraily,
Galloping dreary dun.

Tho' Fox has to Cecil been gen'rous and good,
Galloping dreary dun,
For a penſion, Sir Cecil would ſpill Fox's blood.
With his haily, gaily, gamboraily,
Galloping dreary dun.

For money he'd ſtab the beſt friend to the heart;
Galloping dreary dun,
For friendſhip and freedom he cares not a f—t.
Sing haily, gaily, gamboraily,
Galloping dreary dun.

No Fox to oppoſe us, triumphant we'll rule;
Galloping dreary dun,
We'll browbeat the Lords, make the Commons our tool.
With his haily, gaily, gamboraily,
Galloping dreary dun,

The ruler he heard, and approv'd the advice,
Galloping dreary dun,
And eager both Houſes diſſolv'd in a trice.
With our haily, gaily, gamboraily,
Galloping dreary dun.

To call a new Senate, he iſſued his writ;
Galloping dreary dun,
But behold he now finds he is tra'd in the *Pit*.
With his haily, gaily, gamboraily,
Galloping dreary dun,

To frighten the Freemen—but mark the event;
Galloping dreary dun,
To the Huſtings, the horſe, foot, and black-guards were ſent
With haily, gaily, gamboraily,
Galloping dreary dun.

In the cauſe of Sir *Judas*, the venal have poll'd,
Galloping dreary dun,
And the timid compell'd, in his liſts have enroll'd.
With haily, gaily, gamboraily,
Galloping dreary dun.

Yet, each *Freeman*, with ſpirit aſſerting his right,
Galloping dreary dun,
For Fox gives a *plumper* in Cecil's deſpight.
With haily, gaily, gamboraily,
Galloping dreary dun.

Too late, poor Sir *Judas* repents of his ſin,
Galloping dreary dun,
Thrown out from the houſe, Fox fairly gets in.
With his haily, gaily, gamboraily,
Galloping dreary dun.

Great Judas, of old, tied his neck in a ſtring,
Galloping dreary dun,
An example for you, ſo Sir Cecil go ſwing.
With your haily, gaily, gamboraily,
Galloping dreary dun.

The *immaculate ſtateſman* may alſo be bit,
Galloping dreary dun,
The Dutch play'd a tragedy, called "De Wit."
With haily, gaily, gamboraily,
Galloping dreary dun.

What once has been play'd, may be play'd o'er again,
Galloping dreary dun,
A word to the wife, ſhould be ne'er ſpoke in vain.
With his haily, gaily, gamboraily,
Galloping dreary dun.

W. P. C.

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* *Addreſſed to the* ELECTORS *of* WESTMINSTER.

YE ſons of Freedom, natives of an iſle,
In ſtory deem'd the patriot's happy ſoil;
Where public virtue erſt was wont to tread,
Where SYDNEY flouriſh'd, and where RUSSELL bled:
For rights Plebeian ſhed his generous blood,
And died a martyr to the public good.
When tyrants rul'd, and, deck'd in regal pride
Oppreſſion grew, and pour'd her crimſon tide;
The ſcaffold bluſhing bore th' ignoble ſtain,
And ſeem'd to weep another NERO's reign.
Read, oh ye Britons! read the hiſtoric page,
Nor let example periſh with the age;
Extend its influence to a later day,
And be alive to all it would convey.
If TYRANTS ſting you with their rage anew,
See Fox your SYDNEY, and your RUSSELL too;
Great in the Senate, Patriot to the end,
The peoples' advocate—BRITANNIA's friend.
O then ſupport him in the common cauſe!
He fights your battles, and reveres your laws;
By *MAGNA CHARTA*, ſteers his conſtant track,
And braves the ſtorm that would fair FREEDOM wreck.
Then aid his Patriot-worth—with FOX unite,
To drive *Corruption* vanquiſh'd from the fight:
Tell the baſe *miſcreant* lurking in the ſhade,
Where ſerpent-broods, the tainted graſs invade;
Where deadly nightſhade ſpreads her gloomy green,
And weeds obnoxious poiſon all the ſcene.
Her dwelling here—her TEMPLE here behold,—
Her PITT corrupted and corrupting gold;
The bane of Virtue—*EVIL*'s conſtant root,
That bate of Robinſon—that God of Bute:
Tell her e'en here, ſurrounded by the train,
Who fawning praiſe her for accurſed gain,
That ſlaviſh Peers no more ſhall cautious tread,
The *ſtairs* contriv'd to ſcreen the villain's head;
Where light excluded, or but dimly found,
The *damn'd detractor* ſteals along the ground:
The T——e charg'd with poiſon to the ſtate,
The King's *deceiver*, and the nation's *hate*.

Tell her that theſe, tho' arm'd by SOVEREIGN power,
Big with reſentment in an evil hour,
Should deal with envious ſting, their miſchief round,
And ſtrive to blaſt the fame a Fox has found:
Still lives there Britons, warm with honeſt zeal,
Who know his worth, and will that worth reveal;
To nations tell it, and to nations ſhow,
That FOX and FREEDOM triumphs o'er the FOE.

J. H.

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* *The* APPEAL.

YE ſhades illuſtrious, who from earlieſt days
Have rais'd our wonder, and have claim'd our praiſe;
Who *join'd* the force of tyrant power to quell,
For *freedom* conquer'd, or with *freedom* fell:
Firm in the cauſe of liberty have ſtood,
Secur'd her rights, or ſeal'd them with your blood;
'Gainſt proud oppreſſion and her guilty crew,
The ſword of *juſtice*, and of *virtue* drew:
Scourg'd vile corruption—cruſh'd the lawleſs train,
And gave to England—England's rights again:
Say, holy ſhades! did e'er your gen'rous blood
Roll thro' your ſons in a more noble flood
Than late? when faction with a deſpot hand,
Spread wild confuſion o'er this hapleſs land;
When a vile party, headed by a boy,
Strove the pure rights of *Britons* to deſtroy;
Strove by each art that malice cou'd invent,
The rights of free election to prevent;
Call'd from the number of his venal crew,
A *thing* who ne'er one gen'rous paſſion knew;
And ſtrove by arts, would ſhame us to repeat,
To force this *reptile* into *honours* ſeat.
Then, O ye ſhades! by your bright names inſpir'd,
Indignant rage our *noble Patriots* fir'd;
Urg'd them the cauſe of freedom to eſpouſe,
And pluck *falſe honour* from the ſtripling's brows:
Shew'd to the world, in powerful faction's ſpight,
A Briton dar'd ſupport a Briton's right.
The tricks of ſtate, both bribes and menace fail'd,
And *patriot virtue* 'gainſt a *Court* prevail'd;
Truth trampled *malice*—*juſtice* conquer'd *wit*,
And *Fox* and *Freedom* triumph'd over *Pitt*.

M. F.

The

* *The* CONSOLATION.

SAYS Hood to Sir Cecil, my wretched colleague,
My ſharer in ſorrows—compeer in intrigue;
Pray tell what new ſchemes we can bring on the *ſtocks*,
The Council to bother, and plague this d——d Fox.

You ſee all our meaſures as yet have prov'd croſs,
Not a project we ſtart but it makes to our loſs,
And *Madan*, from whom all our hopes were rais'd higher,
Has prov'd me a fool and a damnable liar.

New Council—new witneſs, in vain we may bring,
Since we know in the end, 'twill be juſt the ſame thing;
For a bad vote of his, we have two of our own,
Then why ſhou'd we longer thus peſter the town.

All the world muſt obſerve, by the noſe we are led,
Thro' us the revenge of a faction is fed;
Nor honour, nor juſtice, belong to our cauſe,
No hopes from ourſelves, no ſupport from the laws.

Thus Cecil replies,—never mind my dear friend,
No fame we can loſe, *we have none to defend*;
Then ſuffer not trifles your patience to vex,
Our maſter we ſerve, and our foe we perplex.

Thus let us proceed, 'till we're order'd to ſtop,
That order obtain'd, we'll the ſcrutiny *drop*;
Mean time take this comfort, till proſpects are riper,
Tho' we are the *dancers*, 'tis *Pitt* pays the *piper*.

M. F.

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*To LORD HOOD.

SAY Hood, what madneſs ſeiz'd thy brain,
When *virtue*, *conſcience* ſpoke in vain,
To warn thee of thy fate?
Thy honour gone, ~~thy~~ glory loſt,
Thy every vain endeavour croſt,
Grown wiſe, alas! too late.

What cou'd induce thee hapleſs Lord,
To join with infamy thy word,
And all advice refuſe?
To leave the paths of honeſt fame,
To forfeit every noble name,
Vile party to eſpouſe?

A grateful city's cheerful love,
Eager thy conduct to approve,
(For who cou'd Hood ſuſpect?)
Call'd thee with one aſſenting voice,
To join thee with their other choice,
Bright freedom to protect.

From thee, who England's battles fought,
A ſteady generous friend they ſought,
Who'd ne'er her rights betray;
None dreamt, one train'd in glory's ſchool,
Wou'd change—a miniſterial tool,
And join a *thing* like *Wray*.

Say ſince that ſad ill-fated hour,
When yielding to the nod of power,
Thy own free will was loſt,
Has thy poor boſom known a joy?
Does ought but cares thy mind employ?
In whirls of paſſion toſt.

Each coming day thy guilts increaſe,
Nor yet will daring madneſs ceaſe,
Or ſee its deſperate ſtate:
Folly, at firſt, our pity breeds,
Contempt, with infamy, ſucceeds—
Such Hood will prove thy fate.

Oh! ſeize the preſent offer'd hour,
Quit the vile inſtruments of power,
And be thyſelf again;
Then o'er thy guilty errors paſt,
Oblivion kind her veil ſhall caſt,
And honour greet thy name.

NAUTICUS.

ADDRESS *from Sir* CECIL WRAY *to his friends in* Weſtminſter, *as intended to be ſpoke by him from the Huſtings at* Covent Garden, *on the final cloſe of the poll, for the purpoſe of raiſing money, under the idea of carry on a ſcrutiny, but* in fact, *to come at* ready rhino, *that he may pay off the bills of his* guzzling *Committees.*

CHURCHILL, in the Chair.

Gentlemen,
THE poll is clos'd—*determin'd* is my fate,
To *Fox* I yield, and feel his patriot weight.
But yet my friends, before you are diſmiſs'd,
E'er yet I'm *hooted* or that *you* get *hiſs'd*,
And e'er this *Fox* in *conqueſt* mounts the *chair!*
(Whilſt ſhouts victorious ſhake the ambient air!)
Permit your *Wray* ſome *wiſdom* to diſpenſe,
And own for *once* at leaſt, I've *common ſenſe*.—

" You know, good citizens, what has been done;
" The cauſe to ſerve, what riſques have I not run!
" With great *Newcaſtle*, ſchemes I have devis'd,
" That e'en our *chairman*, *Churchill*, has ſurpris'd.
" *Churchill* the wiſe, the *Mentor* of the times,
" *Prince* of *Committees*—*King* of all their crimes;

" He,

" He, who can judge of men by nods and ſhrugs,
" Can compounds make of *ſyllables* or *drugs*;
" Can theſe apply in either caſe, as fit
" To make men wiſer, or to make men *ſh—t*.
" This genius great!—this Æſculapian ſon!
" Has much approv'd of what your *Wray* has done:
" *Northumbria*'s Duke moſt active too has been,
" And wrought his wonders, though he wrought unſeen;
" Nor have we wanted in a deſp'rate hour,
" The *Jove*-like mandates of *Imperial pow'r!*
" Each *ſlave* dependent on a *royal* trade,
" Has voted for me, and his *fortune* made.
" More have we done, a vict'ry to inſure,
" Thoſe who refus'd were bid to ſeek the door.
" At nought we ſtuck—for nothing have we car'd,
" We baniſh'd *Whitehead* *, nor was *St. John* † ſpar'd!"

To win your hearts in this *degen'rate* day,
Have *I* not ſhewn how well I can betray!
Need I declare by whom my *honours* came?
Who gave me *public life* and *patriot fame?*
Who *firſt*, to this great city made me *known*,
And bade my *laurels* flouriſh with his own!
His *Patriot-worth* my friends, you all muſt know,
The *Court* perceiv'd it, and became his *foe*,
Whilſt fair *Britannia* pointing to her ſhield,
Bade FOX and LIBERTY ſtill keep the field!
This gen'rous man for *you* have I deceiv'd,
And, *ſcoundrel*-like, have *infamy* atchiev'd!
My deeds ſpeak out—each honeſt man can ſay,
There Treach'ry walks—there creeps *apoſtate Wray!*
Such is my merit—ſuch I am for you,
Then praiſe my works, and "*give a devil his due*,"
Subſcribe—ſubſcribe—a *Fox* to overthrow!
Yourſelves make *ſlaves*, and yield ye to the *foe!*

ISCARIOT.

J. H.

S O N G.

THE poll being clos'd, to the Shakeſpeare we'll go,
And hail the brave Fox with a ſhrill tally ho!
Poor Cecil, thus bafflʼd, to *Chelſea* will ſcout,
But there, my *dear honie*, you're ſurely turn'd out.
Sing Ballynamono, oro,
A penſion, dear Cecil, for me.

* Mr. Whitehead, Yeoman in the Guards, was diſmiſſed becauſe he voted for Mr. Fox.

† The circumſtances attending this Gentleman's diſmiſſion (who would not ſacrifice his principles to the tyrannic faction) are in every ones recollection, and will long continue to be execrated!

Dear

Dear Cecil, dear Cecil, of what can you boaſt?
For *Fox*, my brave warrior, has ruled the roaſt.
This day in full triumph he bears off the belle,
In three times three bumpers his worth we will tell.
Sing Ballynamono, oro,
A good merry dinner for me.

Poor Cecil! he wanders a ſlow ſullen pace,
But he does very right in hiding his face;
For well he remember's his Maid-ſervant's Tax,
And for that he deſerves to be tax'd with an ax.
Sing Ballynamono oro,
No tax on Maid-ſervants for me.

Poor Sir Cecil is full of the vapours and ſpleen,
No more he can boaſt of *three hundred eighteen*;
Sir Cecil to Fox was once *very kind*,
But now Charley Fox has left *him* behind.
Sing Ballynamono, oro,
No deceivers for Fox or for me.

Let liberty, mirth, and good humour abound,
Let Fox, our brave Champion with laurels be crown'd;
In bumpers of claret the toaſt ſhall go round,
While a *Man of the People* is ſtill to be found.
Sing Ballynamono, oro,
The real cauſe of freedom for me.

A FOX-CHACING SONG.

Tune of—*Tally ho! or, The Hounds in full cry.*

By Mr. CONWAY.

HE triumphs! he triumphs! *Fox* leads them a chace,
O'er head-lands, outſlips them, the hounds in full cry.
They've loſt him, ſtill ſcent him, yet ſlacken apace,
Tho' Sir *Cecil*, Sir *Cecil*, avow'd he ſhould die.

Hark! the wood-lands and valleys reſound Tally-ho!
He's bruſh'd 'em, he's bruſh'd 'em, eſcap'd 'em, and fled—
Too vainly purſue him! He's taught them to know—
That his courage re-doubles! he flies thro' no dread!

Tho' *Hood* (old re-penſioned) unkennel'd his hounds,
Court-Tarriers unnumber'd, let looſe in the chace,
Rouz'd *Churchill-like Patriots*, with *Fox hunting ſounds*,
To *mount* for Sir *Cecil—with copper dy'd face.*

Chaſte *Devon* can thwart 'em! bold *Reynard* in view!
Triumphantly bounds, o'er their *heads* in full ſpeed.
Waves his trophies, juſt laurels, deſpiſing the *crew*,
Fox! braves and he conquers—*the double fac'd breed.*

Fill,

Fill, fill up your bumpers, the Graces go round,
Devon, *Portland*, and *Spencer*—a triple huzza!
To *Fox*, our tried chacer, who's bruſh'd each Court hound,
With his *tail* well *beſprinkl'd*—Huzza! and huzza!

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*ELEGY *on a* LOST ELECTION, *by an* UNFORTUNATE CANDIDATE.

DÆMONS of hell! and goblins of the night!
Infuriate fiends! and ſpectres round me riſe!
Pour clouds and darkneſs round yon orb of light,
And ſhroud his hated beams from mortal eyes.

Let grizly Death impel his iron car,
Array'd in terrors, through the duſky gloom!
Let meagre Famine, and deſtructive War,
With plenteous ruin glut th'inſatiate tomb!

Ye Furies, riſing from the drear abodes,
Shed plagues and venom o'er the blaſted earth!
Attend! attend! ye dark infernal gods,
That curs'd the fatal hour that gave me birth!

Hurl all your wrath 'gainſt that ſucceſsful head,
Which late oppos'd me on the huſting'd ſtage;
Before whoſe voice my better genius fled,
Abaſh'd by hiſſing, ſcorn, and public rage.

Yet why theſe curſes? Whence this tortur'd mind?
Why in my ears do foul reproaches ring?
Ah me! to friendſhip, virtue, reaſon blind!
'Tis conſcience, guilty conſcience, points the ſting.

Urg'd by ſome dæmon, and th' inſatiate thirſt
Of ſordid gold, I ſold my friend and fame;
Deceiv'd!—nought gain'd I by the crime accurs'd,
But diſappointment and eternal ſhame.

No more on Fortune's proſp'rous tide afloat,
No royal brow to ſmile ſhall condeſcend,
With glitt'ring bribes, to gain my venal vote,
No more on *me* the Stateſman ſhall attend.

For loſt to me—ah, cruel loſs!—that ſeat,
From which my voice its conſequence obtain'd,
No more with King or Stateſmen have I weight,
No poſt lucrative ſhall by me be gain'd.

Yet grant one boon, kind Fate; that boon is ſmall—
Though much deſerv'd, yet from the halter ſhield;
Nor by th' indignant people let me fall,
All elſe into thy hands reſign'd I yield.

JUDAS PENITENS.

The FEMALE TRIUMPH: *Or, Sir* CECIL *defeated.*

Snng at Mrs. CREWE's FETE.

YE laſſes and lads, come drink and be merry,
Your voices tune up to the air of down derry,
For turn coat Sir Cecil is fairly rejected,
And Fox our beſt friend is by numbers elected.
Derry down, down, down derry down.

Poor Libery bluſh'd, and look'd like a fool,
When ſoldiers ſhe ſaw marching up to the poll;
Since men then, ſhe cry'd, are ſo baſe and ſo blind,
'Tis from ſpirited women ſupport I muſt find.
Derry down, &c.

A woman I'll chooſe, Freedom's cauſe to maintain,
Who knowing her character free from all ſtain,
Can malice defy and the country ſupport,
Againſt all the bribes and the arts of the Court.
Derry down, &c.

To Devon ſhe flies, where ſhe's ſure of redreſs,
For ſhe wiſely put on the air of diſtreſs.
The Ducheſs takes fire, calls her coach to the door,
And as ſoon as ſhe aſks, ſhe has votes by the ſcore.
Derry down, &c.

Youth caught by her beauty, and Age by her merit,
All ranks and conditions are charm'd with her ſpirit;
The cold and luke-warm were all catch'd in the flame,
And by her perſuaſion all *Foxites* became.
Derry down, &c.

E'en coblers ſhe canvaſs'd, they could not refuſe,
But huzza'd for Fox, and no wooden ſhoes!
She canvaſs'd the taylors, and aſk'd for their votes—
They all gave her plumpers, and cry'd no turn-coats.
Derry down, &c.

To all trades and profeſſions for votes ſhe apply'd,
And found all true Britons on Liberty's ſide;
No wonder for Fox they were found all to be,
Their champion he is while they wiſh to be free.
Down down, &c.

Thus Virtue has triumph'd o'er lies black as hell;
They wou'd have told truths if they had them to tell.
They blacken'd her name up and down the Back Stairs,
But in ſpite of the devil the angel appears.
Derry down, &c.

'Tis England's true int'reſt Fox's cauſe to defend—
To her rights he is firm—he is Liberty's friend—
Three bumbers then drink, to Fox, Devon, and Crew,
Three times let us huzza for buff and the blue.
Derry down, &c.

A NEW

A NEW SONG, *entitled*

MASTER BILLY's BUDGET: *Or, A* TOUCH *on the* TIMES.

To the Tune of—*A Cobler there was, &c.*

YE boobies of Britain, who lately thought fit
The care of the State to a child to commit,
Pray how do you like your young Miniſter's budget?
Should he take your laſt farthing, you never can grudge it.
Derry down, &c.

A tax on your heads! there'd be juſtice in that,
But he only propoſes a tax on your hat;
So let every Engliſhman throw up his beaver,
And holla, Prerogative Billy for ever!
Derry down, &c.

Not being much favour'd with female applauſes,
He takes his revenge on their ribbands and gauzes:
Then ſhould not each female, Wife, Widow, or Miſs,
To Coventry ſend Maſter Billy for this?
Derry down, &c.

How oft has he told us his views were upright!
That his actions would all bear the teſt of the light!
Yet he ſure in the dark muſt have ſomething to do,
Who ſhuts out both day-light and candle-light too.
Derry down, &c.

John Bull's houſe is tax'd, ſo he plays him a trick,
By cunningly laying a duty on brick;
Thus John for his dwelling is forc'd to pay twice,
But Billy hopes John will not ſmoke the device.
Derry down, &c.

What little we may have by induſtry made,
We muſt pay for a licence to ſet up a trade;
So that ev'ry poor devil muſt now be tax'd more
For dealing in goods that paid taxes before.
Derry down, &c.

The Callico-printers may beg if they pleaſe,
As dry as a ſponge he their cotton will ſqueeze;
With their tears let them print their own linens, cries he,
But they never ſhall make an impreſſion on me.
Derry down, &c.

The crazy old hackney coach, almoſt broke down,
Muſt now pay ten ſhillings inſtead of a crown;
And to break him down quite, if the firſt will not do't,
Ten ſhillings a piece on his horſes to boot.
Derry down, &c.

The tax upon horſes may not be ſevere,
But his ſcheme for collecting it ſeems very queer;
Did a ſchool-boy e'er dream of a project ſo idle?
A tax on a horſe by a ſtamp on a bridle!
Derry down, &c.

The tax upon ſportſmen I hold to be right,
And only lament that the tax is ſo light;
But alas! it is light for this palpable cauſe,
That ſportſmen themſelves are the makers of laws!
Derry down, &c.

He fain would have meddled with coals, but I wot
For his fingers the Gentleman found them too hot:
The rich did not like it, and ſo, to be ſure,
In its place he muſt find out a tax on the poor.
Derry down, &c.

Then laſt, that our murmurs may teize him the leſs,
By a tax upon paper he'd ſilence the preſs:
So our ſorrow by ſinging can ne'er be relax'd,
Since a ſong upon taxes itſelf muſt be tax'd.
Derry down, &c.

But now it is time I ſhould finiſh my ſong,
And I wiſh from my ſoul that it was not ſo long,
Since at length it evinces in truſting to Pitt,
Good neighbours, we all have been curſedly bit.
Derry down, &c.

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